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Contents for August, 1924

COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

Cover Design	by Harrison Fisher
The Good Die Young	by George Ade 23
Corn-Fed Philosophy	by John T. McCutcheon 24
The Pleasure Buyers— <i>Part I</i>	[Illus. by Charles D. Mitchell] by Arthur Somers Roche 26
Is a Wife Ever Satisfied?	[Photographic Illustration] by William Johnston 35
The Woman Who Tried to Dodge Life	[Illus. by F. R. Gruger] by Belle Burns Gromer 37
Love Isn't What It Used To Be	by Laura Jean Libbey 42
The Wandering Birds	[Illustrations by Marshall Frantz] by Sir Philip Gibbs 44
This Proves to Me That Dogs do Think	by Albert Payson Terhune 50
	[Illustration by Charles Livingston Bull]
Lady Bluebeard	by Gouverneur Morris 53
The Prisoner I Trusted	by O. O. McIntyre 56
The Enchanted Hill— <i>Part III</i>	[Illustrations by Dean Cornwell] by Peter B. Kyne 58
Divorce by Mutual Consent	[Photographic Illus. by Alfred Cheney Johnston] by Rupert Hughes 64
The Girl Who Wasn't a Lady	[Photo. Illus. by Alfred Cheney Johnston] by Kathleen Norris 66
The Surprised Party	[Illustrations by Worth Brehm] by Irvin S. Cobb 70
My Visit to Haiti's Haunted Palace	[Photographic Illustrations] by Alan Rinehart 76
The Needle's Eye— <i>Part IV</i>	[Illustrations by W. D. Stevens] by Arthur Train 78
The Last Summer of Rose	[Illustrations by J. W. McGurk] by H. C. Witwer 85
My Dramatic Days with the Kaiser	[Photographic Illus.] by Winston S. Churchill 90
Brazos	[Illustrations by Forrest C. Crooks] by Frederick R. Bechdolt 93
The Meteor	[Illustrations by Joseph A. Maturo] by Frank R. Adams 97
Why I'm Not a Well-Dressed Man	[Illustrations by Ralph Barton] by Heywood Broun 102
Lapidowitz's Baby	[Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg] by Bruno Lessing 104

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NEXT MONTH—*The Story*

JACK LONDON

Was Writing When He Died

Eyes of Asia

The Tale of a Salvaged Beauty in Bewitching Hawaii

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
WILLIAM M. DODD, President; C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President; C. E. FORENSER, Secretary; RAY LONG, Vice-President;

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How the LaSalle Problem Method Bridges the Salary-Gap



—Why in three months' time alone as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totalling \$1,248,526, an average increase per man of 89 per cent!



When you apply for a job, what is the first question?

Why, nine times out of ten, it's "What EXPERIENCE have you had?" — Not "How many years at business," understand, but "What actual work have you performed similar to the work called for by the position you now are seeking?"

For the sake of your future, therefore, it will pay you well to ask yourself this question:

How rapidly are you acquiring the KIND of experience that you can CASH?

For instance—

Are you depending upon your contact with the head bookkeeper for your understanding of ACCOUNTANCY?

—Upon hit-or-miss experience in the selling field for your understanding of SALESMANSHIP?

—Upon the routine transactions of the shipping department for your understanding of TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT?

—Upon the occasional discussion of isolated contracts for your understanding of LAW?

—Upon your lunch-time chats with representatives of investment houses for your understanding of FINANCE?

Don't think, for a moment, that you can DODGE the facts which govern salary by saying that other men have come up from the ranks thru day-to-day experience alone. They have—but—business moves at a far swifter pace than it moved even ten years ago. The great demand is for youth and energy trained in the how and why.

Obviously, then, you cannot escape the following arresting challenge:

How—in the shortest possible time—can you PLUS your day-to-day experience with a practical working knowledge of the BEST ways for performing the special tasks of the higher positions?

During the past fourteen years more than 450,000 men have faced that question squarely—and have found their answer in the LASALLE PROBLEM METHOD.

* * *

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It does. —And here is WHY:

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Suppose it were your privilege every day to sit in conference with the head of your firm. Suppose every day he were to lay before you in systematic order the various problems he is compelled to solve, and were to explain to you the principles by which he solves them. Suppose that one by one you were to WORK THOSE PROBLEMS OUT—returning to him every day for counsel and assistance—

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Present Position.....

Address.....

The Middle of the Road

LIFE must be lived amid conditions not of our own making. The fun of life is getting the results in spite of all conditions, through gearing our enthusiasm up to common sense.

This is the middle of the road. Those travel it who keep everlastingly at work, laughing at failure and success alike, heeding William Hodge's counsel not to let mistakes they make murder them, bearing proudly through the years the scar of the weaned calf kicked by the wise mother cow into self-confidence, finding the cream of life slow to rise on the milk of common sense and yet sticking to John Finley's homely words, "Don't throw up the sponge."

Keep young. No man is old till he admits it to himself. At ninety President Eliot is younger than the young man Herodotus describes who, at his first defeat, fell into a panic and moaned in sheer despair: "No matter to Hippoclydes." Major Putnam lately pulled away from business and tennis long enough to celebrate his eightieth birthday and

then started on an annual trip to Europe, dating back to Lincoln's time. Not so many years ago some thought Dr. Wiley was near the end of public usefulness. Now at eighty, with a youthful family, he is going strong, and may never know that he is through till he discovers, quite by chance, that he has ceased to be chief dietitian to men, and is ministering instead to angels.

It is in work that dreaming loses all its folly and turns to common sense. Good schools teach this. No two men work alike. By actual count the youngest listed in *Who's Who* has changed his method several times; the oldest often. Out of work well done few ever distil more than a drop or two of quality. But a single drop of quality may color all of human life.

It was to his youthful doctor, Sir William Osler, in maturity blending perfectly a youthfulness unquenchable with a wisdom rarely failing, that the good gray poet in his Camden home one day remarked, "Ah! the glory of the day's work, whether with hand or brain."



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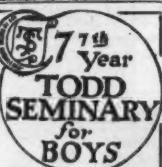
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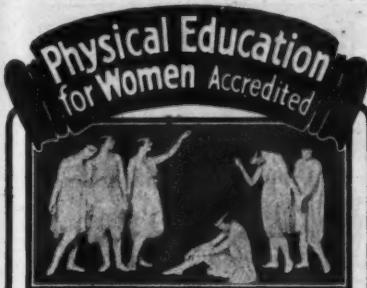
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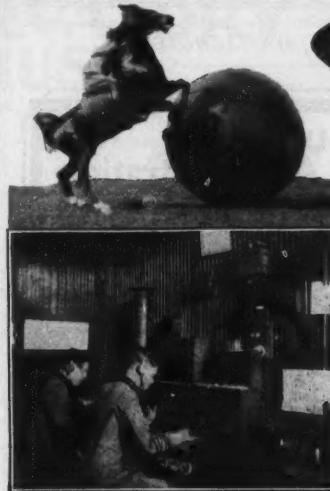
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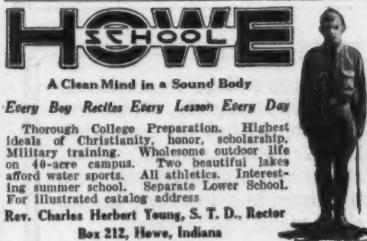
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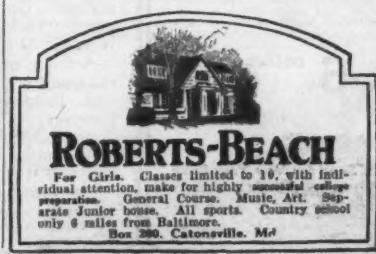
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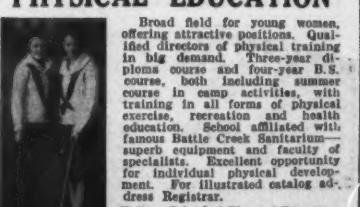
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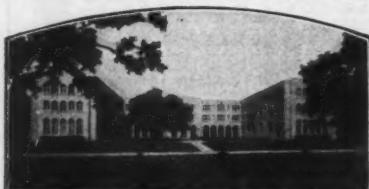
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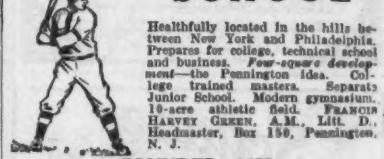


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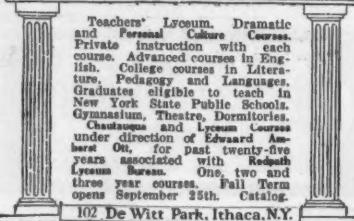
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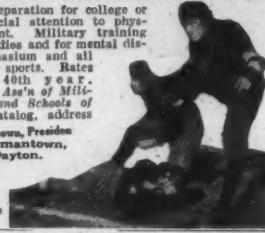
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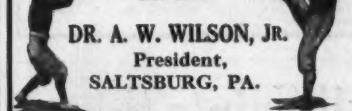
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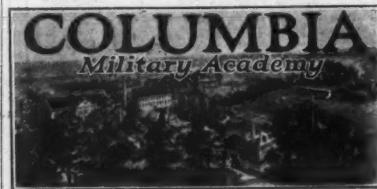
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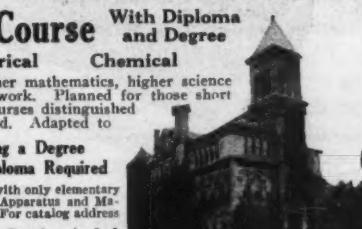
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(Continued on page 174)



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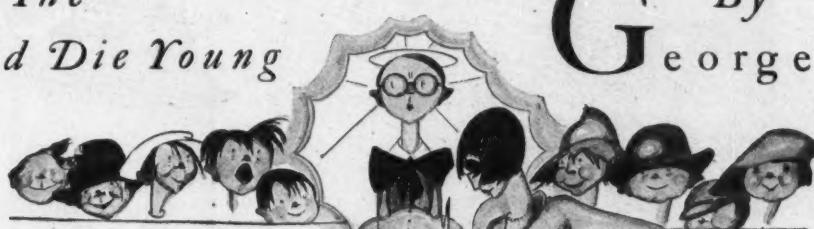
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The
Good Die YoungBy
George ADE

If the cooing babe finds in the crib with him a package of original sin, can you expect the tiny tot to heave it overboard?

Whose fault is it that very young people, upon looking about, learn that the rewards of placid virtue are not large or important or temptingly displayed?

Mother may blow smoke through her nose and try to earn money with a deck of cards, and father cusses out loud when he dubs a mashie shot, but the offspring is supposed to imitate the Presbyterian minister who lives two blocks up the street. The child never has seen a Presbyterian minister. Are we not expecting too much of the simple-minded little Dempsey?

Four hundred years ago a poet announced that "the good die young." Everything else he wrote has been forgotten for 350 years, but this dread warning is still treasured. It has become a life insurance policy for every youthful brigand.

When father recalls the days of childhood and turns the familiar pages of autobiography, does he make stars of the little playmates with translucent ears who memorized the Scripture and learned to crochet? He does not! He features himself as the hardened accomplice of Bill and Sam, who put the wasp's nest into the church, cleaned up the tough gang from Shantytown and once ran away to be pirates and lived for three days in a cave.

Red-blooded youngsters, all of them. In other words, ornery.

If the first-born comes in from the street all mussed up and wailing, and reports that a bad boy socked him in the jaw and chased him all the way home, is he commended for his refusal to fight? He has been told not to get mixed up with the fighting Irish and he has obeyed orders. He is a pious example, but in all other respects a disgrace to the family. On the other hand: Can you hear father lecturing Elwood for mauling little Freddie Rockmeyer and

sending him home all bloody? Freely translated the sermon would read "How dare you be a chip off the old block?"

What would become of Sunday-schools if only the willing volunteers attended? This isn't any knock at the Sunday-schools—it is merely a question.

Away back yonder we had an outlaw element in our town. Some of the boys were not compelled to go to Sunday-school. Every year an effort was made to lure these wandering sheep into the enclosure. Prizes were dangled before them. Any student marked present for twelve successive Sundays before December twenty-fifth would receive a present from the Christmas tree.

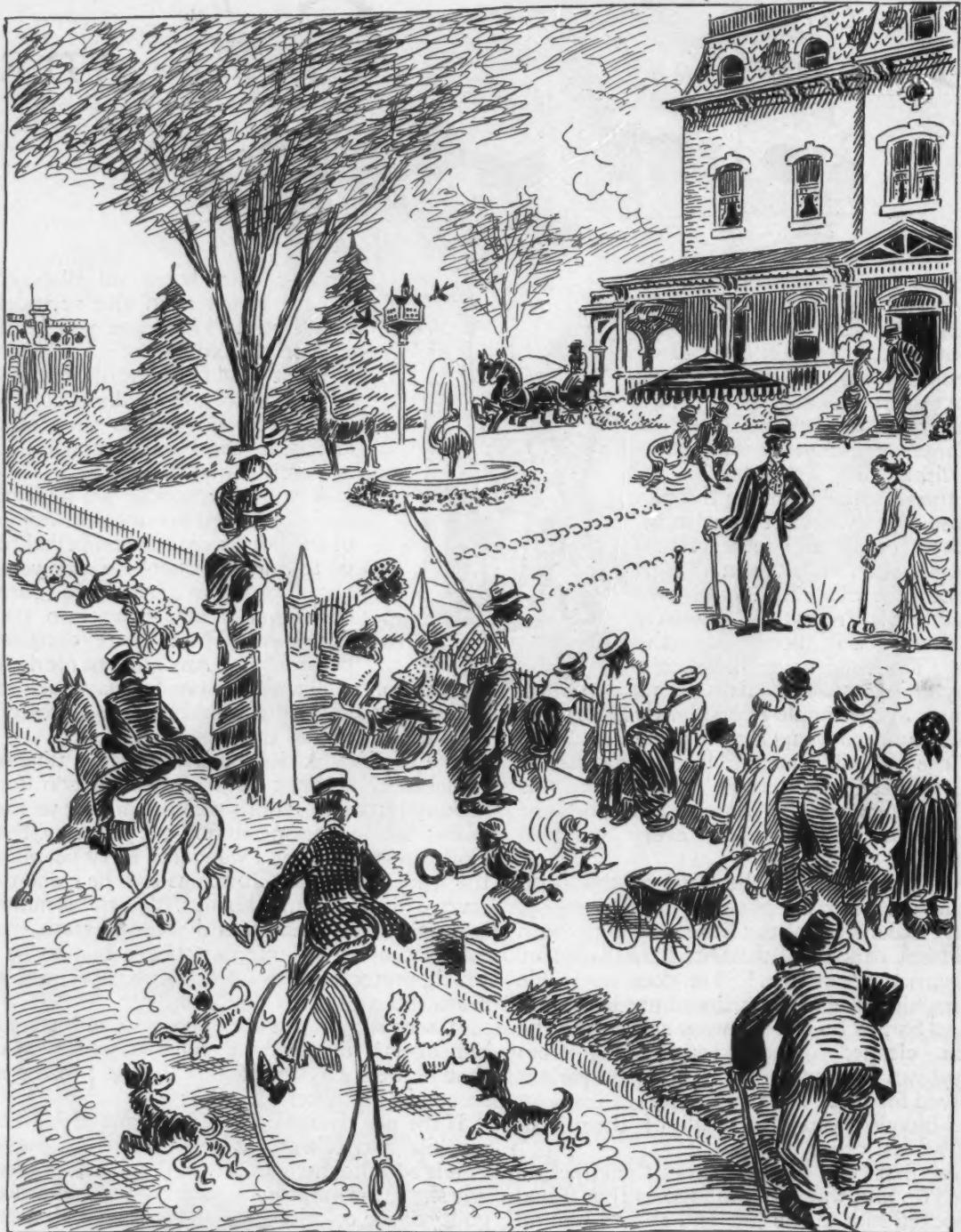
One of the freckled barbarians gave up his valuable time right in the open season for hickory nuts and rabbits and sat among us for twelve Sundays trying to find out just why the Children of Israel had wandered forty years in the wilderness. On Christmas Eve he came to receive his hard-earned bonus. When his name was called he went up and received from the Superintendent a large pasteboard box within which, protected by wads of tissue paper, was a mustache-cup!

It seems that this experience so embittered him against all forms of religious observance that he went to New York City and became a successful promoter.

If the percentage of little boys and girls who say "Sir" and "Ma'am" is lamentably small, maybe it is because these observant urchins do not see any shining rewards handed out to those who are guilty of the colorless and conventional virtues.

A neighbor has two small sons. One wants to be a Babe Ruth and the other wants to be a missionary. The other day they took the one who wants to be a missionary all the way to Rochester, Minnesota, to have him examined by a specialist. What inducement is there for a kid to stand out against the majority?

Corn-Fed PHILOSOPHY



IN the good old mid-Victorian eighties a man took his croquet leisurely. A girl blushed with becoming modesty when the balls kissed. Life was orderly, calm, unhurried. Its only bustle was the kind the ladies wore round their waists. And you never even mentioned such intimate articles of feminine apparel for fear the faithful iron deer on the lawn would be shocked into life and bite you on the blazer—where it flared. The progressive stages of courtship were no secret to the community. Wooing was open-faced, a yard wide, tender and true blue. And upon all the peaceful scene the fine old family mansion frowned down from under the scowling eyebrows of its mansard roof—like an awesome chaperon guarding its own.

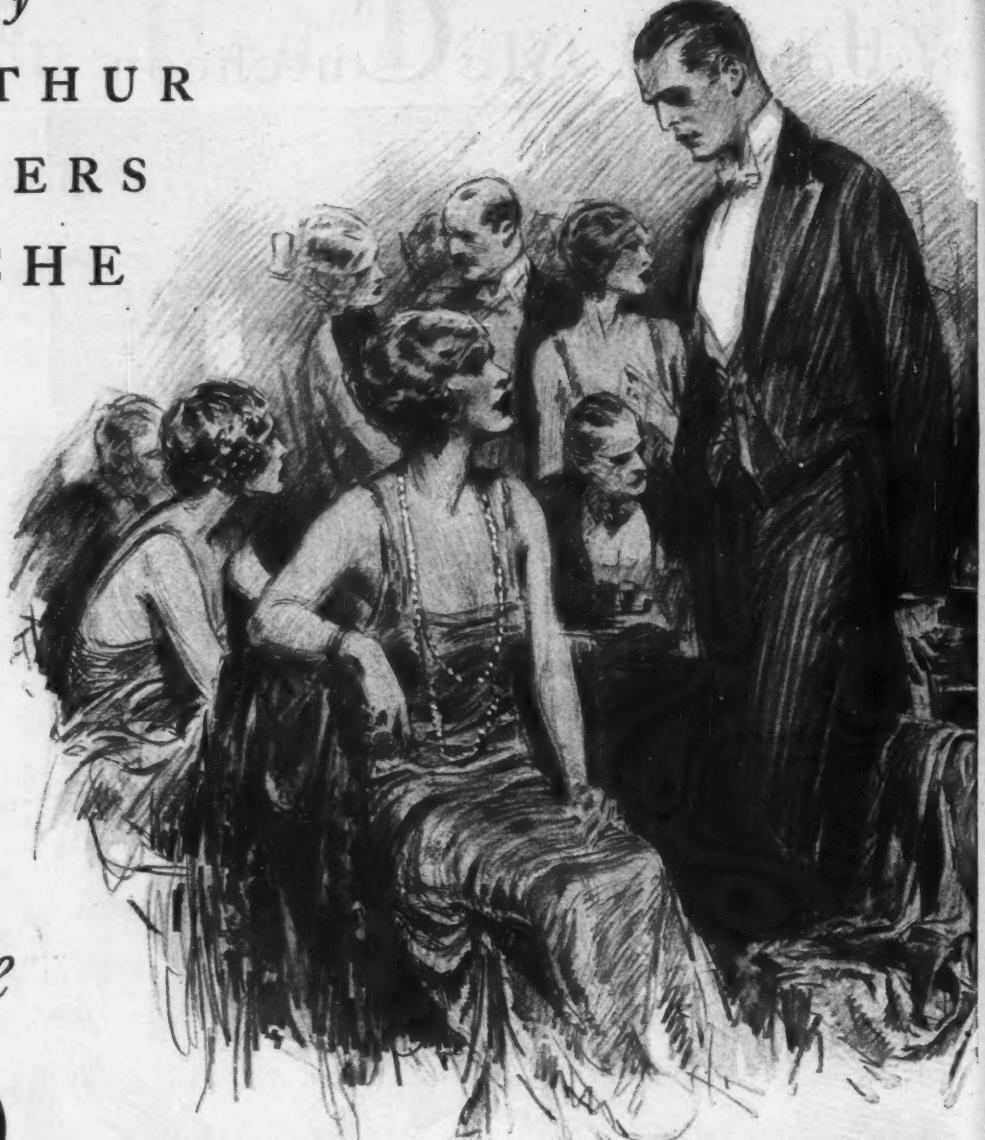
By John T. McCutcheon

AMERICA'S
BEST LOVED
CARTOONIST



AND now look at the place! Gone is all its stately elegance. The old ancestral roostree is nothing but a hitching post for telegraph wires. Where Letitia, the beautiful stone crane, used to spout sparkling water in the fountain, the ground is now sullied with grease and oil from the newest little Sportobus with four-wheel brakes. By way of the radio and the movie routes, Main Street gets the latest wrinkles from Broadway almost before they can turn Forty-second Street. Love finds its best inspiration not too near the exit lights at the movies, where a fellow can valentino his girl into a bored affirmative. Speed is the dope of the day, and you gotta do your stuff and be your age.

By
ARTHUR
SOMERS
ROCHE



The
PLEASURE

THE croupier hesitated; he shifted the little ivory ball from one hand to the other; he wet his lips with the tip of his tongue. He smiled nervously as he addressed himself to the moist-eyed man who stood opposite him. There was a craning of necks on the part of those who were seated; those standing raised themselves on tiptoe in order that they might better view the man to whom the croupier spoke. A remarkable looking man, this; his eyes were Orientally feminine in their lustrous largeness; black, their opaque depths were accentuated by a strange liquid quality; they seemed imprisoned pools of ink. His features, Greek in their regularity, his glossy black hair and his smooth olive skin, all made for a beauty that would have been weak but for a certain saturnine expression that lurked in his countenance.

There are flowers whose extraordinary beauty repels, whose brilliant petals seem to mask a horrid evil. Physiognomists might

be unable to point to a single feature and say that this one indicated any offensive thing; but a character analyst would recognize that the whole face spoke of wrong. What the French call the *beauté du diable* was written there. The French use it with reference to women, but this man had the Devil's beauty.

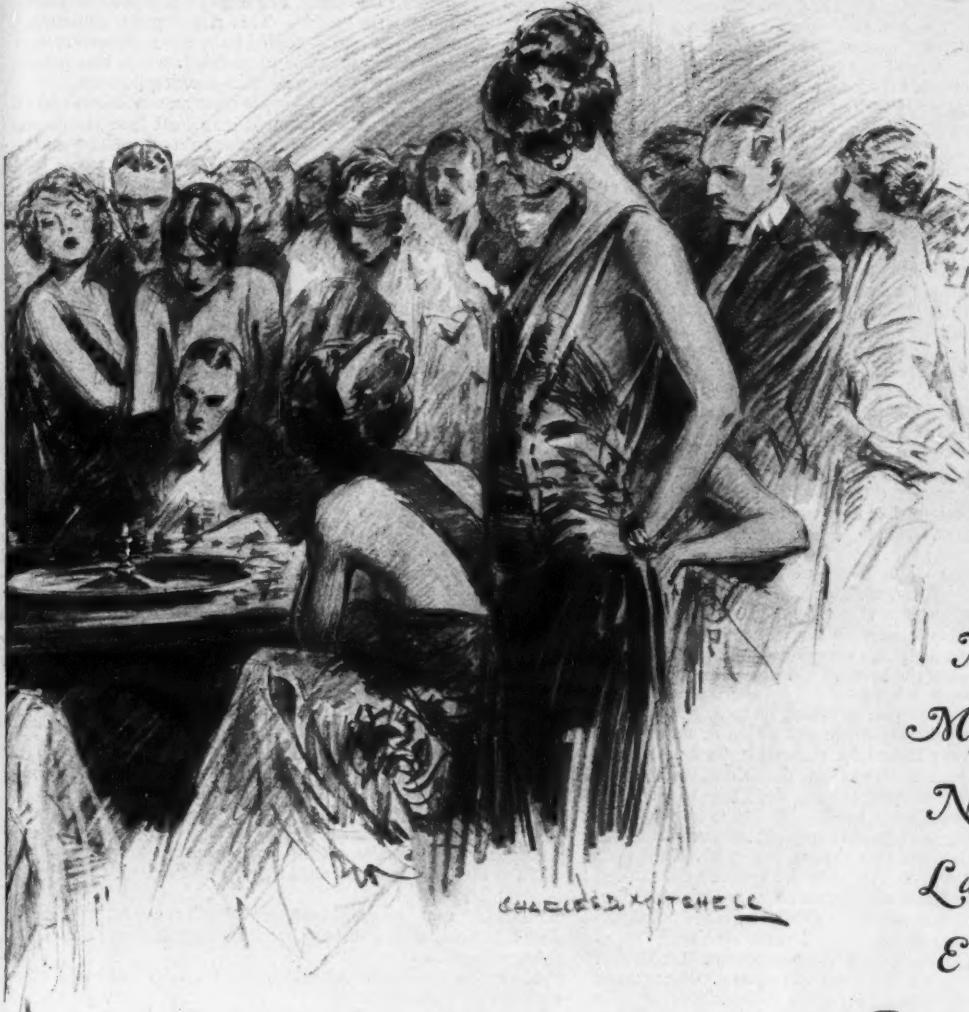
"Not superstitious, are you, Mr. Cassenas?" the croupier asked.

Cassenas smiled. His teeth were as perfect as the rest of his face. "Only in that I favor number thirteen," he replied.

A murmur of applause ran around the table. The croupier grimaced. "That is obvious," he said. "But in Cuba, Mr. Cassenas, there is the legend that if thirteen comes four successive times and is played by the same person each of those times, death comes with the dawn."

Cassenas laughed gaily. "This isn't Cuba; this is Palm Beach. Spin the wheel."

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell



*A
New
Mystery
Novel
Laid in
Exotic
Palm Beach*

BUYERS

The croupier shrugged. His poker face regained the impassivity that had been momentarily lost as he yielded to the superstitious instinct that is part of the mental equipment of all professional gamblers. "Just as you say. But for your sake, Mr. Cassenas, I hope she doesn't hit thirteen for the fourth time."

Again Cassenas laughed. "I've never heard of a number appearing four times in a row, but tonight is my lucky night. I'll risk the legend, Marvin."

There was no further argument; the croupier turned the wheel and sent the ivory ball on its career. The wheel slackened; the ball descended, hovered over a number ten spaces away from thirteen, and then, almost seeming to make a conscious effort to prevent itself from falling too soon, dropped into number thirteen.

There was a gasp from the other players; envy, admiration and, from the feminine players, fear, were in the sound. The croupier

looked at the huge pile of chips that represented the winnings of Cassenas. Although for some reason Cassenas stood while he played, his chips were on the table, piled so high that the woman at whose elbow they were was forced to be careful lest she knock them over.

"Cash?" suggested the croupier.

Cassenas nodded. "I mustn't press my luck; I'll play hazard for a while."

He turned his back upon the table without waiting for his chips to be cashed; the action caused a murmur of admiration. He must have won in the last half-hour fifteen thousand dollars, and yet he turned his back upon the fortune, content to collect it later on.

Such imperturbability was in accord with the highest ethics of Bailey's. To lose quietly; to win calmly; this was to show one's blood.

If one couldn't afford to lose, one shouldn't enter Bailey's. And if one exulted at winning a suspicion that one could not afford to lose might be created. The great American god of Pretense had his altars here and all strove for orthodoxy.

A hundred eyes followed Cassenas as he walked to the hazard table. The women were frankly admiring; some of them even held a speculative expression. These were of those whose husbands toiled in the frozen North that their wives might sport in the surf, dance beneath the palms or—play at Bailey's. Or they were of those who, calling themselves matrons, number among their impediments no visible husband; or of those for whom the courts have intervened—one sometimes wonders if Justice's sword is ever used for any other purpose than the severing of the Gordian knot of matrimony; or marriageable maids; or wives who let their fancy stray for a moment.

The men were not so complimentary in their glances. Envy, admiration of a sort, but not liking were in their eyes. As though he were some alien thing, not merely removed by race from those males present, but by some deeper and subtler bar, they stared after his tall, magnificently proportioned figure. One could see their lips move unconsciously; one could almost hear the muttered words, "Filthy swine!" that followed him. And yet those men who met his gaze returned his smile, his nod of greeting. Those to whom he spoke returned his phrases of courtesy.

Had any of these men been asked if they liked Cassenas they would have inevitably answered that they did not; yet had they been asked to define their dislike they would have been at a loss to do so. And their womenkin would have smiled scornfully and said "Jealous."

Certainly there was no hint of scandal connected with the name of Cassenas. Wealthy, well-born, a remarkable athlete, eligible to any civilized society, there was no tangible reason for men to dislike him. Maybe after all it was merely his unchanging luck that made men dodge his companionship. The favored of fortune are not always the favored of men. And it was true that Cassenas had no men friends.

Acquaintances, yes. The parties which he gave at Seminole Lodge, that lovely bachelor establishment which he maintained on the Lake Trail, never lacked for masculine guests. Not to have attended a Cassenas cruise to the Keys, where one fished for tarpon in the moonlight, was definitely to establish oneself among those who did not belong. A débutante for whom Cassenas did not arrange some sort of gay affair—even though it were no more than a tea—felt that she had not received the final cachet of social worthiness. And one with whom he danced thrice successively knew that she had achieved a social triumph.

Unique was the Cassenas position. Oddly, he made no particular splash in the social pools of the North. He could go of course to any Philadelphia, New York, Newport or Bar Harbor home that he chose to visit, but he didn't choose. When April ended the Palm Beach season, Cassenas dropped out of sight so far as America was concerned. He might be heard of in Paris or London or—more probably—cruising in his magnificent steam yacht, the East Wind, in the remoter parts of the earth, but rarely in his own country. (For, despite his coloring and his Oriental eyes, he was indisputably American; his family was well-known.)

But when December came again there would be bustling in the neighborhood of Seminole Lodge. Its brick-floored patios would echo the tread of servants; its long windows would be thrown open to the semi-tropical sun. And there would be activity on his private pier; his house-boat, the West Wind, would be moored there and its crew would be busied upon it. Or the red-sailed fifty-footer, the South Wind, would be upon the ways, having its sheer lines scraped of barnacles; or the North Wind, his triple-engined motor cruiser, would be testing itself out upon the placid waters of Lake Worth.

The four winds of the atmosphere—why had he named his boats for them? Men sneered; a cheapy poetic affectation they termed it. But women were enraptured. The nomenclature of his boats seemed to fit the romantic appearance of the owner. But of the four winds are bred hurricane, tempest, storm . . .

Of the women whose thoughts perhaps strayed speculatively as Cassenas walked to the hazard table, there was one who betrayed her fancy's wandering. Quite unconsciously she sighed. She sat, demure and lovely looking, at a side wall, whence she surveyed the whole room. Once—at Cassenas's last coup—she had risen impulsively; then, blushing and glancing hastily around as though to note if her excitement had been observed, she sat down again.

She seemed a bit out of place in these surroundings. There was a simplicity about her which, daintily harmonious in itself, was not in harmony with this place. For Bailey's is a place of jewels, of forced and hothouse luxury. This girl, slightly sunburned, in pinky muslin and smoothly coiffed hair, whose shoulders were hinted at and whose bosom was unrevealed, was a rose among orchids, sweet spring water among thick-looking liqueurs.

Beside her, apparently enjoying his cigar and indifferent to all that went on here, sat a gray-haired man. At first glance one would have thought that this was a remarkably preserved gentleman of fifty. Then, looking more closely—and one would look closely, for the face was worth examining—it would be noted that, despite the lines on his face and the color—or lack of color—of his hair, the man was young. The lines were the result of illness or privation or worry; any of these three things might have robbed his hair of color. And his figure was not of fifty well taken care of, but of thirty in condition. For the rest, he was good-looking in an undistinguished sort of way. His chin and mouth were firm, his nose strong, slightly aquiline, and his eyes gray. They were hard and cool, these eyes, though now there was a touch of kindliness in them as he glanced at the girl who sighed. In their way these eyes were as remarkable as those of Cassenas. Hard and cool, pinpoints of light were observable in their depths; one felt, examining them, that behind this calm exterior smoldered a volcanic nature.

But there was only cool amusement in his voice as he spoke to the girl. "Another victim?" he asked.

She turned and looked at him. Again color flooded her cheeks; for all her demureness, she could emit sparks. Her gray eyes blazed.

As though to accent his implication, the gray-haired man nodded in the direction of Cassenas. Yet there was something indefinable in his manner—perhaps it was a great soullessness in him of which she was conscious—that somehow seemed to rob the glance and the words of offense. The color receded from the girl's face; her lips even formed, though tremblingly, an answering smile. The air of reserve which characterized her was discarded as though it were a wrap.

"He is handsome," she said. Her voice held a challenging note.

The man shook his head. "Pretty is the word I'd use," he retorted. "And there's an old phrase—Handsome is as handsome does."

Her eyes looked puzzled; she half rose. Then, as though conquering the impulse toward conventionality, she sat down again. The man laughed mockingly, but there was gentleness in the mockery.

"The fact that you don't know me doesn't make any difference, does it? So long as I discuss Beauty Cassenas I will not lack a feminine auditor."

She made another slight move, but curiosity—or some other emotion—kept her seated.

"I am waiting for my husband," she said. There was something defensive in her tone.

"Many women wait for their husbands, and Beauty Cassenas arrives," said her companion. "It is a habit of Beauty Cassenas, these opportune arrivals of his."

"You are rude," she said.

"And yet you do not leave me," he smiled.

For the third time she made an effort to rise, but failed. She turned to the gray-haired man. Appeal appeared in her eyes. "I don't mind your being rude," she whispered. "Only—tell me what you mean."

"About you or about Cassenas?" he asked.

She shook her head impatiently; she made him think of a petulant elf. For her smooth black hair clung to a beautifully formed head; the head itself was poised upon a slender neck, like a stem-supported flower. She was not so small as to be tiny, but little enough to seem childlike.

"Never mind me; tell me of Mr. Cassenas," she demanded.

Compunction assailed him at sight of her youthfulness. "You're just a child," he told her. "Run along to your husband and forget that I've mentioned Cassenas."

It seemed to him that she stamped her foot upon the floor. At any rate the hand that held a tiny gold bag clenched; the knuckles whitened at the pressure. "Please!" she whispered.

He stared at her in surprise. True, he had been unconventional, exceedingly so, in his remarks. But there was no reason why she should continue along the road of unconventionalities. But there was something in the pleading of her manner that made him feel that what he knew of Beauty Cassenas might well be told to this girl.



"The hour of my party is as unconventional as the people who are to be there," said Terry. "Tonight, Cassenas, a long reckoning is due for settlement and you will be there to meet your creditors."

"You speak," he ventured, "as though you really were a victim."

She did not color; instead she grew pale. "The fact that I do not leave you instantly should inform you that I am anxious to hear what you may say."

He stared more intently at her. There was no sin written on that sweet girlish face; but there was an air of desperation about her now. Perhaps it was visible in the depths of the gray eyes, where the sparks seemed to flash, or perhaps the faintly trembling nostrils told the story.

His voice lost its good humor and was suddenly harsh. "How far have you gone with Beauty Cassenas?" he asked.

She did not waver at the question; he was conscious that if she had not many years, she had a maturity that belied her age.

"It isn't a question of how far I've gone," she blazed. "It's a question of how far Mr. Cassenas has gone."

"Cassenas is unmarried; you have a husband," he reminded her.

"And even those facts make no difference; there are divorce courts, you know," she stated flatly.

"And you'd contemplate entering one for the sake of Cassenas?" he inquired.

"Tell me what you know of him," she evaded.

And now he threw caution to the winds. "Know of him? I know enough to send him to the last Hell. Not enough," and he smiled wryly, "to give him six months in a human jail, but to give him six eternities in perdition."

"And those things you know are—what?" she insisted.

"You heard the croupier's warning that for him who plays thirteen with success four times in a row death comes at dawn? Well, if death should actually support the legend and came painlessly, Cassenas would be a lucky man. I know at least seven people who have every moral right to kill him like the rat he is. There was a husband in London; another in Paris; a third in Rome. Only that they would not drag their wives into shameful notoriety—their honor has saved Cassenas. A musical comedy star—she was a star three years ago; she's a forgotten nobody now—she makes the fourth. And two former partners whom he swindled shamefully—these make six."

"You said there were seven," she reminded him.

"The seventh is a man who should wear the Medal of Honor that Cassenas sometimes wears. Cassenas stole it."

She laughed uncertainly. "How can a Medal of Honor be stolen? You'll be saying next that he's a coward."

"He is. A fellow officer found him weeping between the lines one day in nineteen eighteen. That fellow officer carried Cassenas, who had collapsed from fear, into safety. Then the rescuer dropped from his wounds. While he lay in the hospital Cassenas received a medal for his heroism in rescuing the wounded man."

"But if your story were true," she protested, "the man who was robbed of the honor would have told people. Why, he must have told people! Else how would you know it?"



"He never told anyone until tonight," was the reply. She stared at him bewildered; then, as comprehension came to her, sympathy appeared in her gray eyes; she leaned impulsively toward him.

"Then you are the wounded man," she breathed.

He did not answer; he was staring across the room. With her eyes she followed his glance. Cassenas was leaving the hazard table.

CHAPTER II

CASSENAIS looked idly about the room. He was no longer the center of attraction. Doubtless his luck at roulette had not followed him to the hazard table, and in Bailey's—or at Cannes, or at Monte Carlo or Biarritz—the interest of players



in another person is only momentary. The drama of the wheel or the card or the dice overshadows the human drama.

He leaned against the doorway that opened upon a narrow hall that, passing the private office of Bailey himself and the restaurant, cloak-rooms and office, led to the moon-drenched outdoors. He seemed in no hurry to collect the fortune awaiting him at the wheel presided over by the man whom he had named Marvin. Indeed, it seemed that perhaps the wonderful night called to him, for he ceased leaning against the door-frame and took a half-step into the hall. As he did so his body, turning, brought his eyes into line with the couple who were discussing him.

There was something feline in the fashion in which he arrested his movement. As a cat seems to deflect the course of its leap and in mid-air choose another landing-place, so Cassenas halted his progress in the direction of the hall. Poised upon the balls of his feet, his body from the hips down pointing one way and the upper half pointing the other way, he was as superb an example of muscular control as could be imagined. Only a remarkable athlete could have been so twisted of body without seeming clumsy and off balance. But his grace was enhanced by the pose.

Into his olive cheeks leaped a tinge of red: the liquid eyes were suddenly filmed over as though by sheets of glass; ice perhaps more correctly describes the curtain over them. His full

lips lifted slightly at the corners and for an infinitesimal space of time his face was ugly. More than that, it held ferocity; not the honest ferocity of the savage dog, but the insane fury of the house cat suddenly reverted to its leopard type. For in the cat gone mad there is always the hint of cornered cowardice, and there was this hint in the face of Cassenas.

It was gone as swiftly as it came. The poised body relaxed its spring-like tension. Without the slightest hesitation apparently, he walked across the room toward the black-haired girl and the gray-haired man. His lips curved in a pleasant smile. Only, the seeming liquidity of his eyes had gone; the liquid was frozen solid now.

"Well, this is a surprise!" he ejaculated as he came within speaking distance. "Two surprises; one to find you here, Terry; and the other to learn that you and Mrs. Ripley know each other."

"We don't," said Terry. "At least I'm sure that I didn't know Mrs. Ripley's name until you mentioned it, and I don't imagine she knew mine."

Cassenas laughed easily. "Drawn together by the common love of gambling, eh?"

"Or perhaps a common hatred," suggested Terry. There was mockery in his voice.

"But surely not of gambling! Mrs. Ripley likes to play and you never hesitated to back your judgment in the old days, Terry," said Cassenas.

"There are other things which we might hate together," said Terry. His voice was more than mocking now; it was sardonic.

"You pique my curiosity," laughed Cassenas. "What on earth can you two people, strangers to each other, find to hate together?"

While he spoke his right hand had been extended in greeting to Terry. Now he let it drop to his side. The rebuff was unmistakable, yet he ignored it. But the girl noted Terry's refusal of the other's hand and she laughed nervously.

"We've been talking nonsense," she interposed hastily.

Terry looked at her with an odd expression in his eyes. "You fear a scene, Mrs. Ripley," he said. "But you needn't be in the least alarmed." He turned to Cassenas. "We were discussing you," he stated flatly.

The girl gasped; the icy curtain over Cassenas's eyes grew faintly blue. Terry ignored the sound that came from the girl's throat and the expression in the eyes of Cassenas. Fluently, as nonchalantly as though he discussed a trivial happening, yet all the while looking steadfastly at Cassenas, he spoke.

"I noticed that Mrs. Ripley seemed to show an interest in you. I asked her if she were your latest victim. Naturally such a question called, if not for answer from her, certainly for explanation from me. Briefly, Cassenas, I gave it. I mentioned happenings in London, in Rome, in Paris; I referred to a lady of the stage; I touched upon your two former partners; incidentally I described the winning of your Medal of Honor."

The girl seemed to shrink; she too stared at Cassenas; the

"I have the pleasure, Mr. Cassenas," said General Gary, "of informing you that you are a rascal."



expression of her face, one of anticipatory horror, indicated that she expected nothing short of bloodshed to ensue upon the finish of this amazing insult. But beyond that gelid appearance of his eyes, Cassenas gave no sign of wrath or righteous resentment. Instead, his lips parted in a smile and the laugh that preceded his words was coolly amused.

"Still obsessed by that old hallucination, Terry?" he asked. The girl sighed deeply as though some heavily oppressive weight had been removed from her breast. Cassenas turned to her. "Explanations of our friends' eccentricities are always unpleasant, aren't they? And Terry's obsession is extremely awkward. Heretofore he has had it somewhat under control; he has not seen fit to display it publicly; he has managed

to confine its exhibition to moments when we are alone." Terry's smile was as cool as that of Cassenas. "Because I could not prove my case before, Cassenas. Only six weeks ago in Paris I ran across a former doughboy who witnessed the incident for which you received your medal."

Again Cassenas laughed; if there was the faintest tinge of uneasiness in the laugh the girl was not sophisticated enough to be aware of it.

"The word of insane jealousy supported by the word of a common private. Was he stranded in Paris, Terry, and glad to perform a little perjury in exchange for transportation home?"

Terry smiled pleasantly. "Sorry, Cassenas, but it won't do. This doughboy isn't broke; he remained in France because he



has huge interests there. He was in the Foreign Legion from nineteen fourteen until we went in."

"Odd that he kept his mouth shut so long," said Cassenas. And yet there was no tinge of uneasiness in his voice.

"There were reasons," said Terry. "He was wounded the same night that I brought you in and was in the hospital twelve months. Before he was wounded he saw you; he witnessed me strike you in an effort to bring you to your senses. The case is clear, Cassenas."

Amazing as was the control of his muscles, the control of Cassenas's mind was even more marvelous. For still his voice was even and pleasant and slightly amused.

"Don't you think the proper place to bring such charges would

be at the War Department instead of here?" he asked.

Terry nodded. "Don't forget that you have been an officer in the American Army, Cassenas, and that your disgrace shames the uniform you wore. But there is justice in your question. I should not have told this lady about you. But when one has waited six years, Cassenas, one is apt to lose restraint, one is apt to unbar the doors of discretion. Especially, Cassenas, as I have been watching you for several days. I have seen your devotion to Mrs. Ripley. Not knowing her, but being well acquainted with you, and feeling that tomorrow might be a day too late, I warned her of what you were."

The girl's face flamed.

"How dare you suggest such—such vileness?" she cried.

The Pleasure Buyers

"I impute vileness to Cassenas, not to you, Mrs. Ripley," retorted Terry. "But the appearance of evil is sometimes as fatal as evil itself. And my dear young lady, I sat near you at Cocoanut Grove this afternoon and I heard you agree to go motoring with Cassenas at one this morning."

"You didn't understand," blazed the girl. Somehow it seemed that her indignation was aroused less by the misunderstanding than by the fact that it was Terry who misunderstood. An onlooker would have said that she did not wish Terry to think ill of her, and that she did not care what others thought. Her defense, addressed to him, seemed inspired by him.

"Not you, perhaps," agreed Terry. "But Cassenas—yes. And so I intervened."

"With a tissue of lies," said Cassenas. At length he was losing his self-control.

Terry shook his head. "Anyway, Mrs. Ripley would not have gone motoring with you. For you would not have kept the engagement. For I came here tonight in order to extend an invitation to you, Cassenas. I am entertaining tonight, Cassenas, a most cosmopolitan group of guests."

Now for the first time the girl became aware of Cassenas's inner excitement. It was not manifested by anything physical; rather, it was as though some vibration of his soul clashed discordantly against her own; his very beauty seemed suddenly to possess a reptilian quality. And, contrasted with the quiet sternness of Terry, his inner excitement hinted at weakness. Despite her indignation of a moment ago, the girl found herself leaning spiritually toward Cassenas's accuser.

"I am not interested in your house parties, Terry," he said.

"Ordinarily I would concede the statement," said Terry. "Your own affairs are so much more attractive than any I could give. Yours are attended by the successful of the world; mine is a choice collection—perhaps I should say a *chosen* collection—of failures. For instance, Blake and Blaisdell are here. It will be interesting to watch your former partners greet you now that they have discovered how cruelly you ruined them."

"A lie!" exclaimed Cassenas. "Their own lawyers—"

"Were not detectives," interrupted Terry. "But let us not argue legalities now. Let me tell you the others' names. There is Marie Devoe—surely it will be a delight to you to see Marie again. Not that she is the beauty who took Broadway by storm—was it only three years ago? But an artist must always rejoice in his handiwork and you shall look upon yours tonight."

Cassenas turned to the girl. "Our friend should write thrillers for the stage," he said. But the girl merely stared at him, fascinated.

"I could produce nothing quite so thrilling as yourself," retorted Terry. "And Kennilworth, who entertained you in London—he is here. Signor Alfaretti is another guest, and so is the Marquis de St. Pierre. They should be interesting to you, Cassenas. So much in common have bachelors and widowers."

Now Cassenas could no longer, master of himself though he was, hide his inner turmoil.

"Widowers?" There was something almost of fear in his ejaculation.

Terry smiled; deep down in his gray eyes the pin-points of light danced; they were as frosty as remote but brilliant stars.

"You are like the finger of fate, Cassenas, that having written moves on. A closed book is never reopened by you."

"But had they died I should have known," said Cassenas hoarsely.

"Why? Were you so closely united that you expected them from the grave to tell you where they had gone? And do you receive the newspapers from little villages in France and England and Italy? Many things happen which are not advertised in the metropolitan press. Cassenas, are you coming to my party tonight?"

The eyes of the two men met; the girl held her breath; the tragedy which she had felt imminent in the air could no longer be delayed. She saw the right hand of Cassenas move slowly behind him. A laugh from the lips of Terry stopped the backward motion.

"Don't you know that would suit me as well as anything else, Cassenas? I don't care to go to the chair or the scaffold for a rat like you, but nowhere in the civilized world does one endure such penalty for a killing done in self-defense. I will let you get that gun completely out of your pocket, Cassenas. And then with your own weapon—I have none myself—I'll kill you. Why not take me at my word? You are famous for your ability with small arms. I, contemplating a rodent desperation on your part and wishing to take no chances with a jury, am deliberately unarmed."

Cassenas's fingers relaxed; his hand came before him. "A certain nervous apprehension accompanies some forms of insanity," he declared contemptuously.

Terry nodded. "Perhaps; and yet I would wager a great deal of money that there is a pistol in your right hip pocket. As to my sanity—possibly you are right about that, Cassenas. Certainly I have had an obsession for some years."

Cassenas glanced at the girl. "What did I tell you? He admits an obsession."

"An obsession," said Terry. "But not the obsession you mentioned awhile ago. My version of the incident between the lines in nineteen eighteen is no obsession. But my desire to see you paid in full for many matters may truly have obsessed me. Certainly I am bizarre. Nevertheless, I think you will come to my party."

"And I think not," sneered Cassenas. He was master of himself again.

"Yet in the event that you decide to come, I will tell you where the party is being held. I have leased Spray House. You know where it is; just a few miles north. You see, my guests are rather quiet people; misfortune has made them averse to mingling with other folks. They prefer remoteness from the gaiety and bustle of the hotels, the clubs, the casinos. You know the place?"

Cassenas shrugged. "You weary me," he stated.

"And the hour of my party is as unconventional as the people who are to be there," said Terry, unheeding the interruption. "Any time before dawn, Cassenas. We will be awaiting you." The mockery left his voice. It was implacably stern.

"You will wait in vain," said Cassenas.

"I know you better than you know yourself," retorted Terry. "You must remember that your life, your actions, your very thoughts in so far as that has been possible, have been the objects of my solicitous study for nearly six years. At first I was merely anxious to prove my right (Continued on page 171)





"She's been hening
the life out of me to get
a new dress," said the
driver of the taxicab.

Is a Wife Ever Satisfied?

William Johnston *Thinks It's a
Good Thing She Never Is*

MEN seem to get so much more joy out of life that I have often wondered whether any woman really is happy, or whether she could be. Are not women, all of them, unsatisfied? Did you ever know a woman who had everything she wanted? They all seem possessed of a desire for something—something more, something different, something they have not.

It is to be taken for granted, I suppose, that the woman without a husband is unhappy until she gets one. That is a biological, physiological, psychological fact which even the most ardent feminist can hardly hope to dispute successfully. But getting a husband doesn't seem to solve this problem of feminine unhappi-

ness. You remember what the old colored woman said when asked whether she thought women who married were happier than those who stayed single:

"Them as ain't, ain't, but them as is ain't either."

Of course every story ends "and so they were married and lived happily ever afterward," but that is mere fiction. No woman ever lived happily ever afterward. The man may have been happy, at least as happy as his wife would let him be. But the woman—whether she marries or whether she doesn't, whether she has children or hasn't, whether she loves her husband or whether she doesn't, never seems to stay satisfied long.

Is A Wife Ever Satisfied

Anticipating that women readers might take violent exception to this statement and foreseeing the receipt of a sheaf of protests from indignant femininity, before writing this article I took the precaution of doing a little checking up among husbands.

"Is your wife satisfied?" I asked the driver of the taxicab in which I was riding down town.

"I'll say she ain't," he said with a grimace. "She's been hennin' the life out of me for money to get a new hat and dress, but with business as bad as it is she'll have to whistle for it for a while yet."

"Is your wife satisfied?" I asked a bright young reporter who I knew had taken himself a bride a few months before.

"She's kicking terribly about the hours I have to keep," he answered. "She wants me to get a job where I can always get home for dinner and take her out once in a while in the evening."

As I sat at luncheon with a \$12,000 executive, a man who had been married, I judged, for fifteen years, I once more put the question, "Is your wife satisfied?"

"I should say not," he answered emphatically. "She has made up her mind that we ought to have a European trip this summer, though how I am going to swing it, Lord only knows."

On all sides it seemed to be the same old story—one man's wife was demanding a diamond bracelet, another had her heart set on owning a home in the country. Each wife, no matter what her circumstances, was unsatisfied about something. Some wives were dissatisfied because they had no children, others because they had too many. There was always—something.

A night or two afterward I happened to be dining in the home of a man worth many millions, a respected and upstanding American who had carved out his own fortune. Surely his wife, it seemed to me, must have everything a woman's heart could wish.

After the ladies had deserted the dinner table, leaving us to our cigars, I tactfully introduced the subject of the universal dissatisfied condition of women, adding for the host's benefit:

"Your wife, of course, must be the exception. She has everything. It is hard to think of her being dissatisfied."

He shook his head sadly.

"No matter how much they have they always want something more," he said. "She'll never be happy until she gets invited to Mrs. Blank's to dinner. And then I suppose it will be something else."

Conversation like this confirmed my own conclusion that this unhappiness, this dissatisfaction, this eternal wanting something, is an ever-present constituent in the feminine make-up. Every woman, when you stop to think about it, seems to associate the idea of a good time with tears. Their idea of a wonderful film or an excellent play is one that will bring a sob to their throats and tears to their eyes. Happiness to them means weeping. Haven't you often heard them say, "I was so happy I could have cried?"

A man, on the other hand, goes through life being happy most of the time. He gets fun out of his work, he likes his home, he enjoys his children, he delights in his pastimes. It is he who reads the newspaper comic strips and insists on seeing Charlie Chaplin's latest film. You never find him crying.

If ever you see a man unhappy, it is practically always some woman's fault. Every husband is as happy as his wife will permit him to be. Even if he happens to have a nagging mate, he doesn't let it interfere with his pleasure—much. In fact he gets more fun staying out late at a poker game if he knows his wife is waiting to nag him about it than when she is away from home. There's not half the zest to staying out late when it doesn't make any difference when you get in.

Yes, indeed, it's the women who make men unhappy, but the reverse isn't true. It isn't the men who make the women unhappy. They make each other unhappy, and if there is no other woman around, they deliberately set out and make themselves unhappy.

John falls in love with Mary. Possessed with a great happiness himself, he says in all sincerity: "I'm going to devote the rest of my life to making you happy." He means it as much as ever he meant anything in his life. And he does try his darndest. He saves up his money. He rents or buys a little home and furnishes it, and they get married and move in.

And John is happy. He has a wife and a good job and to his mind a wonderful little home in which to live. As far as he himself is concerned he would be content to spend the rest of his days just as they are, to have everything continue as is. But one evening, after they have been married a month or two, he comes home and over the dinner table the trouble begins.

"We'll have to get some new curtains for the living-room," says Mary.

"But we have curtains," says John.

"Nobody is using that kind any more," explains Mary.

"What difference does that make to us?" asks John.

But it does make a difference, a very big difference, he soon finds out. And when he has bought and paid for the new curtains, there is always something else. You know the kind of conversation that every wife hands out to every husband:

"We're the only people in our set that haven't an automobile."

"Mrs. Nextdoor's husband has just bought her the prettiest fur coat."

"The Joneses are going to Atlantic City for three weeks. I don't see why we can't take trips like they do."

And what is the effect on John? He hustles a little harder, makes a little more money, gets himself a better job, makes still more money, but no matter at what important place in the business world he may arrive, no matter how much money he may succeed in making, Mary always wants something—something more.

American men are the marvels of the world to the men of all other countries because of the lengths to which they have gone in their efforts to keep the women happy.

The women took a notion that what they needed was economic independence, so the men let them go to work, let them get jobs by the thousands in stores and offices and factories. The bars were let down and they were permitted to become lawyers, doctors, architects. Are they any happier? To their other cares and worries, they have simply added the troubles of business, and there's no question that business troubles worry women a lot more than they do men.

They got an idea that it was the vote they wanted. They harassed their husbands at home about it. They paraded the streets. They went on hunger strikes. They picketed the President, and made themselves such general nuisances that at last the men, in one more effort to make them happy, gave them the vote. Has it made any difference? Is the country any better run? Are women any happier now that they have the privilege of voting? Do they really care anything about it? Have they made any intelligent use of the ballot? Does the average woman take any real interest in politics? Quote me all the statistics on the subject you want to. I for one don't believe that giving women the ballot has accomplished anything worth while.

Their latest cry is that they want to retain their individuality. "Why," they ask, "should a woman surrender her name and her identity merely because she marries?" So far men are taking it as more or less of a joke, but just wait.

But the minute the women get that, they'll not care anything about it. By that time they'll be wanting something else, and be unhappy till they get it.

Yet please don't think for a minute that I mind women being unhappy and dissatisfied. I'm for it.

It is this very dissatisfaction of women with life, it is their constant new desires, sometimes inchoate, sometimes expressed, that have kept men on the jump, that have brought about all the progress the human race has ever made. If it weren't that women always wanted something, and that men were always trying to get it for them, we all would still be living in caves and gnawing roots to keep alive.

It is the efforts that men down through the ages have made to keep women happy that have brought about civilization. Here in America, the reason we have progressed faster than other nations is that our women have been the most unsatisfied and the most demanding. It has been their desires that have spurred our men on to help make America the great nation she is.

All progress is motivated by women's desires. They wanted furs to bedeck themselves in and men dared the perils of the forest to slay tigers for them. They wanted pearls to wear, and men dived to the ocean's depths to get them. They wanted slaves to wait on them, so men went to war with other tribes and conquered them. They wanted corsets with which to shape their figures, so men chased and slew the mighty Leviathan of the seas.

Analyze every step forward that the human race has made, and behind it you will find the unsatisfied desires of womankind. In efforts to please them men have learned to build palaces, to paint pictures, to manufacture silks and velvets. They have scoured the universe to bring women gifts, and—

They're still unhappy—unsatisfied—wanting something more; and a good thing it is that it is so. The unhappiness of women is what prods us men forward.

Where would we be, where would we get, what would we accomplish, without them?

Cosmopolitan is Pleased to Introduce
B E L L E B U R N S G R O M E R
in this, her first story

Woman *Who*



Jason told Lu strange tales of foreign ports. She remembered the very words he had been speaking when Mike came upon the scene.

Tried to Dodge Life

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

THE first rain-drops drove in little sharp gusts against the weather-stained shingles of the lone gray house on the island—the house where Jason Bright and his wife Lu had been caretakers for ten long years. Lu Bright pressed her face against the rain-spattered pane and watched the gulls coming inshore before the storm. Whirling, shrieking, always whirling, shrieking, above the thunder of the surf that pounded the reef, they came in hordes until the beach about the sheltered cove of the island seemed a moving mass of their clumsy, feathered grayness. It was a clumsiness never guessed so long as the air held their sweeping wings against the background of the sky, but in their graceful circlings Lu Bright saw no beauty. How venomously she hated the gulls, their shrill crying, and the wet gray storm that drove them in from the rolling waste of the ocean!

With an impatient sigh the woman turned from the window. The mirror on the dresser faced her and after a moment she forgot the storm as she smiled complacently at the picture thrown back to her. Ten years she'd been on this God-forsaken island, but she'd never let herself go. Not much use to keep up when there was only Jason and the quarterly visits of old Cap'n Jenks. Lu craved a real audience. Thirty-seven going on eight she was, but

you'd never guess it. Once a month her hair was bleached and though the texture had coarsened a bit, she was as golden-haired as the day she came. With her bright black eyes the fair hair was very stunning, she thought. She turned and viewed her figure from side to side and smoothed her waist approvingly. True, the stiff-boned corset pressed a bit too tightly for comfort, but a trim waist was hers. She could not see that the opulent breasts and the broad, curving hips had grown heavier year by year. According to Lu's standards a trim waist was all that was necessary.

A gust of salt air blew in as Jason Bright opened the door; Bimbi, the black cat, scuttled past him from the dripping outside. Lu shivered and motioned impatiently for the man to shut out the storm. Jason's jacket was beaded with rain-drops and his meek face was wet. He went to the square-paned window and gazed out as he slowly pulled his arms from the sleeves of his seaman's coat.

"Guess we're in for a real nor'easter, Lu. The gulls are in an' the surf's whippin' high out beyond the cove." He had a shy, gentle way of speaking that set Lu's nerves on edge. Why couldn't he talk up like a he-man? She watched her husband for moments with a resentful contempt in her eyes.

The Woman Who Tried to Dodge Life

"Yuh like the storm an' the gulls, don't yuh? Yer glad they're here." There was condemnation in her voice.

"Why, yes, Lu, I guess I do," the little man answered slowly. "The gulls belong to the sea, an' I belong to the sea. Them birds are useful, too. Scavengers of the waters they are, Lu."

Lu watched him with a half sneer. Why couldn't he be something real, human? Always talking queer things that she couldn't understand. Like yesterday when it had been fair. "The gods have rinsed out bolts of blue silk, Lu," he had said, "an' hung them across the sky to dry." Loony talk, that. It made her ashamed for him. Always yearning, yearning for the sea too, he was. Never saying so in words, of course, but just the same making her feel that it was because of her, because he loved her, that he was here.

She hadn't wanted his love. It wasn't her fault that things had turned out the way they had. All that she had asked had been a square deal out of life; she was just getting it, too, when Jason had butted in. Hard enough time she'd had those first years on the river front in Liverpool with her drunken Greek father and the equally drunken mother with the shrill cockney voice. Lu shuddered as she recalled the one filthy room where the tin sink was always stopped up with bacon grease and the ugly brownness of coffee grounds. She had hated the sloven squalor even more than she had the drunken quarreling and the cursing that were ever-present when her sailor father returned from a voyage.

Well, she'd got out the first minute she could. It hadn't mattered that her mother had lain, an ugly red thing raving with delirium, in the midst of that dirty room. There had been no one to care for her, but Lu's only emotion had been a vast relief when she closed the door on the muttering whispers of the sick woman. She had shuddered as she resolved that this fate should never be hers. Not sixteen, she was, when she had taken that first opportunity and beat it with a chorus man in a cheap musical show that was playing the coast ports. A little experience and a new dress and she'd turned down her chorus boy for the manager of the show. That was on the night that he'd taken her and the week's receipts to London and left the company flat.

By the grace of men, sailors mostly, and without much effort on her part, she'd gone pretty far when Jason finally had ended things for her. Lucette Girard, end-girl in the chorus down at the Bijou Stock on the Coast in San Francisco. She had hated the drudgery of the work, but she had drunk in the applause and admiration of the coarse, stamping audiences with greedy avidity. Gee, that was the life! Smiling down at the boys in the front row and dancing with them after the show at Drovna's place. Sailors for the most part, they were, and careless with their money after a few drinks. Lu had been a pretty steady drinker by that time. Always making weak resolves to cut it out, but she never had.

Her eyes darkened as she brooded over the night that had ended it all. Mike Berletti had been her heavy boy for some time. No sailor was Mike. He always had plenty of money and a pull at Headquarters, but he never seemed to work. Well, that was his business so long as he was free with his coin. The week before he had started drinking heavily and for days he had been sullen and ugly. Lu shuddered as she recalled those days. On the night that the show, "The Poppy Kid," was closing, Lu had gone to Drovna's place. She noticed Jason the moment she had entered the low-ceilinged room. He seemed so timid and out of place, she knew that he meant easy pickings the minute she laid eyes on him. A hard luck tale after a couple of drinks and he would come through. Which was why she had pretended to look about for a table and then chose his.

How fussed he'd been and how quickly he'd fallen for her! Even now she could see his timid eyes over his scarce tasted mug of beer; hear his gentle voice as he poured out his story to her seemingly sympathetic ears. A man of middle age he was, but like a child who tells his troubles to an elder. Lord, what had she cared who or what he was? But he'd paid for her drinks and so she'd let him talk. Talk about his father who had been captain and owner of a sailing vessel. A great strong man who had ruled and traded and conquered the sea. Jason had sailed with the old man from childhood and though he loved the sea he was its slave and not its master, as he put it. And so, when his father had died, a year or two had lost him his ship. Still he clung to his love, though; he was able seaman aboard the Dove's Farewell, once his own vessel. Lu gathered that it was a sort of God with him.

Then he told her strange tales of foreign ports. Lu felt relaxed and gracious after several drinks and so she listened. She remembered the very words that Jason had been speaking when Mike came upon the scene.

"See this bracelet," the little sailor had said, pushing back his cuff. "It's white jade. A Chinee mandarin, a friend of my

father's, put it there when I was a kid an' it's never been off. Couldn't get it off now if I tried. Queer old feller he was, that Chink. Lived in a great palace an' loved to barter with the foreign traders. Told me that white jade was the foam from the crest of the green waves. See the slim strips of green here an' there? I liked that. I like purty things." He had gazed shyly at her golden hair, Lu remembered. Plain there'd been no women in his life.

"The old Chinee told me," he had continued, "that I belonged to the sea, an' so long as I wore this bracelet, any that'd try to do me bodily harm'd be punished terrible. Funny notion, wasn't it? I don't want nobody hurt 'cause of me."

It was just at that moment that Lu had glimpsed Mike as he stood swaying against the blackness of the open doorway. "Chase yerself," she had hissed at Jason. He hadn't understood at first, but after a moment he had got up in a puzzled fashion and gone to another table. Mike had seen her then and made his zigzag way unsteadily towards her.

At first Mike had ignored her; then he commenced a quarrel. At the last he had worked himself up until he was shouting and yelling about some fancied wrong. Lu could still see the frightened eyes of Jason turned towards that yelling hulk with the brute-like muscles. Even when Mike had reached over the table and struck her across the face she was still conscious of those half terrified, half furious eyes as Jason was propelled towards her by some unseen force. In a trembling voice, he had stood in front of her and defied Mike. Then they fought.

Lu's black eyes took on a savage expression as she thought of that fight. Mike had been drinking for so long that he was shaky. The little man was driven and he fought with a maniac strength; before long Mike was getting the worst of it. Lu's drinks had been working; she forgot the blow in the face. All she remembered was that her boy was getting a beating from a dirty little bum of a sailor. Men all around were shouting and other fights were started. No one tried to help Mike. Lu wavered for a moment. Then she picked up a bottle and brought it down upon something that cracked and then yielded softly. She had expected to see the little sailor crumple and slide down; but it was Mike with a growing red splotch on his forehead who pitched forward and laid very still.

After that everything had seemed to Lu to unfold beyond a curtain of mist. There had been terrified dartings through dark, cobblestoned alleys with the hand of the little sailor gripping hers tightly. After hazy hours they had stopped along the Embarcadero, where Jason gazed up at the vast hulk of a ship with the weather-stained figurehead of two doves. Even in the dim radiance of the gas-light and through the curtain of fog, Lu was conscious of the emotion in the man's eyes. He stood for many moments with a look that seemed to be fondling the wooden birds at the bow. When he finally turned away there were tears on his cheeks.

"My ship sails with tomorrow's tide," Jason said with a little catch in his voice. "I got to get you away, so I guess it's good-bye to her. That man back there's dead so I got to get you away. He your husband?" he asked as an afterthought.

In the early morning hours they had sailed for Portland on a tramp lumber schooner; three miles out the captain married them. Jason had insisted on that. Wouldn't have it any other way so long as they might have to keep traveling for some time. Lu had been glad enough to accede to his wishes; she was frightened and ill from the whole mess. In her heart she blamed Jason for her plight, but she kept it to herself for a while. Through the years, though, she had just about convinced him that he and not she was really the murderer.

In Portland they had found the small newspaper notice that told of the fight and Mike's death. Lu was being sought, but Jason's name was not mentioned. In the same paper was an advertisement that had asked for a married couple to go as caretakers to the island home of Talla the marine artist. Fear-driven, they had grasped at this chance which seemed to promise refuge.

And so, far off the coast to the lonely island where the ocean pounded and roared from year end to year end, had come Jason and Lu Bright. Talla had been painting in Brittany during the decade. He had never visited them, but four times a year a little supply ship, the Roving Minstrel, anchored in the small cove of the island and Lu had her only taste of life. In between times she read the paper-backed novels that the captain always brought her. She kept herself neat and clean, but the work about the house and with the cow and the chickens she left to Jason. She hated work and he never complained. He was handy, too; seemed to like to fuss about the house.

Often when Lu would look up from the hectic love tale of some French marquise, she found his eyes resting upon her with that

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The crimson tide seemed to recede from Lu's head then: she felt cool and quiet.

patient adoration that made her think of a cur dog and infuriated her. Bold admiration was the food she hankered after. That was strong stuff; the thing that to her meant physical love, the only sort she recognized. Her husband's tender feeling, and the look in his eyes when he watched a ship far out at sea, were the two things that set Lu's nerves on edge. Jason seldom spoke of the Dove's Farewell, but when he did his eyes wore that hidden, yearning something that he had when he watched a distant sail passing against the horizon.

Sometimes Lu craved a drink and the good old times, but there was no drinking here. Jason was set on that. She hadn't even known for several years of the existence of the wine vault in the cellar where Talla's rare liquors were kept. She hadn't minded much, though, when Jason'd refused her the key. She didn't care for a drink so much for the effect as for the sociability. And who wanted to be sociable with only Jason? Withal the years hadn't been too unkind. Lu had her ease and a certain security. And then had come that which had changed everything.

Two trips before, a new master had commanded the supply ship. Old Cap'n Jenks with the booming voice and the great froth of white beard had died, and Captain Buck Redon had taken his place.

When Lu Bright had first looked into Buck Redon's eyes she had felt a nervous twitching in her throat; the hair at the nape of

her neck tingled and she was suffused with a warm glow that she had not felt since the days of Mike Berletti. Buck was a big man with the look as if his muscled body wore a garment of soft white fat. His eyes were like ripe brown olives swimming in oil and his mouth under the closely cropped mustache was very red. His under lip hung just a bit loosely and was always shiny and wet. His uniform was tailored snugly and his cap had a smart set. There was a bold admiration in his gaze when it rested on Lu. Jason hated it, she knew. She sensed that he felt as she did that one by one her garments were dropping away before those wicked, seeking eyes. Jason never spoke it, though.

Lu hadn't minded. She had rather thrilled at what she saw in Buck's look. That was the old approval that had been food and drink to her in the days when she had winked and kicked to win the applause of just such men as this one. Here was the thing she'd missed. Only Buck's hands repelled her. They were covered with coarse black hair and there were brown freckles splotched underneath. Somehow she thought of scales appearing there like those she had once seen on a crocodile in a canvas side-show. She shuddered with a sudden loathing, but Lu was not analytical and the feeling passed. She had not looked at his hands if she could avoid it, though.

On Buck Redon's first trip to the island Lu had known only the feel of the man's caressing eyes. Their shifty glances, heavy

with hidden meaning, had filled her with an indefinite restlessness that made her dreamy and frenzied by turns. For the three months between trips Jason had tried every little pathetic trick he knew to bring her to her normal self; his gentle patience would have pierced any less adamant armor of selfishness than hers as she drifted from mood to mood. His mild eyes begged when he brought a handful of drooping wild flowers or a shiny orange agate, but all his pleas for Lu's interest were ignored.

And then on his second visit the Captain's repellent hands had touched Lu. She and Jason had gone aboard ship for a visit. The mate had taken the eager Jason to inspect the new whaleboat that swung its shiny painted sides from the davits. Lu had pretended to look at a faded lithograph of the Spanish Armada that hung against the cabin's dingy wall, but she was tauntly aware of Buck's presence. As she stood there he came close and ran his freckled fingers along her bare arm and up under the close cuff at her elbow. Lu had caught her breath in a harsh gasp; an orange flame of fire seared her; she liked the caress and yet she had the impulse to turn and tear her nails deep into the loose white flesh of the man's face. She had a feline urge to purr and scratch at the same instant; like Bimbi, the black cat, flashed through her mind. But when Buck's red, wet lips had bruised hers, she had neither purred nor scratched.

After that trip real unrest had shaken Lu Bright in its relentless grasp. She became a burning, aching desire that only Buck Redon's eyes could satisfy. And Buck meant the coast. She began to ponder moodily upon the thought that life was slipping past her. What was she getting out of it? At the Bijou there had been applause, laughter, good times. Here she was only wife to a queer one who made people out of things and worshiped the sea like a heathen. She wouldn't always be good to look at. Why should she waste herself here? Buck's eyes had told her that she was a beauty. Well, she'd always known that. Why couldn't she go back? No one would remember that old affair. She even broached the idea of a return to Jason, but he had insisted against it so vehemently that she had been half convinced.

But tonight as the storm swept around the house and the gulls shrieked above the roar of the breakers, Lu nursed a new thought in her heart. True, both she and Jason could not return to the coast, but one of them could go back. She could go. No one would know her, and if they did, who could prove that it was she and not Jason who had struck that death blow? Within three days Buck's ship would come. Buck's ship. Yes, and Buck Redon with that strange power of his that had driven her half mad. Wholly mad, she thought. Mad about him. She had to get out of this soon. At last the shrieking birds moulded her thoughts into words. They spat out in nervous, quivering bursts.

"I won't stand it no longer," she panted. "I'm goin' back."



Jason fought with a maniac strength. No one tried to help Mike. Then Lu picked up a

Not to 'Frisco, but somewhere that people live. Yuh got to let me go, Jason. I won't stay no longer. No one's goin' to know me. There ain't no danger. I'm goin'. I won't stay here an' listen to them birds and that crashin' water till I rot. I won't," she screamed shrilly. "I won't, I won't!"

Jason's face was a mask of fear. He caught his hands tightly together, then rubbed the jade bracelet with nervous unconsciousness. "Lu, we can't go back. We can't go. Do you know what murder means? That's what they've wanted us for all these years. Murder's terrible, Lu. They—they hang you. With a—a twisted rope. We're safe here. Nobody knows. There's danger there. We just can't go back."

And later, weakly, "But, Lu—it's nice here. The big fireplace an' the painting of the waves an' the green vase an' the blue sea out there. It's nice, Lu. Why must we leave it?"

With hysterical cries and ravings she finally wore him down. At last he nodded wearily.

"All right, Lu, we'll go. I'll take you away."

The woman sat up quickly and brushed back the disorder of her ropy yellow hair. He didn't understand. She didn't want him to go. She didn't want Jason. Together there was danger of suspicion. Besides—she paused to work out her thought—besides, she didn't want the burden of him. She didn't need him any longer. She wanted to belong to Buck Redon. Jason mustn't come. Not tonight, though. She'd tell him tomorrow that she must go alone. But not why. That'd never do.

All night the wind swept and swept until the dawn showed the dome of the sky a clean cloudless blue. From hour to hour through the night Lu had lain with wide burning eyes, her thoughts fighting and bruising the walls of her mind like mad



bottle and brought it down. After that everything seemed to unfold beyond a curtain of mist.

prisoners in a padded cell. There seemed no open outlet, no easy solution to her problem.

With the day Jason was his quiet self. He was happier than in months past; he seemed glad that a decision had at last been reached. His eyes held a sort of radiance and twice, just as Lu had mustered the courage to tell him that he had no part in her plans, he spoke of the sky-blue hat.

"I'll buy you a hat, Lu," he said. "The purtiest hat. Blue like the sky an' with a golden feather at the side. A fluffy golden feather, Lu, so that you can't tell where the feather leaves off an' your golden hair commences. You'll be sweet in the sky-blue hat, Lu."

Such fool! The woman was baffled. She didn't mind hurting him, but she hated to face out what he might do; he might kick up a row. She had not slept and she couldn't marshal the words to win another battle. She flung wide the oaken door and wandered out to the gravel path. Jason came back of her, breathing audibly the fragrance of the rain-rinsed air that the wind swept across their faces. The waters of the cove danced in high sapphire waves; the breeze sprinkled myriad flecks of sparkling sunlight across them with a lavish hand. Only a few of the gulls remained. The storm was over.

One of the clumsy gray birds stood pecking at a bit of feed, unafraid at their approach. Lu flung her arms out at it.

"Get away, you ugly devil," she shrilled. "I'd kill you all if I could. Shriekin', screamin' devils!"

Jason shook his head in little short movements. "Don't talk that way, Lu. Don't. Them birds belong to the sea. They say if you ever kill one a black curse will follow you always. Don't even think it, Lu. See, its wings are like flowin' waters when it

flies. It's kind of grand swooping up there against the sky."

Lu shrugged impatiently and eyed the rowboat pulled high on the sand. "Push that out for me, Jason," she said. She had to get away from him to think. Maybe across the cove she could find the words to tell him.

Jason watched the waters doubtfully. "Be careful of the tide an' don't go far out. It'll run fast through the channel today."

"Oh, I'll be careful!" Lu answered listlessly. "Anyway, the tide ain't turned yet."

He smiled and nodded at her as she pulled across the cove and Lu forced a half smile in return. She watched him wander up the path, his shoulders drooping. He hated the thought of facing the world again, she guessed. Well, he didn't have to. Then she drifted back to Buck and let herself dwell with ecstasy on the thought of his coming. If only Jason was out of things. There was the rub. In spite of his meeching ways she had the feeling that there was a desperate courage hidden underneath. She nagged and bullied him, but she sensed that there were things that she could never drive him to. Once or twice he'd been set like a mule. Like the

key to the vault where Talla's rare wines stood. Never so much as a bottle would he let her touch, and he always carried the key. She wished that she had a drink now, to steady her nerves and help her get this thing over. Jason worshiped her and if she tried to leave him she knew that he'd fight with a cornered strength that somehow seemed impossible for her to face.

She felt the boat slide up on the beach of the opposite shore; she climbed over the V of its bow and pulled it higher. Then she sat on the beach and gave herself up to the endless treadmill of her thoughts.

A sharp splashing broke in on Lu's reverie. Between two rocks, a few feet out in the water, a gull struggled; one of its wings floated at a crazy angle. Broken, Lu thought as she watched its desperate flapping. The bird's sharp black eyes seemed to glare across at her with a dart of hatred that stung. Suddenly the woman felt lifted by an unspeakable fury; to her the gull embodied everything she hated on this island—the monotony, the crashing iron of the sea, the moaning winds, the shrieking birds. Her face flushed with a dull, hot flood; snatching at an oar she ran into the water and smashed blow after blow upon the wounded gull until it was a red-streaked mass of feathers against the rocks. The crimson tide seemed to recede from Lu's head then; she felt cool and quiet. Rested, sort of. She waded back to the boat and kept her eyes the other way while the compassionate waves swept the bloody bundle of feathers out.

It was only when Lu was half-way back to the home side of the cove that she thought of the black curse of the sea. To kill a sea-gull meant bad luck, Jason said. Pff—she wasn't superstitious. Only bad luck was that she had cracked the oar. It held together well enough; she could hardly find the (Continued on page 108)

By
LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

LOVE ISN'T *What It Used To Be*

They know not heart of man or woman who declare
Love needs time to woo with care;
His altars wait not day nor name,
Only the touch of the sacred flame.

TO EVERY man and woman there comes once in a lifetime—a great love. Women believe that love is and has always been the same all through the ages. But I will not agree that the dependability of love is the same as it used to be. Love changes with the times.

Courtship with each generation becomes more of a fine art—from the cave-man's tactics to the latter-day understanding of the wooing of fair women.

In grandma's time there were mostly villages, far apart, travel difficult. Maidens met few strangers, so they looked upon the youths with whom they were brought in daily contact as the only possible future suitors. The sports in which both sexes mingled were picnics, quilting-bees, straw-rides and barn dances, and May-pole frolics on the village green. The one place at which youths and maidens were sure to meet once a week was the church. Sunday was the happy day to look forward to; of course they were devout at their prayers, but that didn't hinder the girls from casting shy glances from over the top of their hymn-books to note the swains attending, each wondering which youth would ask to walk home with her.

Married life, with them, was a joy to look forward to. There was no jilting of sweethearts, for the youth expected to remain in that locality. They began housekeeping in a tiny cottage built for two, but they could add on a wing or two later if necessary. And the vamps, those terrors of present day matron hearts, were not so dangerous then as to break up homes; perhaps philandering males held their hearts and purses in tighter leash. At all events, the love of grandma's time was one long, sweet song.

But grandma's young daughters ushered in a different era with a decided change in the plans for meeting the right one—the how and where. Fashionable hotels had sprung up on mountain and seashore. Very few young men and women came home from their summer outing heart-whole and fancy free. They had danced, boated, flirted, enjoyed buggy riding—eyes looking love into eyes that answered back again, Cupid in the meantime slipping to each the golden key to the other's heart. Youths of those days found many stumbling blocks in the path of marriage. Parents had become more worldly; at their first intimation of a budding love affair, they looked up their prospective son-in-law in "Who's Who." He found it one thing to make love to a pretty girl, but quite another to have the temerity to stand up before a stern old father and ask to wed her—not knowing exactly how to parry the question when he was asked, not "Are you quite sure you love our daughter?" but "In what style could you maintain a wife?"

Beginning wedded life in a modest cottage was not the idea of the girl of his time. Romance filled her heart and thrilled it as the heart of her mother had thrilled; but parental argument swayed her. The man who yearned to make her his own realized that gold must be weighed in the scale with love.

This was not the era when girls would wed for love alone.

Married life of twenty-five years ago proved to be happy enough until the young wives got the card-playing bee in their bonnets and the extravagant entertaining and social climbing fever in their hearts. Husbands devoted more time to business and leaned toward congenial clubs. Home-life—and love—had changed.

With the revolution of time's wheel their flapper daughter is on the scene, dashing merrily into the love game of the present day. She scoffs at the recital of grandma's country lane courtship and laughs at the stupid summer hotel sojourn. None of that for her! She's in step with the rush of the times. Love is not the foremost thought in her bobbed head. She's in for all the good times on the calendar. Lots of fun must be crowded into her life before she pauses to consider tying herself down to a man—and marriage.

Her days are spent in luncheons, golf, matinées, basket-ball, and her evenings in dancing, bridge parties, cabaret dinners and all the fads of the times. She doesn't want to be thought romantic. But she is just the same, fight the idea though she may. It is written in the Book of Fate that all shall look, love and be beloved, and quite unexpectedly every flapper of today sooner or later meets the one man who makes the great appeal to her.

Courtship today is conducted under difficulties. There's an element of danger in slipping an arm about a girl's waist while driving an automobile at better than forty miles an hour, or scurrying through the clouds with her at the risk of both their necks because she really must have the excitement of a dash in an airplane.

She insists upon talking their endearing hopes and plans over the phone.

When at last he succeeds in snatching the tender betrothal kiss he has day-dreamed so much about, it does not, somehow, give him the extravagant heart glow, the thrill of ecstatic bliss he had anticipated. The kiss had no pep! Why? The cinnamon flavored lip-stick is the answer.

Although this is an era of girls with rouged cheek and powdered nose, their hearts are all right when touched by the sacred flame. It has always been a standing joke that men shirked matrimony because of the extravagance of women. Now they are looking with awe at the silk-stockings girl skipping through the snow in slippers, her neck swathed in furs.

It used to be difficult for young people to meet. Now that is bridged over; they're allowed more leeway. If daughter's friends drop in on an evening, pa may growl, but ma puts a quick silencer on him as they hear the rug rolled up and the chairs pushed against the wall, music started up and tripping of feet to the mad, merry music of the dance. Pa knows it will be kept up until the rosettes fly off the girls' slippers and the youths are obliged to stop to catch their breath—though they are declaring they're having the time of their lives.

The dancing fad undeniably has brought about many marriages. Girls of today wed on shorter acquaintance.

Here's another phase of the times. The girl of today, rich or poor, isn't averse to commencing wedded life in a tiny flat. To her, it's too jolly for anything. The building of so many dovecotes for newly-weds proves it. Young men are now fighting shy of life in a hall bedroom boarding place. They're taking the leap into matrimony at an earlier age, and they'll never—well, hardly ever—regret it.

With the whole family living in convenient apartments now, all doing their share to entertain Sis's beau, courtship places are rare. This is an advantage, no matter how lovers look at it—it speeds up matrimony.

Love is always on the same plan; it's the people who have changed. Love, though it isn't the same as it used to be, fills every present need—makes sweet day-dreams come true and will ever rule the world.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

*Author of Some Sixty Books That Were Without
Doubt the Favorite Novels of the Younger
Generation's Grandmothers*

*A Love Story
From
The Land of
Unhappiness*

*The
Wandering
Birds*

*Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz*

FEW people outside Germany know the names of Hans Ritter and Elsa Windt, whose love-story seems to me extraordinary and startling and even—strange as it may seem—of international importance. Yet I suppose most people have now heard of the *Wandervögel*—those bands of “wandering birds,” as the young men and women call themselves who go walking from town to town and village to village singing and dancing in return for food and a night’s lodging. Hans and Elsa were caught up in that movement and became its leaders, so that their story is worth telling apart from its drama of love.

Worth telling because it is possible that this movement in Germany—that “fever” they caught—may be some new phenomenon which is going to change the conditions of things in Europe and perhaps the philosophy of modern life. In Germany it is more than a movement. It is already a revolution, a revolt of youth against the authority of old people, the old laws, the old restraints and the old traditions of industrial civilization. It began before the war. It has become a tidal wave, or let me say without exaggeration, an epidemic after the war. The whole spirit of it is summed up in some words spoken by Elsa Windt at the gate of the public gardens of Düsseldorf when my friend Captain Prichard heard her for the first time and was immensely impressed—against his will—by her beauty and eloquence.

“Our aim, dear people,” she said, “is to return from this decadent, this cruel civilization to natural simplicity. We want to get away from what is merely external to what is inward and spontaneous, from futile pleasures to real joy, from selfishness to the spirit of love. We seek to set our souls right with God, with ourselves, with our fellows and with nature.”

Again she said a sentence which Prichard remembered.

“We must change ourselves before we can hope to change the world . . . See how I at least am changed!”

She spoke the last words with a smile and many people in the crowd laughed as though at a joke they understood, though at that time one in the audience—Captain Prichard—did not know her meaning.

It was a young French officer—Raymond de Vaux—standing next to him in the crowd who explained the significance of Elsa’s last words, the reference to her own “change.”



“Come away with us, into the liberty of the open sky and the long straight roads!”

“That girl,” he said grumpily, because he had no friendly feeling toward any German, man or woman, “is the daughter of Otto Windt, the head of the great steel trust and the most sinister figure in Germany. At the present time he is the leader of the monarchist reaction which is already preparing in mad dreams another war against France.”

“But the girl?” asked Prichard, who was a recent arrival in the British Army of Occupation in Cologne. “What is she doing among this crowd of young people? Why is she dressed like one of Isadora Duncan’s Greek dancers?”

He stared at the girl standing on a raised platform speaking to the crowd and surrounded by a body-guard of young men and women. She wore a white linen frock without sleeves and cut low so that her arms and neck were bare and tanned by sun and wind. Her legs were also bare below the knee and she wore no shoes or stockings, but leather sandals. Her fine spun gold hair was looped loosely over the ears and fastened in little plaits like a peasant girl’s. Prichard noticed that most of the young girls about her were dressed in similar style, while the men—boys mostly—were like young shepherds in loose shirts open at the chest and “shorts” like those worn by rowing men and sandals or low shoes. Most of them carried long sticks with crooked

By Sir Philip Gibbs



handles and they had knapsacks strapped over their shoulders, as though they were on a walking tour.

Raymond de Vaux shrugged his elegant shoulders as Prichard asked his questions, and shifted the belt over his blue tunic.

"She used to be a society butterfly. Now she's one of those ridiculous *Wandervögel*. They don't believe in wearing many clothes, as you see. The cult of simplicity and all that *blague*. In my opinion it's an excuse for immorality—a return to paganism, free love, irreligion. Doubtless it's agreeable to young German swine."

"But what's the main idea?" asked Prichard. "What are they out for?"

Raymond de Vaux shrugged his shoulders again disdainfully. "Personally I believe it's another trick to create a secret army

to act against France. They're tramping through Germany in swarms rousing the spirit of the people. *Très dangereux, mon ami!* I'd sweep them down with machine gun fire if I were something more than a French lieutenant."

Elsa Windt standing on the platform at the entrance to the public gardens of Düsseldorf—it was a Sunday afternoon in May and there was a dense crowd of shop people and their families—raised her long sun-browned arms (very charming arms, thought Prichard, who could never resist feminine beauty whatever its nationality) and began to sing in a fresh, clear voice. It was some old German song with a merry lilt in it, written perhaps—that was Prichard's idea—in the Maytime of German history before Nietzsche and world wars and other things; a childish dancing song which was taken up in a chorus by the other young

The Wandering Birds

people near the platform and by some of the older folk in the crowd.

Presently at the end of a few verses Elsa was lifted off the platform by a tall German boy in one of those "shepherd" costumes—a handsome lad, in Prichard's opinion, with a painter's or poet's look, except for his broad shoulders and great height—and the whole party of *Wandervögel*, some fifty or sixty of those young men and women, moved away with raised sticks in a kind of dance step, singing as they went. Groups of small children danced away with them and Prichard noticed that here and there a young man or woman, not dressed like the *Wandervögel* but in the Sunday clothes of the German middle-class, broke through the crowd and joined the singing procession with a look of ecstasy, as though caught up by some magic spell. There was even one young crippled fellow, smashed in the war perhaps, who hobbled after them waving one crutch until two of the *Wandervögel* drew him into their ranks, supporting him with his arms about their necks, laughing and cheering this new recruit.

The crippled boy's family had been standing close by Prichard. They were a middle-aged man and woman, worn looking and haggard, in decent working clothes, and a small boy holding the woman's skirt. It was the mother who cried out to the cripple.

"*Karl! Mein lieber Sohn! Komm' zurück!*"

She called him back as though he were leaving her forever. But the crippled lad turned his head and laughed and in a shrill joyous voice shouted the word "*Jugend! Jugend!*" ("Youth! Youth!")

"*C'est idiot!*" said the French lieutenant scornfully. "Madness! Hysteria! If I were in command of the French Army of Occupation—"

He stood suddenly at the salute as the French guard passed carrying the regimental flag and played up the road at a quick step by a band of bugles and drums. Between each fanfare the bugles were tossed high so that there was a flash of brass with a gesture of splendid arrogance.

The German citizens scowled at this noisy demonstration of foreign occupation, the visible and audible sign of their immense defeat, and Captain Prichard was startled by the contrast between this passing of French military force and that other procession going the other way, of German youth singing and dancing to an old tune, and inspired by some faith in a new world of simplicity and beauty and nature. Was it a contrast between force and idealism, between old ideas and new hopes?

He had been strangely stirred by the look of that girl, Elsa Windt, the daughter of a man whom Raymond de Vaux, this French officer by his side, had rightly described as the most sinister power in Europe, certainly the richest, most brutal and most ruthless man in Germany. She had a look of virginal beauty and in her eyes there was a shining charity and sweetness which had quite melted Prichard—a susceptible fellow, as I have said—when her glance had fallen on him once as she had stood on the little platform above the crowd.

"If you want to know more about that dough-faced Fraulein," said Raymond de Vaux, "you can get all her story from our friend Major Macdonald, your liaison officer with the Allied Commission at Essen. He was billeted in her house. He makes no secret of his profound admiration of the lady. Some British officers have more heart than head, if you will permit a little French cynicism!"

He saluted amiably, turned on his heel and strolled back to the Breidenbacherhof for an early cocktail which would cost him millions of marks, and a glance at the "*Vie Parisienne*," due from Paris by aerial post.

By a coincidence, as it seemed, Captain Prichard came face to face with Major Macdonald—younger than himself though higher in rank—outside a café in the Königsallee. He was drinking a cup of chocolate at one of the little tables between the bay-trees in green tubs, and Prichard joined him.

"Just the man I want to meet," he said.

"Splendid!" answered Macdonald with his Aberdeen accent. "Do you want to know the rate of exchange? Nineteen billion to the pound sterling!"

He laughed in his throaty way and ordered a cup of chocolate for Prichard.

"I want you to tell me about Elsa Windt," said Prichard. "And the meaning of this *Wandervögel* movement."

Macdonald blushed slightly and looked annoyed.

"Who's been suggesting that I know anything about Fraulein Windt?"

"Raymond de Vaux," said Prichard.

"Let him keep his Gallic impertinence between his own pretty lips," growled Macdonald angrily.

"No impertinence," answered Prichard, "only the amiable suggestion that you can tell me an interesting piece of German history."

Macdonald was not inclined to tell the tale. Yet being a Scotsman and somewhat of a philosopher, he could not resist the temptation of discussing the *Wandervögel* movement.

"It's part of the same movement that's happening all over the world. I mean the revolt of youth against the old ideas and the old restraints and social tyrannies. Of youth on the way to a new scheme of life—something like that. Do you remember in England and Scotland after the war there was a lot of talk about the Old People?"

"Rather hostile talk," said Prichard.

"Yes. It was the Old People who made the mess in Europe. It was the Old People who wanted youth to clear it up and get ready for another massacre. Youth wasn't having it. They said: 'Clear up your own dirty mess and don't count on us for another preparation for war. We want peace and joy and we're going to dance and have a good time and scrap all the old ideas.' The flapper in England and America, the wildness of the younger crowd, their carelessness of conventions and all that, their laziness and hatred of industrialism and machine-made life—it's all part of the new spirit that is beginning to change things. A social revolution!"

"It's changing poor old England, all right!" said Prichard with something like a groan, belonging to the old-fashioned type.

"It has gone further in Germany," answered Macdonald. "It's more idealized. It's a new religion. This *Wandervögel* movement is a new gospel of youth. Extraordinary! I don't know where it's going to lead—whether it's going to save the world or wreck it. That girl Elsa Windt—"

It was then that he told his story about the girl who had interested Prichard so much when he had seen her standing on the platform at the entrance to the public gardens.

It was not true that Macdonald had been billeted in her house as Raymond de Vaux had said. But he had lived opposite in Krupp's private hotel at Essen—kept in the old days for visitors to the Krupp works—where he was assistant to the commission of allied officers responsible for the destruction of the big gun plant and all the elaborate and wonderful mechanism which had enabled Germany to produce the most formidable artillery in the world.

It was pretty dull in that private hotel full of large, empty, heavily furnished rooms with nothing to do in the evening but play ping-pong or bridge with three elderly officers who were enormously bored with their long exile in this ugly little city of factories and furnaces where the workers, putting up passive resistance to French occupation, lounged about the streets, sullen, dispirited, half starved, month after month. It was a relief to young Macdonald when he and Colonel Mitchell, his chief, were invited over now and then to spend the evening at the Winds' house.

Otto Windt, the head of the great trust which controlled most of the steel and coal of Germany, reaching out into Czechoslovakia, Poland and Russia, was "devilishly" polite, said Macdonald. He was a tall, giant-shouldered, bearded man, with a bald head and a grim expression. It was obvious that he invited British officers to dinner—and very good dinners they were, while the workers of Essen were tightening their belts—not for any love of them but for the purpose of getting their opinion about the political point of view in England and feeding them up with propaganda against the French, whom he hated with a cold passion masked under a cynical contempt. He was a widower and his daughter did the honors of his table.

It was the daughter, needless to say, who attracted young Macdonald's interest and perhaps—though he did not confess it—something more than that.

She was haughty at first, and as cold as ice with Macdonald, who through sheer nervousness blundered horribly at the first dinner party by allusions to the war, when he had fought in the Highland Division.

"We wish to forget all that," she said freezingly.

"Perhaps it is better," answered Macdonald mildly, yet with a touch of sarcasm.

She was always elegantly dressed and wore a diamond bracelet and a diamond band in her hair which must have been worth astronomical numbers of German marks. Once or twice when several young men were present—mostly ex-officers of the German cavalry—Macdonald was humiliated because she ignored him entirely and devoted all her attention, and her smiles, to these rather stiff and unattractive young men who clicked heels before her and kissed her hand at parting and discussed the



Elsa Windt seemed to be in the center of Berlin's gayest and most selfish life.

theaters and operas in Berlin as though there were no starving people in Germany, no universal ruin of the whole industrial life of that country, no threat of revolution and disintegration. Elsa Windt seemed to spend many months of the year in Berlin and to be in the center of its gayest and most selfish life.

She was engaged to one of those officers—Ernst von Zedlitz, a monocled young man with three sword cuts, the mark of old dueling days, on his right cheek. He was an arrogant fellow, self-conceited and with a look of brutality under his mask of courtesy and drawing-room elegance. But he was obviously devoted to Elsa Windt, to whom he behaved with great deference and tenderness, though she was a little disdainful of him, it seemed.

"Heartless!" thought Macdonald.

Yet after two or three visits he reconsidered that judgment.

The first time when he believed that she was not quite heartless was when her father, at the dinner table, asked her suddenly why

she was not wearing her diamonds. Macdonald had noticed the absence of them.

She laughed rather nervously and looked at her father with challenging eyes.

"They have gone into the stew pot," she said. "They will make excellent soup for starving people."

Otto Windt stared at his daughter with a heavy frown.

"What do you mean, Elsa?" he asked sternly. "I gave you those jewels on your twenty-first birthday last year. They cost a great sum of money, as an expression of my love."

"I have turned them back into love," said the girl. "I gave them to the Relief Committee in your name as well as mine, father. They were overjoyed at so fine a gift."

Otto Windt's heavy face colored darkly up to his bald forehead. "You did not ask my permission," he said, breathing rather heavily. "In any case I object to those soup kitchens.

The out-of-work pay is enough for the factory hands and if they are too well fed they become demoralized, insolent and revolutionary. A little hunger will do them no harm. It keeps them obedient and dependent upon those who pay their wages."

All this was spoken in German, which Colonel Mitchell, Macdonald's chief, did not understand very well. Macdonald had not yet revealed that he understood German as well as his own language. He noticed that Elsa's eyes filled with tears and that she gave her father a look of scorn and dislike.

"Father," she said in a low voice, "those are outrageous words! In spite of hunger the spirit of our people's resistance to French tyranny has been heroic and glorious."

"They are miserable dogs," said Otto Windt. "Too many Communists among them. They would be the first to attack me if they didn't know they would starve to death without the wages I give them. In any case, Elsa, I am deeply angry that you gave away those diamonds. It was ungrateful and disobedient."

"I would strip myself for the people's sake," answered Elsa, and Macdonald noticed that she had gone white to the lips.

It was that evening after dinner that Macdonald was alone with her for the first time. She took him into the drawing-room and presently asked him if he liked music.

"I adore it," said Macdonald truthfully. "If you would play, Fraulein, it would give me the greatest pleasure. I crave for music like a parched traveler for water in the desert."

She smiled and asked, "As much as that?"

Then she played some Schubert with a pretty touch, and after that a piece by Liszt, but did not finish it. She turned round on the piano-stool and said, "You sing, perhaps?"

"Just a little," Macdonald confessed bashfully, though he had a good baritone and liked using it.

"Before the war," said Elsa, "I had an English governess. We used to sing together. I will get one of the books we used—not opened since I was a little girl, though I remember every song in it."

She brought out the old "Students' Song Book" and asked Macdonald what he would sing. He sang "Annie Laurie" and afterwards "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," and then "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

Elsa Windt was deeply moved, and those songs broke the ice between her and Macdonald. "Those songs were loved in many German homes before the war," she said. "How terrible that war should have come between your people and mine!"

"Terrible—and unnecessary, but for the wickedness of great people," he said, and by that he meant the German war-lords and the professors of a poisonous philosophy.



"Yes," she said eagerly, "wickedness! Wickedness! On both sides. On all sides."

He did not answer that point of hers. It was beyond argument now. The dead lay in their graves. His comrades, and her brothers—two of them, as he knew.

She touched him on the sleeve and spoke in a low, nervous voice, looking towards the door.

"Is it going to happen again?" she asked. "I am afraid it may happen sometime in the future. This Europe of ours is full of hatreds, worse than before the last war. The French have shown us no chivalry, no justice, no generosity. It is beyond endurance to our pride, to our honor! It cannot last like this forever."

"What is the spirit of the people?" asked Macdonald. Lately he had had a little sympathy with the Germans, surprising to himself after his years in the war and his hatred of these people. Now, five years after war, they were in despair, hopeless and hunger-stricken.

Elsa Windt put her arms down on the keyboard of the piano, slurring the notes.

"There is no hope for Germany!" she said. "The people must work forever to pay off their debts. They must work like slaves for men like my father, who grinds them in his great machines, careless of their souls and bodies. He will arrange things with the French. His factory hands will work ten hours a day instead of eight hours a day, on less wages. They will starve a little more, that is all!"

She spoke bitterly, with dreadful irony.



"I am one of those who have found their mate by the luck of life and God's goodness," said Hans. "And I am another," said Elsa.

"Well, anyhow," said Macdonald, "that is better than another war."

Elsa Windt raised her head and looked at Macdonald as he stood beside her at the piano, as though wondering how far she could trust him.

"There are people arranging the next war," she said. "Getting ready for it. Drilling, inventing new airplanes, new gases, new weapons more deadly than the old. If it happens, Europe will be a graveyard."

"Only a few madmen believe in that," said Macdonald.

"Yes, madmen," answered Elsa. "But more than a few. The Old Men are plotting again. The old ideas are working again, even among the younger men. If you knew what I hear at my father's dinner table——" She broke off her sentence, seemed to regret her words, and became very pale.

Just then Macdonald heard a sound of singing down in the street below. It was as though a number of people were singing in chorus some quaint old German song, with a dance step in its rhythm, merry and lilting.

Elsa Windt rose from the piano-stool with a laughing cry.

"Listen! The *Wandervögel*! How sweet their voices sound!"

She went to the open windows and pulled aside the curtains and looked down into the open square below her father's house. Macdonald, standing by her side, saw a great crowd of people, the factory hands of Essen, gathered round a group of rustic looking boys and girls—young men and women like those Prichard had seen later outside the gardens of Düsseldorf. They were singing and dancing an old folk-song, taking hands, making a "ladies'

chain," winding in and out, keeping time to the tune played on guitars and country pipes by five or six musicians.

Their figures were vague and dream-like in the evening twilight and the flickering rays of the street lamps. Presently the crowd started dancing. The factory hands of Essen were not too hungry to dance then! Even some old people, close under the windows of Otto Windt's big house, clasped hands and danced, laughing and panting, as Macdonald could hear through the open windows.

"They bring the spirit of joy," said Elsa. "The *Wandervögel*! It is strange how they sing and dance while Germany is in despair and many folk are starving to death."

"It's a kind of madness," Macdonald said. "The dancing disease."

"It's the folly of youth," answered Elsa, and her eyes had brightened as though her own spirit of youth had been stirred by that music of singing voices.

Presently the singing ceased and there was the sound of a boy's voice speaking to the crowd. At the same time Macdonald saw a tall young figure detach itself from the

crowd and come through the garden gates of Otto Windt's house. A moment later there was the clanging of a bell.

"They are coming to ask for a night's lodging," said Elsa. "My father will refuse them. He disapproves of their movement because they believe in peace!"

But it was of Elsa herself that permission was asked. An old man-servant tapped at the drawing-room door and stood there humbly as he delivered his message.

"A party of *Wandervögel* beg for a night's lodging, gnädiges Fraulein. I cannot ask your honored father as he has gone to the office with the English gentleman."

Elsa hesitated. There was a little smile about her lips.

"I will see the leader of the *Wandervögel*," she said.

"He is not properly dressed for the drawing-room," grumbled the old man disapprovingly.

"Let him come in, Franz," said Elsa, with a note of command in her voice.

So it was that Macdonald was present at that meeting between Elsa Windt and Hans Ritter which led to their love story and strange history.

The drawing-room door was opened again by the old man, who stood on one side as the leader of the *Wandervögel* came in. He was a tall fellow, over six feet, and finely built, as Macdonald could see by the size of his shoulders and the breadth of chest showing through his open shirt. He had longish hair, rather like the "bobbed style" of the English and American flapper, though shorter than that, and would have looked like a handsome young peasant of South Germany but (Continued on page 110)



This Proves to Me *That* **D**ogs DO Think

UP HERE at Sunnybank—a ramblingly beautiful old homestead in the ramblingly beautiful old north Jersey hills—the Mistress and I raise thoroughbred collie dogs. For close to half a century—all of my conscious life, thus far—I have been making a study of dogs.

Perhaps some of my experiences and observations among them may interest you. Perhaps not. These experiences have the merit of being true, and can be verified by many witnesses.

Humanity is divided roughly into two classes: those who know nothing about dogs and yet love them, and those who know nothing about dogs and don't like them. The former group are in the vast majority. It is to these I am writing.

In the first place, Ananias or some one else made a solemn statement, centuries ago, which mankind has been repeating just as solemnly ever since. It goes something like this:

"Man is the only creature that can reason. Dogs act only on ancestral instinct; never on reason."

This claim is as silly as it is venerable. Dogs solve lots of problems by straight reasoning; and mankind almost as often acts on mere instinct. (You don't act on instinct? Then why do you jump and turn around when you hear a sudden noise behind you? Why do you catch at the nearest support when you find yourself stumbling? Do you work out in your logical mind the cause and effect of those and fifty other instinctive acts?)

Let's get back to the dogs. They reason along the same lines that you reason. Here are one or two instances to show it:

Our great old collie, Sunnybank Lad, was pestered at one time by his puppy son, Wolf, who used to watch his sire bury some choice bone and who then used to dig it up and enjoy it. Lad worked out a solution to this series of thefts on a basis of pure reason. As follows:

Before burying the new bone he chanced to have, he used to hunt up some meatless and bleached and altogether unattractive bone that had been discarded long since as worthless. Then he would dig a hole somewhat deeper than usual.

The Trick of the Buried Bone

The Time Lad Brought a Gift to the Sick

The Alarm-Clock Collie

The Dog that Came at Coffee Time

The Mysterious Sixth Sense

At the bottom of this hole he would lay his new bone, shoveling a quantity of earth over it with his nose. On top of this dirt he would place the bleached old bone.

After which, he would cover it with earth, until the hole was filled to the surface. Then he would stroll off with the air of one who has unraveled a tangled puzzle to his own satisfaction.

Before his sire was fairly out of sight, young Wolf would gallop over to the burial place and would start to dig. Presently he would unearth the topmost bone—the white and arid bone which would not have tempted a hungry ant.

Satisfied that he had rifled the entire cache, Wolf would sniff disgustedly at the worthless thing, as though wondering why his father had been foolish enough to bother about burying it. He would stroll off. The cache had no further interest for him.

The new and toothsome bone was safe in its hiding place until such time as Lad should be ready to eat it. Having once molested the cache and found nothing worthwhile in it, Wolf would not return to it.

Now, this happened not once or twice, but several times. It was not done by chance. And it was not done by instinct. Figure it out for yourself. You will see that Laddie used logical reasoning powers in evolving that scheme. It called for calculation and for shrewd thought.

Bruce slept on a rug in my bedroom. Every morning a maid knocked at the door to waken me. If I got up, well and good. If I did not, Bruce invariably came over to the bed and thrust his cold nose into my face, patting at my shoulder with one forepaw.

If I spoke to him, but did not get up, well and good. I could lie there for hours longer, and never again would Bruce repeat his action of rousing me from sleep. He had waked me. His work was done. If I did not choose to rise, it was no concern of his.

This, also, savors of reason. From long experience, he had learned to know the morning rap at my door was a signal for me to get up. When I did not obey it, he supplemented the signal,

By Albert Payson Terhune

*Who Has Loved
and Studied Dogs
all His Life*



Illustration
by
Charles
Livingston
Bull

on his own account, by waking me more vigorously. He did so but once each morning. That was not instinct. It was clear reasoning.

For years, Bruce was not allowed in the dining-room while we were eating. If he cared to come into the room after the meal was finished, he could do so. By and by we noticed that he entered, calmly confident of his welcome, within thirty seconds after dessert was removed and the coffee brought in.

I studied out this odd promptitude, and at last I guessed at the cause. The moment I finished eating, it was my custom to light a cigar. And, at that second, Bruce always came into the room. Once I experimented, by striking a match before dinner was half over. In came Bruce.

He had discovered that the striking of a match for my after-dinner cigar was a sign that we were through eating. How did he discover that? Surely it was not ancestral instinct. He had reasoned it to a conclusion, even as a human would have reasoned it.

An earlier Sunnybank collie, named Boze, used to do precisely the same thing. Both dogs solved the problem, mentally, as any other cause-and-effect conclusion might be reached.

(And, by the way, how do my dogs know that I am going for a walk when they see me put on a hat and coat? Why do they frisk about expectantly at sight of me in outdoor clothes? Long experience had taught them that I wear such things when I am going out. Seeing me in them, they reason I am going out once more. It is very simple and primitive, of course. But it is an instance of reasoning, not of instinct. Hundreds of dogs have that trait.)

In one of the downstairs rooms at Sunnybank is a long mirror. Time after time, I have taken one or another of our dogs up to it. After a single interested glance, they pay no attention whatever to their mirrored reflections. A dog's strongest sense is that of smell. His power of scent verifies or corrects all his other senses. He sees the reflection in the glass. For a brief moment (through instinct, if you like) he believes he sees another dog there—even as you have sometimes come unexpectedly up to a long looking-

Lad used calculation and shrewd thought in working out that scheme, and Wolf a part of the hoax savored of reason, not instinct.

glass and have imagined you saw someone else walking toward you.

Then, the dog's all-powerful sense of smell assures him that his eyes are mistaken and that there is no dog in the mirror. He reasons there can be no dog there because his nose tells him so. Promptly he places reason above instinct, and loses all interest in his mirrored self. (I had a peacock, however, that once stood from midday till pitch-dark staring with dazed fascination into a looking-glass.)

I have spoken of Lad. His temperamental gold-white mate, Lady, was the soul of selfishness. Always, on cold evenings, she preempted for herself a rug in front of the living-room fireplace, a rug just large enough to serve as a bed for her slender furry body.

Twice Lad chanced to get to the rug before she did, and to lie down on it. Both times Lady looked at him for an instant; then rushed toward the front door, barking fiercely at an imaginary intruder.

Lad, the perfect watchdog, was on his feet at once, dashing out to the door to repel the supposed marauder. As he ran past Lady she slipped back into the living-room and lay down on her rug.

She had ousted Lad from that rug by means of a trick which called for acute reasoning; not for blind instinct. She had worked out a method for getting him off the rug, so she could take his place on the coveted spot.

The other day I left my big collie, Bob, indoors, while I wandered around on various duties. Someone opened a door a little later. Bob ran out in search of me. I chanced to be nearly a quarter mile distant, and I saw him come out.

Instinct, of course, would have told him to sniff at the ground

This Proves to Me That Dogs Do Think

till he got my scent, and to follow me in that ancestral way. But, before lowering his muzzle earthward, he made four distinct tours, each of them to a spot where, from past experience, it seemed probable I might be. He went first to the outdoor hammock where I write in fair weather. Then he trotted to the boat-house, lingering there only long enough to see that none of the boats had been taken out. Thence he went to the stables, and thence to the kennels.

Failing to locate me in any of these accustomed haunts, he resorted to instinct. Nose to earth, he cast about in a wide semi-circle until he struck my trail. Following it, he caught up with me in less than a minute. But you will note that he made use of reason, before falling back on instinct. He reasoned out the places where I was likely to be, and he visited them all in turn, before tracking me by scent.

Experience, not instinct, told him of the spots where I might logically be found. He reasoned from experience, as do we all. For there can be no direct reasoning which is not based on the Laws of Probability. And all the Laws of Probability are based on experience alone—one's own experience or somebody else's.

The Mistress had had pneumonia. Throughout her dangerous illness, Lad had crouched outside the sickroom door, day and night. On a warm October Sunday she was well enough to be carried out to lie on the veranda hammock. Two or three relays of friends called. One guest laid a bunch of chrysanthemums in her lap. Another laid there a basket of fruit, another some third gift.

Lad watched the successive offerings. Then he got up and trotted away. Half an hour later he came back, carrying with much effort a part of the vertebrae of an excessively dead horse he had found far off in the woods. Running over to the Mistress, unnoticed, he heaved this horrific gift upward and dropped it into her lap.

If that was not a case of reasoning, what was it? Never before or afterward did he do such a crazy thing. Seeing one visitor after another place welcome gifts in the Mistress's lap, he inferred that it was the correct thing to do. Carrion is a delight to a dog. How could he tell it would not be as acceptable to the Mistress? He followed the example of her human friends by bringing her the choicest present he could think of. It was heavy and he had to travel far and fast to get it. It was an ideal gift, in that it represented Thought and Sacrifice.

Have I persuaded you that dogs can think? I hope so. For I shall have a harder time making you believe my tales of another quality of theirs—a quality that is neither Reason nor Instinct, but something beyond either—something no human can explain—a quality known as *the mysterious sixth sense*.

At breakfast, one winter morning, in my New York flat, I suddenly decided to run up to Sunnybank for the day.

Five minutes later the telephone bell buzzed. At the far end of the wire was my superintendent at Sunnybank.

"You're coming up today, aren't you, Boss?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, sore puzzled at what looked like telepathy. "But how in blazes did you know?"

"Wolf told me," was his answer. "About five minutes back, he jumped up and began to dance around as if he was crazy. Then he ran to the Big House and scratched at the front door. He's there, now. And he won't stir from there till he comes to meet you at the gate."

My superintendent is a truthful man. He is not given to foolish fancies. He has been working for me for more than a quarter of a century. He understands dogs as it is granted to few humans to understand them.

For this reason he was no more astounded that Wolf should give notice of my planned homecoming than if the news had reached him by telegram. He knew Wolf and had seen him do this again and again before a return of ours to Sunnybank. Not once had the little red-gold collie's queer instinct gone astray in such a forecast.

I experimented several times, afterward, testing Wolf's ability to know when either the Mistress or myself was coming home. Always the result was the same.

Similarly, both Wolf and Bob (also Lad and Bruce, in their time) always knew, many days beforehand, when we were planning to leave Sunnybank for the winter to go to New York. They knew it before the first trunk had been brought down from the attic and before the first bit of packing or of housecleaning had given sign of our impending flight.

The collies, at such times, would become steeped in black gloom. They took to following us from room to room, giving up their forest rambles and staying close at our sides from morning to night. They lost appetite as well as spirit.

This curious premonition came only to our partly-humanized house dogs. The kennel dogs showed no such premonitions of loneliness. On the morning of our departure for town, as soon as the car had swung out of the grounds, Wolf invariably sat down, his nose pointing skyward, and cut loose in a series of hideous wails.

This noisy performance would last for perhaps three minutes. After which he would get up glumly, and make his way to my superintendent's house, there to take up his residence until we should return.

Only once, except at these times of departure, did I know him to give vent to that sort of racket. He was one of the rare collies that do not bark, except to sound a needful alarm. As to howling—he had never stooped to such babyish behavior, even in his puppy days.

But, at one o'clock in the morning of June 3, 1922, he awakened us all by a succession of long-drawn screams that echoed eerily through the whole house. From my study, where he spent his nights, issued this awful keening. It continued until I shouted to him to shut up.

This was at one o'clock. At seven we received a message telling us of the death of a woman very dear to us all—almost the only person, besides the Mistress and myself, with whom Wolf would deign to make friends. She was fond of him and he was devoted to her. She had died many miles from Sunnybank, and at one o'clock that morning.

One night, a few years earlier, every dog at Sunnybank, and indeed every dog for two or three miles around, set up a dolorous howling that would not be quieted. It was not the silly and maddening bark with which one dog answers another at night; but a high-pitched succession of howls, not comfortable to hear.

In the morning, among the upper reaches of the lake (far out of sight or sound or scent of any of the dogs whose keening had wrecked our sleep) was found the body of a girl. She had decided that life's sorry cards were too persistently stacked against her; and she had dropped out of the losing game by wading waist-deep into the half-frozen water and forcing her head to remain below its surface.

How do I explain any of these incidents I have cited? I don't. There is no explanation.

Suppose we put the occurrences down to the mysterious sixth sense of our canine chums; and let it go at that.

Years ago, one of the Sunnybank collie pups was tied to a length of clothesline, in the sun, after a bath. He gnawed his moorings and galloped off to the woods for a rabbit hunt, dragging behind him twelve or fifteen feet of clothesline.

When I came home, a few hours later, I went in search of him. I pressed into service every available helper I could muster. For I knew well what must be happening out there in the woods. I knew, sooner or later, that dangling clothesline was certain to wrap itself around a tree or get entangled in a bush. Then, if the pup were not found and if his struggles should enmesh him too tightly for him to gnaw free, he must die of starvation and thirst.

For the best part of two days we hunted for him. No use. Not even a quavering cry revealed his whereabouts. We kept up the search, but I realized how hopeless it was. We even put the collies on his track. But a slicing thunderstorm and a northwest gale, soon after his escape, had wiped away every vestige of scent.

After dinner, on the second evening, the Mistress and I took Bruce out for a stroll. As a rule, the beautiful giant collie was content to walk sedately beside us. This night he was not. Head up he dashed toward the woods, pausing every now and then to bark impatiently to me to follow.

I followed. He led me for more than a mile, in a straight line, never once lowering his head to sniff, and pausing only for me to catch up with him. At last he plunged into a bramble thicket—a copse I had hunted through twice that day in quest of the lost pup. At the tangled center of this copse he began to paw at the undergrowth, barking louder than ever.

There, hidden beneath the thick pall of briars, crouched the half-dead puppy. His line had snarled about the stump of a cedar. The pup had wound himself up in the rope as if in a cocoon. One loop of it had passed, muzzle-like, around his nose, holding his head close to the ground and keeping him from opening his mouth to yell.

But how did Bruce know? The wind was from the wrong direction, and was blowing strongly. He could not have found the scent. Indeed, he had not once tried to get the scent. Yet, unerringly, he had led me to where the pup lay imprisoned.

Once more, doesn't this indicate that dogs possess a mysterious power that is equivalent to a sixth sense?

By
Gouverneur

MORRIS

*A
Romance
of the
Good
Old Days
when
Women
were
the
Weaker
Sex*

Lady Bluebeard

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

ACH of the missions was a day's journey from the next, and on his long ride from San Diego to Monterey to visit his cousins the Andalousas, young Don Pedro de Diaz de Alcazar had stayed the night in most of them. At each mission he had dined and breakfasted with the priests, attended late and early mass and feasted his eyes on the various sets of the stations of the cross which had been sent out from Spain. And he ought to have acquired much holiness.

But here and there some comely and dusky Indian maiden would pass within the periphery of his vision, and his eyes would brighten.

It was spring in California.

To a Californian it is only necessary to say that there had been a warm and wet winter. But to the less fortunate it may be well to explain that, of all the springs the world boasts of, that of California is the most sudden, the most flowery and the most ardent. In the old days you could have walked hundreds of miles without stepping on anything but flowers. And there was and is something in the air of which Tennyson must have had an inkling when he wrote his lines about the young man's fancy lightly turning to thoughts of love.

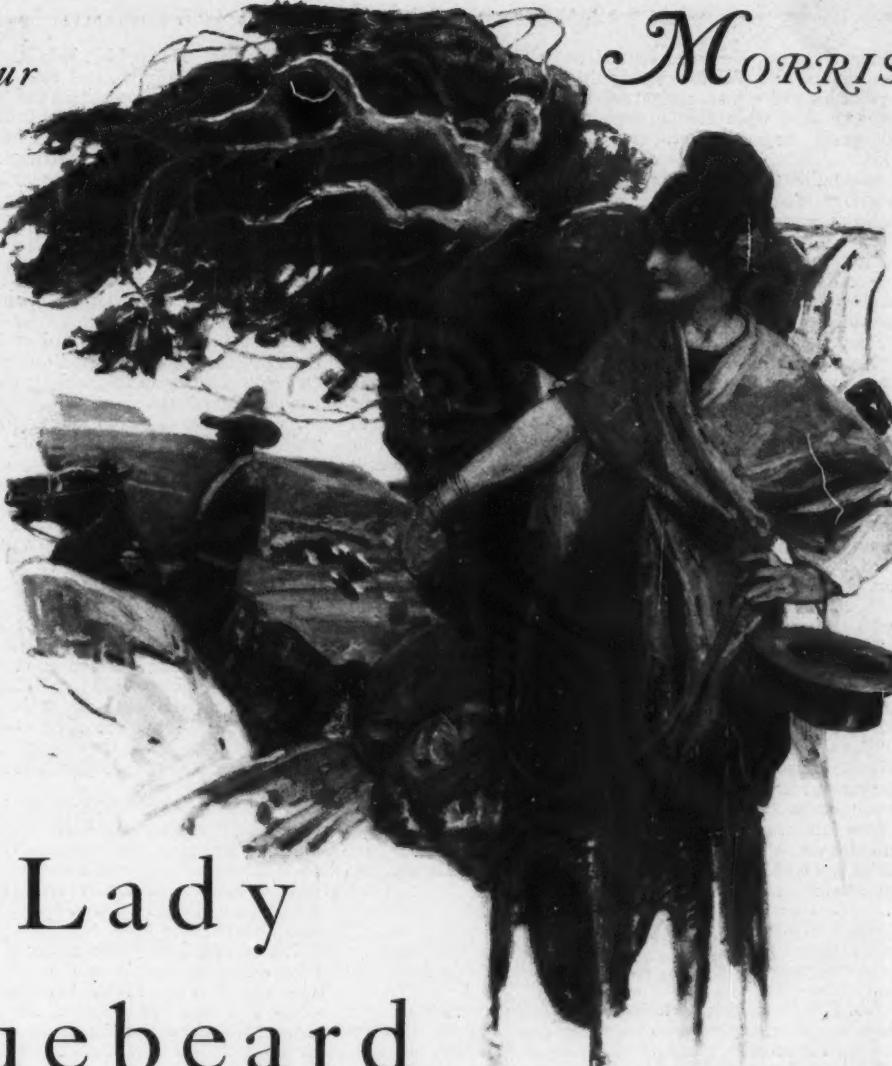
Don Pedro had been a normal California Spaniard ever since anyone remembered. He had learned to ride before he had learned to walk (he had never really learned to walk); he had learned to gamble before he had learned to count. Before his voice changed he had learned to sing and dance; and he had

learned to pray before he had anything to pray for and to confess his sins before he had any sins to confess. He was tall, slim, strong, swift, brown and beautiful, rich and very joyous.

When he had departed from each of the missions on the long road to Monterey the good fathers smiled and shook their heads and felt a little depressed. Something very bright and vital had passed on. One thought better of the line which says that God made man in His image. He made some of the priests think of a young eagle, others likened him to an arrow drawn to the head.

From the age of fourteen months to the age of fourteen years Don Pedro had given most of his thoughts to horses, hunting, hounds, holidays, lariats, bears and dancing. But there was nothing racial in that. Plenty of Anglo-Saxon boys still think about the same things, with the dancing left out, of course. But at fourteen Don Pedro's Castilian blood began to tell. In other words he grew up suddenly and realized that he had inherited a million acres of pasture, valley and mountains, all sprinkled with horses and cattle; he realized that he came of a strong and handsome race and that his heritage must be passed on. Old women and the old priest who had closed his father's eyes and his mother's, after the mad bull had killed the former and the latter had died of grief, had something to do with this precocious reasoning, but the Castilian blood and the San Diego climate helped.

When he was sixteen Don Pedro blushingly explained to Father Romero that if a suitable bride could be found for him he was



Lady Bluebeard

willing to marry. Not eager, he said, but willing. The thing had been dinned into him for so long that he did not wish to disappoint his well-wishers and advisers. But Father Romero said "Wait." And when the old nurse heard about Don Pedro's willingness, she put her apron over her head and laughed till she cried.

About this time the boy's uncle, Don Junipero Andalousa, rode down to San Diego on business and stopped with his nephew. He was a superb man to the eye, though a little stout and very gray. He had a talk with the nurse and he had a talk with the priest and then he set to work to gain his nephew's confidence and to draw his real thoughts from their hiding-place. They rode together, hunted together, played duets and became comrades.

Then one night Don Junipero said:

"My son, when a Spaniard is your age he begins to think about the one woman that he is going to love when he gets to be about twenty-one. At twenty-one he marries her. Thereafter they raise a family . . . In his old age he likes to sit in the sun and think about all the women he has loved . . . Now listen to me. Five years from now the most beautiful child in the new world will be a woman. When is your birthday? The second of April. That is a good time of the year. On your twenty-first birthday, then, jump on a strong horse and ride north. You will live in my house. There will be dancing and singing. She will be there . . . It will be a wonderful match. Between you, you will own a third of California."

"But, Uncle—suppose I don't fall in love with her, or she with me?"

"I never think of the impossible till it happens. Seriously, promise me that you will think about her, and what I have said to you, at least once a day for the next five years. That isn't much to ask."

Don Pedro laughed and promised.

"Directly I get back to Monterey," said Don Junipero, "I will take the blessed child on my knee and tell her a beautiful fairy story about a prince in the south and from her I will exact the same promise that I have exacted from you."

Don Junipero reached for a guitar and tuned it. Then he sang an old Spanish song which Don Pedro had never heard before. All of the tune, which was at once headstrong and beseeching, stuck in his memory, and the last four lines:

And if compassion stir thy heart
For my eternal woe,
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest
Of women, love me so!

And being romantic he made it a practise to repeat or sing these four lines, according to his mood, every day when he was keeping the promise which he had made to his uncle.

That uncle departed, and bending from the saddle whispered one last piece of advice in his adoring nephew's ear.

"Some of these young Indian women are pretty, my son. I have noticed once or twice that you seem to think so too. The next time you think so will be an excellent time to remember your promise to me. And remember that I love you as if you were my own son instead of my baby sister's. May the good God and the good Father Romero watch over you."

In those old days there were so many horses running loose in California that nobody really took the trouble to own them. Whenever Don Pedro's horse got tired, he roped a fresh one, shifted his saddle and left the tired one behind.

It had been proposed, as became his station in life, that he should ride with an armed escort. But it had seemed more romantic to him to ride alone. Friends or servants would have been a nuisance. It was a great adventure. And his thoughts were good company for him.

For the last two years the promise which he had made to his uncle had seemed rather stupid and childish to him. Still, he had kept it. How could anybody, even his adored uncle, be sure that a beautiful child of eleven would be a beautiful woman at sixteen? Nobody could be sure about such things. She might grow sideways, and even backward and forward, instead of up. But at first the promise had seemed a romantic thing to him and he had done a deal of wondering about the child who promised so well. He had worked up quite a sentiment for her—so much so that . . . Oh well, if Uncle hadn't come down to San Diego that time, and been so nice and kind, and treated a boy like an equal—he, Don Pedro de Diaz de Alcazar, might have turned into a horrid little precocious prig of a boy. He knew boys who had . . . Just noticing that a girl is pretty was different. He

still did that. He couldn't help it. Once . . . it had been a bit of mischief only, he had been playing hide and seek with some of the servants' children, and he had found himself in the same hiding-place with a young squaw who was as pretty as a plum. And he had suddenly caught her in his arms and kissed her. If she had squealed and struggled and slapped him—well—in that case he might have gone on kissing her. You never can tell. He might. He had a sudden and imperious will . . .

Well, she hadn't squealed or struggled or slapped. She had simply closed her eyes and kissed him back. And he—well, no man likes to confess fear, but he had been more frightened than he had been frightened that time in the mountains when he thought the bear was chasing him and knew that his saddle was turning.

To make a long story short Don Pedro had come unscathed through the dangerous period of adolescence. And he knew it and gave the praise to Almighty God and to his Uncle Don Junipero Andalousa.

As Don Pedro's journey drew toward an end, the promise which he had made and kept didn't seem quite so childish and stupid to him. Childish and stupid things don't make a hero nervous, do they? Well, perhaps he wasn't a hero. The girl, whatever her name was, would have been told about him when she was a child, and she would have been teased about him while she was growing up, and presently they were going to meet and it was going to be embarrassing for them both.

When he came to the top of a hill and saw the ocean and the trees going down to the ocean he knew that he was nearing his destination. When he came to the bottom of the hill he saw a brook that had still a little water in it here and there. He got down from his horse and looked at himself in the water. Then with an exclamation of dismay he began to throw off his clothes, and then he threw himself into the pool. While the sun dried him he beat the dust out of his clothes with a stick. Then he dressed, and then, the pool being cleared, he looked at himself again. This time he recognized himself and breathed a sigh of relief.

He would ride now at the side of the trail, with its foot of dust, over the green turf, in and out among the gnarled, twisted and fabulous live oaks, and remain a clean and handsome cavalier until he arrived before the door of his uncle's house. Arrived as a man should, with a running horse thrown suddenly on its haunches, a sombrero waved—teeth and steel and silver shining, and all that.

He wondered if by any chance that girl, the eleven-year-old who was going to be the most beautiful woman in the new world, would be there to see him. She wasn't.

She had seen him already. Seen him when, unrecognizable from the layers of the California dust, he had looked at himself in the pool; seen him when he started to throw off his clothes; seen him again after he had bathed and put his clothes on, and not while he was doing it. She couldn't have looked if she had wanted to. She had been much too busy holding her horse's nostrils to keep him from neighing. Why hadn't the other horse neighed? Well, it didn't.

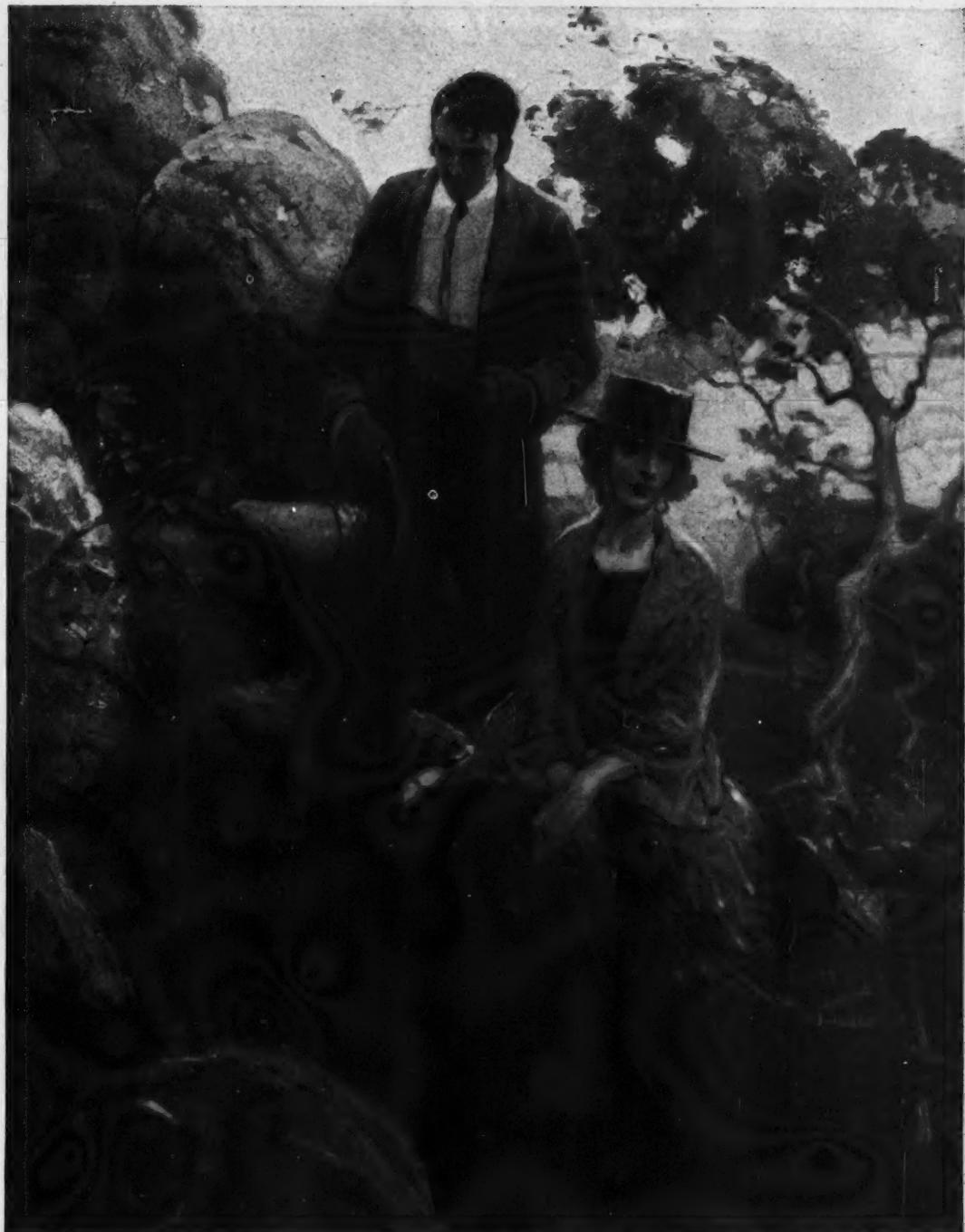
She had seen only a man who might have been old King Dust or young King Dust and thereafter a caballero—fully dressed, my dear, and as handsome as the god Apollo. She had known at once that it must be Don Pedro, about whom she had been so outrageously teased for the last five years, and she had loved him at once. And do you blame her for having a panic and not being at the Casa Andalousa to face his arrival—and for being so horribly, almost fatally, late to the ball which was at once given in his honor?

One thing has not been stated.

While Don Pedro sat in the pool and began to look clean, he thought suddenly of the Señorita Dominga Rojas—though he did not at that time know her name—and laughed joyously and lifted up his strong, rollicking, beseeching young baritone:

And if compassion stir thy heart
For my eternal woe,
Oh, as I love thee, loveliest
Of women, love me so!

In the Casa Andalousa in honor of Don Pedro's arrival the guitars and the feet of the dancers sounded all night. But there was almost a tragedy. Tired from his long journey, Don Pedro drank just a little too much of the good red wine to be cool-headed and sensible. At first he thought that some of the Monterey girls were fairly pretty and others not so pretty. Then he thought that he had never in his life seen so many pretty girls all gathered together in one place.



They both dismounted. "Fetch out my dolls," said Dominga. "I'll hold your horse."

Then he began to think that the Señorita María Sanchez, with whom he was at the moment dancing, was the prettiest girl he had ever seen in the world anywhere. In the missions he had looked upon wonderful paintings of all the famous Marias, María Madre, María Cleofas and María Magdalena, but—and God save him from sacrilege!—María Sanchez could give them all points. The boy was fabulously attractive. His own head was turned and he began to turn hers.

"Five years ago," he whispered, and his teeth flashed, "I was promised that when I came to Monterey I should see the most beautiful girl in the new world. I have seen her. I see her. I am looking at her now."

Maria Sanchez was pretty; but she was also truthful and loyal.

"You haven't seen her," she said, "and you are not looking at her. Wait until you've seen Dominga."

Whereat Pedro told a lie. But he didn't know it. He had as a matter of fact been presented to three young ladies named Dominga and had danced with them, and it was natural enough to suppose that María's Dominga was one of the three.

"I have seen her," he said, "and I don't care what you say or what anybody says. It's what I say that counts in a case like this. You are the most beautiful girl in the new world."

They danced then in silence for a time. He never took his eyes from hers. She never took hers from his. Then he said:

(Continued on page 120)

By O. O. MCINTYRE

The Prisoner I Trusted!

AS I write, his picture hangs over my desk inscribed with this bit of sentiment: "To the best pal a fellow ever had." It is the face of a fine looking youth. The forehead is high and the head well shaped. There is a mop of slightly waving black hair, a firm chin and a roguish twinkle about his clear dark eyes.

His first letter came to me several years ago from behind the gloomy walls of a Western prison. He had been a small-time vaudeville actor along Broadway and was doing a five-year bit.

It was the age-old story. Youth having its fling. Wine, forged checks—and perhaps a woman.

He wrote: "In the offing, ploughing through the sea of life, a strange bark, flying the flag of the Spoiler, I send you greetings. Each night a newspaper containing your articles is pushed into my cell," and so on.

It was one of the most remarkable letters I have ever received, well phrased, breathing high courage and the hope of better things. I replied asking if I might be permitted to send a few books, cigarettes or candy to lighten the desolate travail.

I quote from his reply: "Your bonhomie in offering cigarettes is prevented by an institutional keynote which urges us to roll our own. Regarding a book, I'll compromise.

"There is a sick lady at St. Vincent's in New York. She has been ill three years. I don't know her. That's my loss, but I've read the way she is playing the game.

"So, if this will not offend you, instead of sending me a book, send her a rose."

That was the beginning of our friendship. Not once in the years of our regular weekly correspondence was there a single sigh for his plight. His letters were quite the cheeriest I ever received. In return I tried to make him feel the implicit confidence I had in him.

I wrote him of people in the world he knew—the stage. I told him of the everyday happenings of myself and those dear to me. He became in a fashion a member of my family. I made of him the sort of confidant one makes of a time-tested and loyal friend.

He was undismayed. I gathered he had been a dreamer and like another dreamer, Joseph, had been cast into the pit. But he was awakening! His letters were sermons on patience. Once I expressed my admiration for his fortitude. He post-carded his reply with a quotation from Henley:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul!

From time to time there were veiled intimations he had something he wished to tell me but could not muster courage. I never insisted. Then one day there came a letter that bared his soul to the raw. He felt that I of all people should know the truth.

This was not his first conviction. Twice before he had stumbled and fallen. There were two previous short sentences for forgery and he was now only twenty-three. Did I care to help him carry on? He needed the stimulus of friendship, but if it could not be given under the circumstances, he understood. Whatever my choice, our friendship would be a shining spot in his drab prison life.

"I feel better," he said. "I have held nothing back. I have come clean. I didn't tell you before because I was ashamed."

I telegraphed a vigorous reply that I believed in him and we never mentioned the matter again. He had drifted into vaudeville via the chorus but his dream had always been to be a writer. He wanted to carve a name for himself in the realms of literature.

"Wouldn't it be splendid if I could turn a misspent life into something worth while?" he wrote. "O. Henry, you remember, began his literary career in a prison."

So he began to write. Patiently he pecked out his stories on a ramshackle typewriter he was permitted to keep in his cell. They were clumsy efforts at first, but here and there were flashes of rare promise.

For two years he wrote story after story that met only cold rejection slips. These he would send to me with cheerful messages. Not once did he seem to be disappointed. And at last came a short note:

"I sold my first story today. I'm the happiest guy in this castle."

He sold many stories after that and became a regular contributor to a big Eastern newspaper. He was the only man in the prison to be self-supporting and even the warden wrote how proud they all were of his achievements.

He purchased his own typewriter and with other of his earnings he gave his aged father a Christmas holiday trip. I gathered about me a coterie of intimate friends who began to share my interest in this lad who had made his mistakes, was gamely paying the penalty and only asked for a fresh start. They too became his regular correspondents. And they believed in him as much as I did.

One day he wrote: "I am altogether undeserving of so many fine friendships. Today as I write I see out of my barred window a small patch of blue. It symbolizes my hope of early freedom. I want to put all this life behind me. The pardon board is meeting next month. I have faint hopes."

My friends and I discussed the matter. Each wrote a letter to the pardon board. We told of our staunch faith in this young prisoner and of the brilliant future we saw ahead of him. The pardon board was coldly indifferent. The prisoner's record was bad. He had had two chances before and tripped up.

There was an intimation, however, that if certain restitution could be made—a matter involving a sum of \$600—there might be a chance of his being freed several months ahead of the finish of his sentence.

I told him what I had learned and offered, with the aid of my friends and his, to make restitution. His reply was characteristic and misted our eyes.

"How fine," he wrote, "that you all believe in me! It wrings the heart. But I cannot have it so, as much as I long for liberty. I must pay the price. I had my chances and muffed them. I want to wipe out my debt to society. Please do not think of this as mawkish sentimentality. I do not want to pose as quixotic."

"Let me wipe the slate clean so that when I leave this dismal pile of stone and steel I can grasp the hands of you and my friends and look you all straight in the eye. I want to face the world again with a high heart—head up."

And so he carried on—writing and selling more stories and improving a neglected education by taking an extension course from a Western university. It seemed to us that in all our experience we had never run across such fine mettle.

His letters became especially buoyant toward the last few months of his sentence. The editor of the Eastern newspaper to which he had regularly contributed had offered him a berth. Here under the prison pseudonym he had assumed he was to begin his life anew. He had developed a market for his fiction output and no man could leave prison with chances so bright.

Around his last Christmas in prison he sent us each a poem he had written. It was a paean of praise for our friendship and a gallant promise to fulfil the faith we had shown in him. He was to meet his father, broken but steadfastly loyal, at the prison gate.

The last few weeks of his sentence was a feverish period for all of us who had befriended him. We felt as though a relative might be coming home from a long journey. It was arranged to entertain him—a round of the theaters, a few home dinner parties and other events before he buckled down to his new career.

And then came the day of his release and this cryptic telegram



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

His picture hangs over my desk inscribed, "To the best pal a fellow ever had."

"I've closed my engagement here. Thank God!" He was free. The testing time of his sincerity had come.

We next heard of him one month and a day later. He was back in prison cell and headed again for the penitentiary from which he was so shortly released.

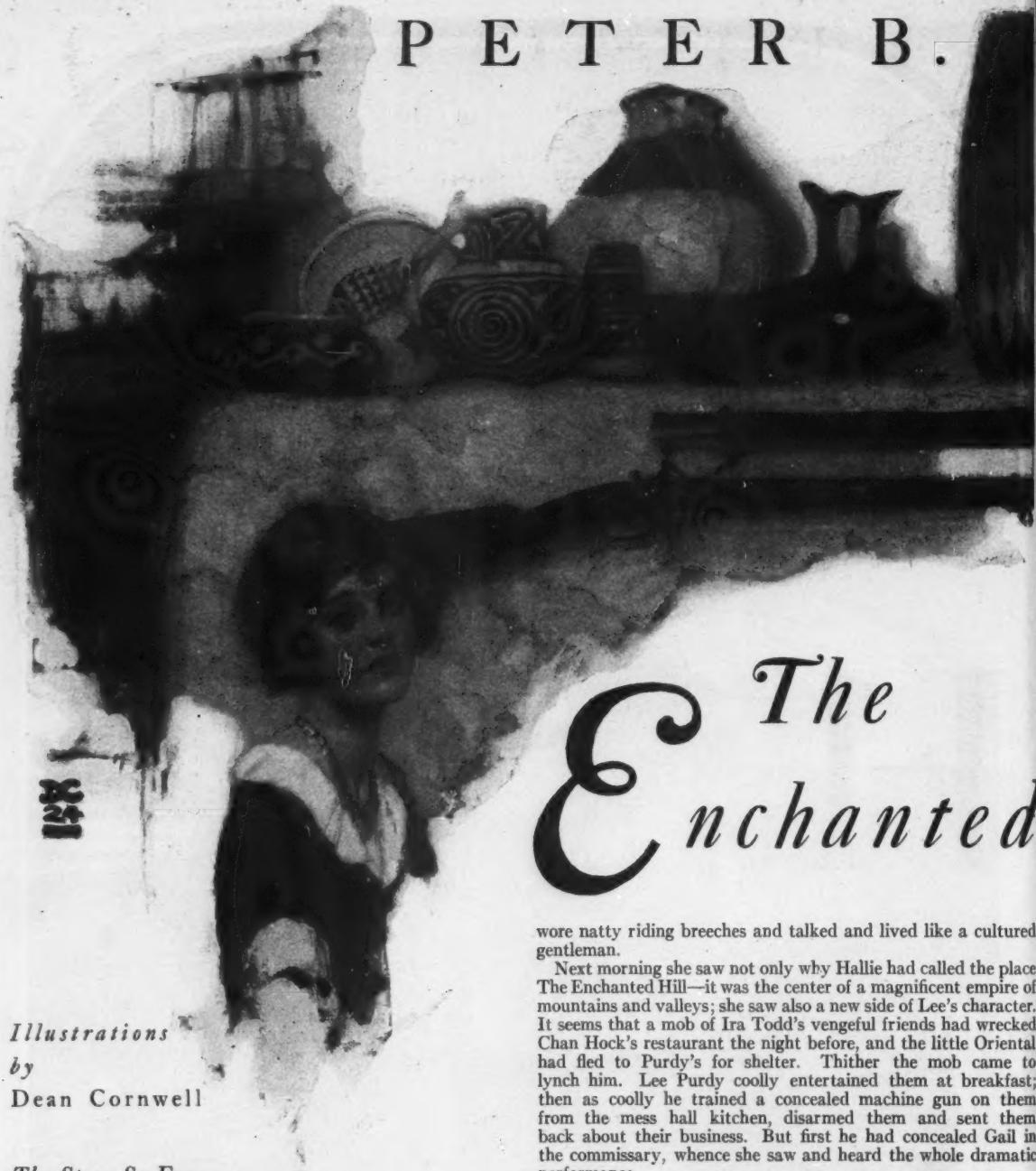
News of him came in the form of clippings from Los Angeles newspapers which were sent by the warden. He had scattered a \$2,000 trail of forged checks from one end of Los Angeles to the other.

And yet our faith is not entirely gone.

We who held out the helping hand were oftentimes uplifted by our contact with this young prisoner. Even though he tripped at the final hurdle we feel he ran a good race. In his prison solitude he had touched the eternal verities—that muscle and Mammon are not the princes of this world. He found a certain happiness where most of us would find despair. That he should fail us is disappointing, but it is not a death-knell for our credulity.

He only exaggerated the human frailty that touches us all. He still has another chance, just as most of us have, no matter how often we fail. We are still waiting and hoping he makes good. And somehow we believe he will.

P E T E R B.



Illustrations
by
Dean Cornwell

The Story So Far:

IT WAS a memorable day in the adventurous life of Lee Purdy, New Mexican cattle rancher and son of a wealthy New England family. First, Ira Todd, who managed the Box K Ranch, deliberately quarreled with him in Chan Hock's Chinese restaurant in Arguello, and was stretched flat by a poker in Chan Hock's hands and sent to the hospital. Then a total stranger took a long shot at Lee with a rifle, and, after being wounded in turn by Lee's gun, confessed that he was a hired gunman, one Bud Shannon. Lee made a fast friend of him by his easy, forgiving camaraderie. Finally, Lee Purdy met Miss Gail Ormsby, of Los Angeles, at the desert cattle station of San Onofre.

The girl said she was bound for the Box K Ranch; but since Ira Todd, being incapacitated, could not meet her, she was forced to accept Lee's hospitality and go to his ranch, called picturously La Cuesta Encantada, The Enchanted Hill. There she met Hallie, Lee's charming sister, a semi-invalid from tuberculosis.

Gail had at first thought Lee a polite desperado, but she soon warmed to the curious personal charm of this rancher who

wore natty riding breeches and talked and lived like a cultured gentleman.

Next morning she saw not only why Hallie had called the place The Enchanted Hill—it was the center of a magnificent empire of mountains and valleys; she saw also a new side of Lee's character. It seems that a mob of Ira Todd's vengeful friends had wrecked Chan Hock's restaurant the night before, and the little Oriental had fled to Purdy's for shelter. Thither the mob came to lynch him. Lee Purdy coolly entertained them at breakfast; then as coolly he trained a concealed machine gun on them from the mess hall kitchen, disarmed them and sent them back about their business. But first he had concealed Gail in the commissary, whence she saw and heard the whole dramatic performance.

The leader of the mob was one Jake Dort, range boss of the Box K Ranch. Now Lee learned from Gail that she had just inherited the Box K Ranch from her uncle, Alex Garnett, and proposed to fire Jake Dort forthwith; whereupon Lee told her she couldn't—the Box K owed Jake several months' wages. He also told her the Southwestern Cattle Loan Corporation, to which her ranch was heavily mortgaged, was in a position, and likely, to foreclose at any time. Lee's own ranch (and nearly all the others in the country during this bad cattle year) was similarly mortgaged, but he had been too canny to put it in jeopardy. Gail was dumfounded to learn the seriousness of her financial situation, and gratefully accepted Lee's offer to manage her affairs in Todd's absence, though he made no bones about the fact that he and Todd were enemies.

So Gail and Lee at once took a trip to the Box K Ranch in one of Lee's airplanes, of which he owned several, since he had been a Major of Aviation in the war (decorated for bravery, Gail learned from Hallie); he now used the planes partly for volunteer forest patrol work over the Cuyamaca Reserve. In fact, this morning, en route, Lee discovered an incipient forest fire and notified his friend, Forest

K Y N E ' S

New Novel



HILL

Ranger MacDougald, taking him to the scene of the fire in the airplane.

Arrived at the Box K Ranch, Gail was utterly discouraged by its look of neglected desolation. Four men loafed before the bunk-house, to whom Lee introduced Gail as the owner. As Gail's adviser, he ordered them to drive all her cattle immediately out on the summer government range to drift. The men somewhat sheepishly refused to obey pending the arrival of Jake Dort.

Awaiting Jake, Lee explained his order to Gail—if the cattle were drifting on the government range, it would be so expensive to collect them that the loan corporation would think twice before foreclosing their chattel mortgage.

Jake came—and at once belligerently ordered Lee off the property and refused to recognize Gail's authority, although she stood up to him courageously. However, he agreed to fight it out with Lee; if he lost, he'd resign. So Lee and Jake fought it out behind the barn, and Lee's superior science reduced Jake's superior weight to a mass of bruised flesh. Whereupon Lee appointed Pete Howe, one of the four men, as range boss, arranged to have the spring drive begin next day, and guaranteed to pay all back wages within a week.

Then he turned to Gail. "Shall we go home now?"
"Please," she pleaded. "Please—you cool desperado!"

THE flight back to La Cuesta Encantada was made without incident. Safe on his landing ground once more, Purdy escorted his guest to the house, where Gail changed into more feminine attire and rejoined her host in the living-room. Hallie appeared shortly thereafter and the three went in to luncheon.

Gail was not inclined to uphold her end of the conversation. The knowledge of her financial predicament and the impossibility of her plan to live at the Box K Ranch depressed her; she really

did not know which way to turn and presently, attempting to reply to some polite commonplace of Hallie's, she choked up and tears trembled on her lashes.

Purdy and his sister exchanged glances, and Hallie rested her little pale hand on the visitor's firm brown one for a moment and patted it in silent sympathy.

"I'm such a soft, flabby idiot," Gail murmured, striving her best to smile despite the fear at her heart. "I haven't the courage of a field-mouse. I'm ashamed of myself. But I'm quite alone in the world, you know, and I—I just do not know what to do."

"That's splendid," Purdy assured her gravely. "Now you'll have to depend upon us. I do the thinking for the Purdy family and while I do not always know what to do myself, still I manage to put up such a good bluff that my enemies usually do not suspect my helplessness. And when I am stumped Hallie always manages to come forward with a brilliant idea." He turned to Hallie with the affectionate paternal look that always lighted his face when he spoke to his invalid sister.

"Hallie Purdy, front and center!" he commanded. "The commanding officer can see by the look in his adjutant's eye that she is the possessor of a brilliant idea."

"I am," Hallie replied. "I think Miss Ormsby might buck up. Afterluncheon Conchita will unpack her trunk and Miss Ormsby will be our guest until her affairs are straightened out."

"But I'm a total stranger," Gail protested. "I have no right to thrust myself and my troubles upon you just because you are so surpassingly kind. I'm so grateful, but—when I find it impossible longer to hang on I can let go. I—I—think I shall sell to Mr. Doak."

"You're begging the question, Miss Ormsby. The question before the house is: Do you or do you not accept Hallie's invitation?"

"For the present I do—most eagerly and gratefully. But I repeat it isn't fair of me to burden you with my worries and griefs, and I shall not do so."

"Well, I'll admit, Miss Ormsby, I have sufficient worries to keep me awake nights. Nevertheless, my desire to take over the administration of your affairs is not altogether a philanthropic one. I'm not so certain that our worries aren't mutual; that we haven't a common enemy to fight and that the best way to insure victory isn't to delegate the responsibility to a supreme command."

"Lee is as capable as any man you could find," Hallie assured her loyally. "He just loves a fight."

"I do not," her brother contradicted. "I loathe a fight."

"Oh, you'll do anything reasonable to avoid one, dear, but you do not evade an issue!"

"Well," he admitted, "when one knows he has a fight on his hands, that ruthless enemies are bound to close in on him, it's good strategy not to wait until they do but to go directly to the assault and employ any weapon handy."

"Who are your enemies, Mr. Purdy?"

"I do not know. That's what keeps me awake nights."

"Do you think I have enemies?" The girl's wide eyes regarded him thoughtfully.

"Not in the sense that I have. I think you are regarded as one trick they can take with a little trump deuce as soon as they get the joker out of the way. I'm the joker. When you have



"There won't be no drive of Box K cows tomorrow mornin'.

been smashed financially or hopelessly discouraged you can be bought out—cheap. I am regarded as one difficult to smash financially, not readily discouraged and impossible to buy out—cheap."

The girl looked at her host and into her mind there flashed the vision of the wounded man at San Onofre.

She recalled Purdy's white lie to his sister regarding the bullet hole in the shoulder of his coat. With her brother out

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try," Jake promised. He favored Gail with a malevolent look.

of the way weak little Hallie would be helpless—as helpless as Gail herself . . . She understood now what kept him awake o' nights. She understood so well now!

"Oh, it's those sheep men!" Hallie declared. "They want to see your grazing permit and Lee's lapse so they can run sheep in the Cuyamaca reserve. If they could have those grazing permits revoked, Miss Ormsby, our summer range would be gone and of course it wouldn't be worth

while to carry on in the cattle business without a summer range. It's just a plan of those sheep men to smash you and Lee so they can buy both winter ranges cheap, or else lease them cheap after you have been driven out of business."

By his silence Lee Purdy appeared to coincide with his sister's explanation. It was apparent to Gail that he desired Hallie to think she had fathomed the reason for his worries. Hallie went on.

"Powerful political influence has been brought to bear on the Department of the Interior to have Lee's grazing privilege canceled. All sorts of silly charges that he has violated the rules of the Forest Reserve have been filed against him since the new supervisor took charge, but thus far they have all fallen flat. The only witnesses are the rangers and they are all very friendly to Lee."

"There was a shake-up in the Department recently," Purdy took up the tale. "Three of the best rangers here—and three of my best friends, too, by the way—have been promoted to assistant supervisors and transferred to other states. Of course their long, unselfish service had earned them promotion years ago, but nevertheless I'm suspicious of such a belated sense of duty as the Department exhibits."

"How about Steve MacDougal?" Gail queried.

"Oh, Steve received a promotion, too! The notice so amazed him he rode over to discuss it with me. Of course I advised him to accept, but Steve is a suspicious man. He loathes underhand work and he suspected it here, because he had had a couple of heated disagreements with his supervisor and

in the natural course of events his supervisor should be the last person on earth to recommend him for promotion. Finally, Steve is of Scottish ancestry and a fiercely independent man. It irked him to be under obligation to a man he mistrusted and disliked, so he declined the promotion on the ground that he is happy where he is and dislikes being uprooted."

There was silence for a moment, then Gail asked:

The Enchanted Hill



"You must have done something to win the Queen's favor," Jake snarled.

"Doesn't the fact that you, voluntarily and at your own and your neighbors' expense, have established an aerial patrol after the Army Air Service patrol was withdrawn, make you popular in Washington?"

"I think it helps. My service is known there. Unfortunately, however, I have a slightly shady record behind me."

Gail's face showed her amazement, but she was too well-bred to ask for particulars. Purdy ate in silence for a couple of minutes and then resumed: "Recently somebody remembered that record and sent it where it would do the most good."

"Do they hope to use it as the sound basis for an excuse to get an undesirable character off the Cuyamaca Reserve?"

He smiled faintly. "I dare say."

"And when I heard about it," Hallie spoke up triumphantly, "I sent certified copies of Lee's war record—his citations, letters

of commendation from his commanding officers—everything. And I wrote a letter to the Forestry Chief, too."

Her brother beamed upon her. "Yes, and you were unnecessarily belligerent," he reminded her. "Had you been able to travel you would have taken the first train to Washington to see the President about it."

"I couldn't," Hallie admitted, "so I wrote to the President, and after he had investigated he wrote me that while he was in office Lee Purdy would not have his grazing permit revoked. So there! If I hadn't done it, Miss Ormsby, it wouldn't have been done. Lee is so stupid about such things."

"Hallie dear," he reminded her gently, "soldiers and gentlemen never refer to their war records as a reason for being given greater consideration than those who have no war records. In fact, they do not refer to them at any time, and you must never do such a thing again, Hallie."

"Oh, I'm a Purdy, even if I'm a half-portion Purdy! When I get into a fight I never disdain any weapon handy."

He chuckled as she flung his words of a few minutes previous in his face. "The whole thing probably is a mare's nest," he declared lightly, and shifted the conversation to another subject. As they rose from luncheon he remarked that he was going to fly down to Arguello for the mail and would be back before dark. "I'll leave you in charge of this little insurgent," he said to Gail.

But Gail knew that his excuse for going to Arguello had been advanced merely to hide his real mission. He wanted to see that wounded man from San Onofre. She sensed that something she had said to him had aroused his suspicions; that he could not rest until he had set those suspicions at rest.

CHAPTER IX

THE mechanician, Tommy, was at the wheel of the two-seater with Purdy in the observer's seat as the plane roared over the Enchanted Hill and disappeared in the blue haze to the southeast. Lee Purdy's hands were bruised and swollen, due to his combat with Jake Dort; he found difficulty opening and closing them now and feared he might fumble the controls; also, for aught he knew, he might be flying in the face of Providence and in a pinch Tommy would stand back to back with him.

They landed in a field on the outskirts of Arguello and together walked over to the hospital. At the office Purdy learned that Bud Shannon was holding his own, but, due to excessive loss of blood, a blood transfusion would be necessary to save his life.

"Any candidates for the job?" Purdy's manner was very casual.

The nurse shook her head. "He is a stranger here and nobody is interested, Mr. Purdy."

"You're wrong. I am. I'll donate. My blood's pure enough for anybody, but suppose you test it first. Where's the laboratory?" He was removing his coat as he spoke; he was rolling up his shirt-sleeve as in obedience to the nurse's instruction he followed her down the hall to the laboratory.

"How long must I wait in town before your test is completed?" he asked the doctor, when the latter appeared.

"Well, we could rush it through in about four hours," the latter replied, "but in the case of the man Shannon we cannot wait that long. He'll blink out in two hours, so we'll have to risk infecting him with whatever microbes you may be carrying in your blood stream. Shannon strikes me as not particularly an ornament to society; your blood ought to be too good for him."

"I know I'm o. k., Doctor. Let's go."

The grayness of death was on the killer's face as Lee Purdy bent over him. "Hello, Bud," the latter saluted him. "I got you into this fix so it's up to me to get you out."

The blood transfusion was made in Shannon's room, and the gray shadows stole away from the killer's cold face as the hot, healthy blood of the man he had tried to murder for hire coursed through his depleted veins. They gave Bud Shannon a pint—and that was enough! Of that Purdy was cognizant as he stood erect when the ordeal was over.

The doctor, observing Purdy's weakness, promptly assumed the prerogative of his profession. "I have a bed for you, Purdy. You will have to rest for a day or two until your body manufactures some more blood."

"My dear man, I have lost far more blood than that on more than one occasion, and I kept on going. I had to."

"That's different. You do not have to now—and besides you're not so young as you used to be."

"I have things to do tomorrow morning. I'll rest here tonight and in the interim, Doc, try to reduce the swelling in my hands. Tommy"—turning to the pilot who had remained in the room—"you fly home now and tell Miss Hallie not to wait dinner for me, but do not tell her why. Come back at daylight tomorrow and take me home. Don't forget to call for the mail."

CHAPTER X

ABOUT three o'clock that afternoon Pete Howe set Jake Dort down in front of the Arguello Hospital and tossed a trunk and a bedding roll out on the sidewalk. The parting between the range boss and the Box K rider was not demonstrative.

"Well, I hope you enjoy my job, Pete."

"Never asked for it or expected it," Pete Howe retorted doggedly.

"You must have done somethin' to win the queen's favor." For Jake Dort the day had been long, arduous and replete with sad disappointments; he desired greatly to quarrel with somebody.

"Don't git dirty, Jake," Pete Howe pleaded. "You been licked bad enough for one day and I don't aim to take on no cripples myself."

Jake sighed. "I'll be givin' orders to you again inside a week," he promised. "You're feeling high an' mighty now, Pete, but just wait till Ira Todd gets back on the ranch."

"I suppose you're goin' in to see the boss now an' explain how come yore face is on upside down," Pete suggested witheringly, "an' how come you've lost yore job."

"Anyway, I'm layin' you ten to one them cattle stay in the winter pasture," Jake growled. "I got a ace or two up the sleeve o' my kimona yet."

"Jake," Pete Howe replied severely, "you're more or less of a buzzard to make war on a lady. I'm here to tell you to quit it or I'll make you right hard to catch. Hear me? I'm the range boss of the Box K Ranch, whether I git paid for it or not, and the owner's battle is my battle."

"Ira will give you your time the minute he gets back to the ranch."

"Ira'll be lucky if somebody don't give him his time first."

"A-a-g-g-h!" snarled Jake. He waddled wearily up the steps and into the hospital. Pete Howe glowered after the bulky retreating form and pondered for a minute, then drove around to the drug store where there was a public telephone station. He called the Purdy ranch and asked for Miss Ormsby.

"This is Pete Howe, your new range boss," he announced when Gail came on the wire. "I've got rid of Jake Dort and I'm telephonin' now from Arguello. Jake's goin' to do his best to stop us from drivin' them cattle onto the government range. He's in the hospital now, singin' his song an' tellin' his story to Mr. Todd, an' I reckon you'd better see Mr. Todd right away an' have an understandin'. Jake talks big; he likes to listen to his own talk, but he'll do what Mr. Todd tells him to do."

"Oh, I'm so glad you telephoned, Mr. Howe! I'm sure I do not know what instructions to give you. But Major Purdy is at the hospital in Arguello now, visiting a sick friend. Please see him and be guided by what he tells you to do."

"I'll look him up right off, miss. I think most likely Jake will try attachin' your saddle stock to protect his claim for wages. That would block us from roundin' up the cattle, although in a pinch I reckon the Major would lend us a string o' horses. I might even get—"

"Hold the wire," Gail interrupted. "I hear the plane returnin'—Major Purdy has probably returned in it. Wait!"

After a few minutes delay Gail came on the wire again. "The Major still is at the hospital," she informed Pete Howe, "and I am coming in to Arguello in the plane with his pilot. I think you are quite right. I should see Mr. Todd at once."

"Then you might as well confer with Major Purdy yourself, miss, after you've talked to Mr. Todd. I'll mosey along back to the ranch. Good-by."

At half after four Gail, dressed as she had been when Purdy met her at San Onofre the day previous, knocked at the door of the hospital room where Ira Todd lay abed.

"Come in!" Todd called savagely. He was irritable, for his head ached prodigiously; also the soul within him was sore, for he had been publicly humiliated by a Chinaman not much larger than a fifteen-year-old white boy. He anticipated being made the recipient of much merciless chaffing when he should emerge from the hospital.

Gail entered. Her manager lay in bed with his head swathed in bandages. A forty-eight hour beard had accentuated an unusual pallor upon his stern face, markedly masculine, patrician, handsome. It rippled into a smile of welcome as Gail entered, and the girl marked his strong, even, beautiful white teeth—also the brown, powerful forearm terminating in a surprisingly small, well shaped hand for one who, though he lay abed, impressed Gail instantly with his length, breadth and sinew. She had surprised a scowl on his face and it had not been a pleasant thing to see, but now his smile actually warmed her. He sat up in bed and reached for her hand.

"You're Miss Ormsby, I take it," he greeted her in a very pleasant voice that fairly rumbled from his great chest, and seemed to fit the man perfectly.

"Yes Mr. Todd. So glad to meet you, but so sorry to meet you here," Gail replied with equal cordiality, and advancing to the bedside accepted his proffered hand. Subconsciously she felt repelled at his handshake. It was without warmth or heartiness; his hand felt like some dead thing into which her hand had slipped. In all probability, she thought, he was a trifle awkward and (Continued on page 122)



The massive Conchita came to bear her little Mistress off to bed.

I Am In Favor of Divorce by Mutual Consent

By Rupert Hughes

Photographic Illustration by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MR. AND MRS. NABOR are friends of mine but not of each other. They are patient, amiable, generous, charming to me on the few occasions when we meet. But on every one of the few occasions when we meet, they give every evidence of driving each other mad. They chafe each other like raw surfaces. They hate each other's jokes, opinions, likes, dislikes, habits, virtues, faults, clothes, voices, gestures. To avoid using famous old phrase that calls a spade a spade, I might say that their very viscera are mutually unpopular.

All their friends and relatives are sadly aware of this. They do not throw things at each other, except sarcasms and baleful glares. Whether they are capable of eventually cutting each other's throats I don't know, though I see by the papers that this most ancient form of divorce is still being practised.

The children of this couple love them both and see the beautiful qualities of both—and both of them have beautiful qualities which do not associate peacefully any more than the noble traits of the lion and the lamb.

The children live saddened and harrowed lives in a sultry atmosphere like the intolerable tension of a hot summer day when the black clouds simply will not let go their lightnings and replace the stinging needles of humidity with the wholesome downpour of rain.

The Nabors are agreed on only one thing, that they ought to be divorced. They cannot agree on the method. For in these beautiful free states of ours, with their forty-eight divorce laws, including thirty-five different grounds, there is not one single state that permits an unhappy couple to get a divorce by mutual consent.

If Mr. and Mrs. Anybody are to be parted, one of them has to put up a fight and plaster the other with some accusation which the other must deny, however true it may be.

Mr. Nabor will not consent to be branded by the courts as guilty of adultery, cruelty, desertion, habitual drunkenness. Mrs. Nabor is still less willing to be branded.

Neither of them wants to accuse the other of any of those evils. Neither of them wants to harm the other in any respect.

They cannot afford to send one of them to another state and cook up a fairy story for a foreign judge to wink at. They consider it dishonest, and, what is worse, dangerous. For our states are jealous of each other and do not always recognize each other's decrees. Furthermore, Mrs. Nabor's church frowns on the remarriage of divorced persons, and being of domestic dispositions, neither of the Nabors enjoys the prospect of spending the rest of life as a bachelor or a spinster or in an illicit relation. So the Nabors coexist in a pitiful misery of thwarted virtues.

All this slow hell could be done away with if the United States were civilized enough to permit divorce by mutual consent.

If I were terribly good and virtuous, I should throw up my hands in horror at the mere suggestion of divorce by mutual consent. I should talk of sacraments, of the children's rights, of the destruction of the home, that safeguard of society, of the beauty of misery, of the heavenly rewards for infernal lives.

But I cannot enjoy making my neighbor suffer just for the sake of my personal creed and I feel that it is simply none of my business whether Mr. and Mrs. Nabor get a divorce or not. They have no right to trespass on my health, my liberty, my property, my pursuit of prosperity and happiness. Neither have I the right to interfere with theirs.

When Mr. and Mrs. Nabor fell in love, the law permitted them to get married quietly and respectably, provided only that they

registered the intention and the fact so that the public could know the truth. Now that they have fallen out of love, the law should permit them to get divorced just as quietly and respectfully as they got married, provided only that they register the intention and the fact, and make the usual provisions to take care of their incurred responsibilities as is required in any other dissolution of partnership.

As for the reasons for divorce, the married couple is the best judge of conditions of which I am no judge at all. For me to assume a toplofty attitude of great moral tyranny does not add to my justice but only to my insolence. My standards of judgment are not important, for what makes me happy would make you wretched. And I have absolutely no right to compel you to be unhappy in your own yard just to make you conform to my ideas and ideals. I have no more right to enforce my ideals on you than my vices, and an ideal becomes vicious the moment it becomes tyrannous.

When one partner is bitterly opposed to a divorce which the other demands, or when one partner is irresponsible, dishonest or intractable, the law must step in. But where two people of intelligence decide, after a long experiment, that they are hopelessly incompatible, every facility should be offered them to cease destroying each other's happiness and usefulness and to go their ways toward better destinies.

Of all the ghastly remnants of ancient despotism, it seems to me that the ghastliest is the ghastly joke which permits almost anybody to get married almost immediately and forbids any two people to get unmarried the moment they agree to it.

So soon as Mr. and Mrs. Nabor intelligently, virtuously and respectfully agree that they cannot dwell together in harmony, this very fact denies them the right to separate legally. It is essential that there be a conflict or the pretense of one; else there is no divorce.

Hence there results in thousands of cases another illegality—collusion. Collusion is illegal, but popular—like bootlegging. Collusion is easy, divorce by mutual consent is impossible. Hence collusion flourishes like illicit liquor.

Thus, as always, the crime-hunting meddlers whose highest delight is to get laws on the books, succeed chiefly in multiplying new crimes.

Judge Ralph Clock says that the recent emancipation of women is the chief cause for the vast increase of divorces. The increase is bound to continue, along with that of other comforts, prides and necessities; for all women will soon be trained for self-support.

Excellent as marriage may be as romance and as social duty, it is loathsome as a means of earning a living. The ancient helplessness of women was one of the causes for long-continued marriages that survived every ordeal. The wife had to endure everything, or starve. Now she can go out and perhaps earn more than her husband. The acceptance of alimony from a rejected husband is the final shame of women and an untimely exaltation of the male. It is bound to go out of style.

If we are jealous of our liberties as Americans, we should be most jealous of restrictions and compulsions in so delicate a matter as the life together of a man and a woman. It has been well suggested that divorce ought to be removed from the courts and given over to a commission, which should, in each case, endeavor to clear up the situation.

A matrimonial board of health is the ideal, and the time will doubtless come when the officers will step in and order quarrelsome couples to separate for the peace of (Continued on page 116)

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*The Nabors are generous and charming to
other people, but they drive each other mad.
They agree that they ought to be divorced.*



She had never seen him before tonight, but she knew him as she had never known any other man in the world. Her heart was suffocating her.

THE GIRL WHO

By Kathleen Norris

PATRICIA—having been born in the early years of the century she was of course called Patricia—was the third child of the H. Cary Davises. Her father's mother was a Struthers Fox, and her other grandmother, who had given Patricia a million dollars before she was an hour old, had been Ellen, widow of none other than Cornelius J. Parmalee.

Patricia had a much older sister, born in the era when Dorothy was the only name ever given a little girl, and an intermediate brother escaped the name of Stuart only because a cousin of his

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mother had already named a baby Stuart. So he was called Gordon.

Dorothy, born in the McKinley administration, was well, if unhappily, married. Gordon had also been well married, and was well divorced. Patricia was now in her twenties, and seemed likely to be neither. She had been out in society nearly four years, and the family had reached the point when they said affectionately that "the child" had absolutely no interest in men or amusements, was tremendously interested in her—in her



"I'm getting fifty," said Billy modestly. "I'll get sixty if I go to Los Angeles with Keats. I can rent a six-room Spanish bungalow there for forty."

WASN'T A LADY

Photographic Illustrations by Alfred Cheney Johnston

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sculpture, and seemed really gifted, the monkey. Sometimes Patricia's aunts and cousins forgot that it was sculpture and hazarded interpretive dancing or poetry; but her mother and sister always had it quite pat. The monkey, they said, was very "picky and choosy" where suitors were concerned; devoted to her art.

Mrs. H. Cary Davis—Elizabeth Parmalee Davis on her cheeks and "Betsy" to her friends—was beautiful at fifty. Her skin was beautiful and the waves of her bronzed hair were beautiful, her

hands and throat and teeth were all perfection, her French and her Italian, her art jabber and music jabber, her book-binding and golf and Mah Jong were all perfection, too. Her frocks were hipless and straight, her hats tilted over the right eye, her spats creamy, her gloves dazzling.

Dorothy was her mother over again, also small and boneless, but far more lovely and not so clever. The things her mother could do safely at fifty, things involving dimly lighted studio teas, and late little dinners in men's apartments, and rustling



Patricia, her family said, was "picky and choosy" where suitors were concerned, but tremendously interested in her sculpture.

serpentine gowns, and dashing little desperate notes, Dorothy—Patricia's older sister—couldn't do safely at all. For Dorothy was not yet thirty. But Dorothy did them anyway, and when her brother casually reproved her she was as pleased as if she had made a new conquest.

Horace Cary Davis, Patricia's father, was fifty-one and splendid to see. Somebody's proudest boast was that he made his suits, and somebody else gained immense prestige by making his shirts. His ties and boots and hats were all somebody's inspirations; they all came from special places in special countries, and the only thing "Scary" Davis worried about was the measure of his belt and the suggestion of a wrinkle that sometimes came between the straight shoulders of his coat.

The world was made for him, his pleasure, his glories and his perfections; he never had wanted anything without getting it, and everything he wanted, in pictures, and women, and golf scores, and clubs and friends, was the finest of its kind. His eye was definite, his voice was definite and the touch of his hand was definite; the first compelled attention, the second caused emotion, the last—laid upon a tennis racket, a piano, a fountain pen or a woman's soft white hand—was felt.

The only thing that really puzzled and annoyed and even somewhat shamed the conquering and triumphant and beautiful Davises was Patricia. She seemed no more to belong to them, to their pride and their tradition, than did the—well, the insultingly familiar census questions they occasionally scornfully answered, or the—well, the dusty roof of the Pullman train in which they occasionally and reluctantly traveled.

She was plain, big, awkward and dull. Not attractively plain, at fourteen and sixteen in the accepted fashion of clubbed straight hair and restraining tooth-bands, as the other girls of her set were. Not just nicely gawky, youthfully clumsy and lean, freckled as became a tennis and basket-ball player, scratched from riding and climbing, burned from summer sun and summer swimming. Not just bashfully, aristocratically dull, as a girl well may be after years of schooling and concerts and languages, and the companionship of Mademoiselle.

No, Patricia was plain with the round, soft plainness of a woman who is always going to be homely. She was tall, fat, almost—it was a horrible word, but her mother and sister sometimes furtively exchanged it—almost "full-blown." She sometimes suggested the other horrible word "blowsy." Her hair she wore long; she would not bob it—she would have been a fright with it bobbed anyway, she would have been "moon-faced" then—and it was untidy and curly and an unfashionable light brown. Her eyes were small, twinkly. Her cheeks were full, and her mouth full of crowding big teeth that all the straightening in the world left still looking somehow hilarious, gay, childish. She was like a rosy child with its mouth full of apple.

Her beautiful expensive girlish frocks crinkled all over her; they crinkled where she sat on them, and under the arms, and up and down the full sleeves. Her hats she had a maddening fashion of giving a slight upward push, so that—as Dorothy complained—she looked like a picture of some curate's daughter in "Chatterbox." She had no style and no pride and very little shame. Her mother secretly thought of her as "common."

Patricia would not diet, she would not pull in her stays, she would not be waved and pulled and fingered and pushed into shape. She had healthy wide hips in a generation in which the mild errors of a Magda or of a Second Mrs. Tanqueray pale before the shame and horror of having hips, and she had full young breasts over which more than one squat and middle-aged modiste bit reddened lips and shook a marcelled, henna-colored head.

"Listen here, dearie," the rich, famous imperial dressmakers would say in bewilderment, "when are we going to get you into shape? What diet are you doing?"

Patricia, who talked a great deal in a cheerful, irresponsible sort of way without ever saying much, merely giggled at this. Her mother, watching through the wearisome hours of getting the child a wardrobe, would make a tutting sound of irritation. Manikins, beautiful, perfumed, flashing sequins and trailing seam, would move about the big mirrored, carpeted rooms; furs, silks, lingerie would be flung upon low screens stenciled in peacock red, red apples.

"Diet, Miss Bella!" Patricia's mother would say in bitter scorn. "There's a child that doesn't know the word!"

Miss Bella would elevate picked eyebrows in a flawless face. "You really ought to take a little bit off, Miss Davis."

Patricia would wriggle an obliging shoulder into a new falling soft effect of films and beads.

"Too much trouble!"

"It's no trouble to have a beautiful figure and have everyone

admiring you," the saleswoman would suggest mildly. And perhaps Madame herself, having waddled in from some other customer, and sitting panting and snorting through her snub little nose beside mama, would wheeze stertorously in adding encouragingly: "If you'd trim off those hips a little, I could give you the voile with the embroidered bracer, and you'd be the sweetest thing on God's green earth!"

But Patricia evidently did not want to be the sweetest thing on God's green earth. She alternated between strangely self-satisfied moods, when she was busy with tramps and books, worked hard at languages, set up a gas-plate in her bathroom and cooked, planted things in her window-boxes and gardened furiously, and lonely, sad, unresponsive weeks when she detested herself and everything about her. In both moods she played the piano constantly and loudly; her music was common, modern and popular, and a great source of distress to her mother.

"Dorothy says Jean took off fourteen pounds in two weeks with the lettuce diet," her mother would suggest.

"It makes me perfectly sick to think of it, mama. A great raw head of cold lettuce the first thing in the morning, when I simply can't wait for coffee and muffins and waffles!" Patricia would giggle in response.

And looking at her, and thinking what an unexpected baby she had been anyway, and what a problem—needing all the fuss of teeth and lessons and gym so many years after the others were through with them—her mother would feel something like actual dislike. Mrs. Davis had never quite forgotten the resentful astonishment of the afternoon, now more than twenty years ago, when in the middle of an extremely busy and satisfied winter she had realized that she was in for the whole business again. Dorothy eight and Gordon seven—and now this!

H. Cary did not, however, dislike his youngest child. Inasmuch as she affected him at all, she stirred him to something like amusement. Dorothy and her mother were intensely, astonishingly conventional, and the boy was just exactly like every other boy. But his big, laughing, dowdy, curly-headed girl was different, to say the least. He had secretly backed her in her youthful differences with her mother and her sister and her governesses, even while he wondered where she got her "common" streak. He felt oddly sorry for her now. She did not seem to be important in anybody's scheme; everyone forgot her. She drifted about, belonging to no special group. H. Cary was occasionally conscious of a sneaking hope that she would surprise them all some day; make 'em all sit up and take notice.

But her twentieth birthday and her twenty-first and twenty-second came and went, and she became even less important in the family life. She seemed a nonentity. It puzzled her father that a young, healthy, vital human being should become so; he sometimes wondered what the charmingly busy and efficient and good-looking woman, his wife, thought about it. He shrewdly suspected that she did not think about it at all, except fitfully and unwillingly. Patricia was the one thing in her mother's life to which Mrs. Davis really was not equal. She would not mix, she would not diet, she would not dress and flirt and have an admirer, and her mother was thoroughly out of humor with her. From alluding to her as "my monkey," "that odd, brilliant child of mine," "my little girl, who is by way of being rather a person," Betsy Davis came to the point where she never spoke of Patricia at all.

So she was presently twenty-three, and her father rather wished the next ten or fifteen years were over. At thirty-five she could be a fine, rich maiden lady, spending odd times in London and winters in Rome and having her own apartment in New York. In ten years she would be licked into some sort of shape and less given to loitering about smilingly and uncomplainingly in the background of other people's good times. She would not make anybody think at thirty-five what she sometimes made her father think now with an unwilling sort of heartache—that somehow for all their money and greatness and power, the Davises had rather failed where one little girl was concerned.

He felt this especially one sweet early autumn morning when the family's plans for the summer were under discussion. His wife, who had spent more than one summer, in Patricia's boarding-school days, in glorious wandering over Europe with her son, had been hinting for several years that she would like nothing in life so much as to do it again. She was proud of him, of herself, of her beauty and languages; she loved dining and dancing and theaters; she was still so much a spoiled child at fifty that she could glance at Patricia half smilingly and half resentfully and say, pouting, "I do think I deserve a holiday!" Gordon wanted to do this too. Neither (Continued on page 142)

The Surprised

By
Irvin S.
Cobb

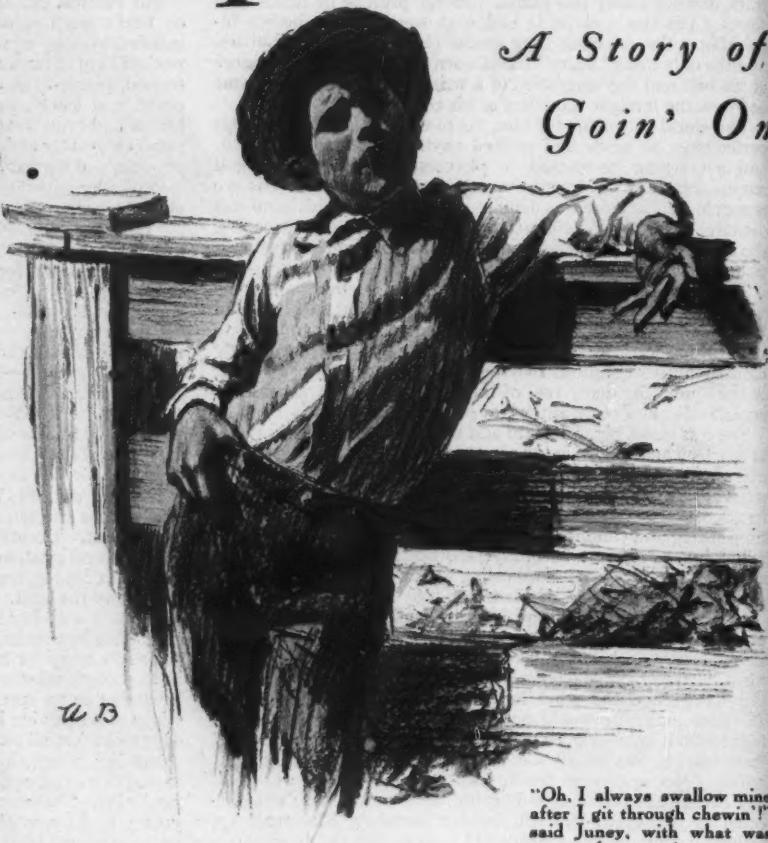
*A Story of
Goin' On*

AS REGARDS circuses it might be said for Juney Custer that each one of them spaced itself off into specific but interrelated and, to an extent, overlapping phases of the single coordinated event. Generally speaking, the same might be said for the rank and file of his set. To begin with, there was the happy day when word spread that the Circus was coming. At this stage it always was the Circus that was coming; not just a circus or just any circus. After the transaction had been completed there might be occasions when the merits of this particular circus would be matched, for purposes of comparison, against the merits of some circus of former years. But not now.

Now a fellow gave his undivided allegiance to this circus rather than bestowed any part of it upon an earlier circus whose remembered glories had, with the passage of time, lost their richer tints. From the hour when the tidings came out in the "Daily Evening News," or, lacking that advice, from the hour when the show-bills went up in store windows and on dead walls in town and broke out like a prismatic rash along the sides of blacksmith shops and tobacco barns all over the county, it was a point of honor to be committed to an unfaltering belief in the superiority, in all possible regards, of the circus due to appear, rain or shine, on a given date—a date which immediately stamped itself as with branding-irons into his consciousness and to which all other dates became subservient and of infinitely less account. This one must be the very biggest circus that ever was or ever would be. It just naturally had to be. The language of its advertising—mostly adjectives—so guaranteed; and no proper-minded boy in his early teens would permit himself to think the contrary.

He had no desire to think the contrary. He strengthened his fidelity with quotations from the billboards—Ferocious Denizens of the Jungle, from Sun-Bright Dens Hungrily Surveying the Surging Throngs—*Hod Dog!* Glittering Graceful Galaxies of the World's Most Famous Bareback Riders—*Hod zickere!* Challenge Herds of Ponderous Performing Pachyderms in Quaint Elephantine Revels and Monstrous Marvelous Maneuvers—*Gee!* Golden Allegorical Floats and Dazzling Tableau Chariots in a Well-nigh Countless Congress of Panoramic Splendor—*Oh, geemanently!* There was treason in it and rank heresy, there was for him secret pain and affront in it, did some older person in his presence cast doubt upon these proprietorial troths now being plighted broadcast with so lavish a hand. It was like a jab at the hearer's heart; it made his sense of loyalty to drip blood.

Right on up to and through the great day he carried within him this abiding confidence in the integrity of the owners. At



"Oh, I always swallow mine after I git through chewin'" said Juney, with what was meant for an airy gesture.

Illustrations by Worth Brehm

daybreak he carried it to the yards where he went to attend the unloading; carried it thence to the show grounds, there to watch while the tents went up and to see how all the various uncoiled odds and ends of the vast enterprise could reel themselves back again into a harmonious whole. If the array spread before him rather tended to prove that the management in its prior publicity somewhat had exaggerated the scope and abundance of its offerings, still his soul told him his eyesight must be wrong. It might be that some iconoclast pointed out there had been advertised a pledge of fifty cars whereas sunrise on the sidings revealed the presence of only twelve of the blue flats and fourteen of the red and yellow coaches. For his part, his faith remained unshaken. He comforted himself with the thought that doubtless many more belated cars would be arriving during the morning. In the moving of such a circus as this one was, the railroad hands were bound to mislay a train or two once in awhile, weren't they? Well then, what about that, Mister Smarty, since you know so much?

It distressed him yet more to learn of any spoken disparagement for the grand free street parade; especially because in this he aimed to take a volunteer part. When from some point of vantage along the route he had checked off the passing of the forward divisions, he would streak away toward the tail of the procession to fill a place picked on in advance. He accompanied the lady snake-charmer on her triumphant way, at intervals reaching up over the rumbling wheels to press a sweaty palm against the glass-walled cage in which the fearless lady sat amid her loathsome and venomous pets, wearing one smallish venomous

Party

A Boy

14



pet for a neck-piece; or else he tagged in the dust of the clown who rode in the January wagon at the extreme rear.

There was a governing formalism here: Beforehand fellows debated the pleasures of traveling behind the clown wagon as contrasted with the advantages to be derived from service in the honor guard to the lady snake-charmer; only here and there was an eccentric who preferred marching with the steam calliope. But no matter whether a fellow's rôle was that of entranced bystander on the sidewalk or member of one of the escort bodies, his ears remained keenly sensitive to any impious comments affecting the completeness of the pageant. This was to be said: Even from the most jaded oldsters he heard few, if any, wounding strictures, provided only that the show stock was sleek and showed blood and good treatment. In a section where so many bred or owned or raced horse-flesh and where practically everybody loved the horse, a fine turn-out of sleek draft-animals would atone for a host of deficiencies.

True, a period of disenchantment frequently followed the exhibition itself. The eye was sated from gazing upon over-many wonders; the body was tired and cramped after perching for two hours or more upon a hard and narrow plank. As you plodded wearily out into the glare of the late afternoon you observed that the show ground had resolved itself back into a mere common, dusty and scuffed and trampled. Viewed now from without, the tented city had become a quite commonplace huddling of stained and weather-beaten canvas, upheld by scarred blue poles and stayed with ordinary ropes, frayed and soiled. Having revealed its mysteries, it had itself ceased to be mysterious.

There was a sort of flat dried-out taste in your mouth. You had the flabby, deflated feeling which, twelve hours hence, would visibly be afflicting those rubbery iridescent globes, green, blue, purple, red—but mostly red—such as accommodating hawkers all day had been pressing upon the favorable attention of parents of young children. People who remark upon how hard the morning after is on a chronic drinker seem to forget how much harder it is on a toy balloon. And if you attended the night performance, the disillusionment acquired emphasis, for then the roof of the menagerie slid flapping down almost on the heads of tardy arrivals as they passed under the main top, stumbling in their haste and fearful lest they miss the grand entry; and supers were razing sidewalls and loosening guys and tearing down unoccupied stretches of seating space long before the hippodrome races had started; even were reefing in the canvas from right above a fellow's head, so that, staring on up and up past the glare of the gasoline lights, he could see, away off yonder, the familiar stars.

Coming forth with the rest of the family at four-thirty on a steamy July day, Juney suffered from that sensation of an utter let-downness. It persisted with him through to bed-time; travelers returning after a world's tour have it, I believe. He looked back on certain flaws and imperfections noted in connection with the recent entertainment. There was the sideshow, now. He had detected the wild man in the act surreptitiously of stuffing down the last of a cream pie. Somehow cream pies did not seem suitable provender for wild men. According to the promises of a gentlemanly announcer within and

The Surprised Party

of a painted banner without, the tattooed man had acquired his myriad illustrations at the hands of man-eating cannibals after being cast away upon a remote island of the South Seas. Yet Juney, in passing along, had taken note that the celebrity's epidermic etchings included a spirited representation of a locomotive and three intertwined links of a symbolic chain and a passable likeness in primary blue of America's most distinguished heavy-weight pugilist. What would the naked man-eaters of the South Seas know about the Odd Fellows and John L. Sullivan?

The question aroused captious doubts in one's mind; it brought up suspicions of the practise of a deliberate duplicity. Also, at the conclusion he had expended a whole quarter, treasured until now in the face of numerous temptations to invest, upon a book commended to him by an affable agent. It was a compact book in brown paper covers. Its title won him. It was such an expansive title. The genial salesman rattled it off without pausing for punctuation or the intaking of breath: "Life of Honorable Phineas T. Barnum, Comprising His Boyhood, Youth, Vicissitudes of Early Years; His Herculean Struggles, Brilliant Enterprises, Astonishing Successes, Disastrous Losses, Napoleonic Triumphs; His Reception by Kings, Queens, Emperors and Nobility Everywhere; His Genius, Wit, Generosity, Eloquence, Christianity, etc. Elegantly Illustrated."

While bringing his purchase home with him Juney had made private calculations as to the probable effects of his perusal of it. In a sort of way he counted upon its contents to lift him out of his present fault-finding attitude into that glamourous frame which had exalted him earlier in the day. But on reading he found it, in the main, disappointing. It would appear that Mr. Barnum never in person had invaded the wilds of Africa or Asia to capture those rarer and fiercer inmates of his strongest cages. He had not even been a slack-wire walker or a trapeze performer. He might have given his life to praiseworthy deeds; granted! The book said so, and the book must be right since it had Mr. Barnum's own sanction. But it had not been such a very spectacular career as Juney viewed the matter of careers. See what Mr. Barnum's opportunities had been, he the owner of the Greatest Show on Earth and all like that!

Yet all the time, even when the critical pose pressed most strongly upon him, Juney Custer somehow knew—and inwardly rejoiced to know—that by tomorrow the incomparable beauties of the circus would renew themselves in his mind. This had been so in the instances of previous circuses; certainly it would continue to be so. When, in the company of friends, he reviewed the perspective glories of Circus Day, step by step and hour on hour, the pictures would grow in size, would each glow with brilliant hues, would all once more become noble and perfect. He was sure of it and the assurance gave him a vague comfort.

An appointment had been made for a tribal meeting next morning on the show grounds. It would be the beginning of practically an all-day session. Everybody was to get there early, right soon after breakfast if possible. Delay might mean some stronger rival gang would preempt the best sites. Juney, as we know, usually was prompt in his attendance when public rallies were afoot. But today he was delayed; in fact, through all the forenoon he was an absentee. Something happened.

It happened so: With his thoughts set upon reaching the appointed rendezvous by short cuts, he scaled the side fence of Major Woodward's place and descended into Chestnut Street almost on top of a strange boy loitering along with his hands in his pockets and his lips pursed for whistling. There was at once something alluring about this boy. He had a devil-may-care style about him; the style of a traveled person who only mildly is interested in these fresh scenes now presenting themselves to his attention. It was Juney who made the opening peace sign. At first sight he had drawn slightly away from the peregrin. He angled closer, clearing his throat.

"'Ello, there," he said.

"'Ello yourse'f and see how you like it," said the alien.

He was reasonably cordial but circumspect. Within half an hour these two might be sworn confederates, exchanging confidences and laying plans for cooperative effort. Then again, within that same half-hour they might be embattled enemies; there was no telling. But before either contingency developed there must be an introductory period during which each would remain wary, restrained, feeling out the other.

Juney was aware of a smaller boy, bearing a family resemblance to the stranger, who sidled up now and anchored in the lea of the latter, contemplating him with round unwinking eyes. He indulged in an economic jerk of his thumb in the direction of this third party.

"Who's that kid?" he asked. The word *kid*, though, was spoken with the conciliatory and not the offensive inflection.

"My brother. I got four more brothers home."

"I got a couple of sisters myse'f," said Juney. The other had scored here. Brothers, even little brothers, were potential assets; but sisters of whatsoever age could be regarded only as liabilities. You might mention them but you did not boast of them. He put the next question: "Where do you live? My house is right round here on the other side of this square. You kin see it from the corner yonder."

"Out on Etown Row, back of the new shops. We ain't been livin' here but two weeks."

"I been livin' here all my life, purty near it, 'cept when our family was goin' round the country or somewheres." Juney spoke as a seasoned voyager into far principalities might speak. "My father, he's named John C. C. Custer Senior. He's a rehander. You know that there biggest warehouse down yonder at the foot of Jefferson Street? Well, that's my father's warehouse. He's got some partners or somethin' but he's the biggest one in the firm. He's the biggest rehander in this whole town. And my Uncle Paul, he's a cap'n in the State Guard. And he belongs to all the lodges—all the good ones, anyhow."

The newcomer declined to be impressed. He presented his own claim for consideration as one conscious of its superior value: "My father's an engineer on the road." The bragging shaft struck in. He pressed the point. "Tain't just a freight run he's got. It's a reg'lar passenger run. He takes out old Number Six."

"Old Number Six?"

"Don't you know what is Number Six? Seems like you don't know so very much, then. She's the Memphis flyer, that's what she is. I reckin you must 'a' heard tell of my father, even if we ain't been here very long. He's P. J. Gorman, that's who."

The preliminaries had reached the turning off point. From here on, either they would pursue a hostile slant or grow in sociability. Juney switched them into the friendlier trend:

"Whut do they call you fur short?"

"Roxey."

"Well, nearly ever'body calls me Juney."

"Juney, huh? Well, I guess that ain't such a bad name to go by. Say, I'm goin' to follow railroadin', too. When I'm sixteen I'm goin' to git a job as caller. Maybe when I'm only fifteen I'll git it. One of my brothers he's already a wiper out at the roundhouse and purty soon he'll be firin' extra on one of the yard engines. He's awful old, though—goin' on nineteen." It was his time to interrogate. "Whut grade you in?"

"I been in the fifth this year. But next session I'm goin' be in the sixth. I just been promoted."

"I'll goin' to the Sisters' next fall—me and him both." Roxey motioned toward his ruminative relative. "Say, Juney, do you smoke?"

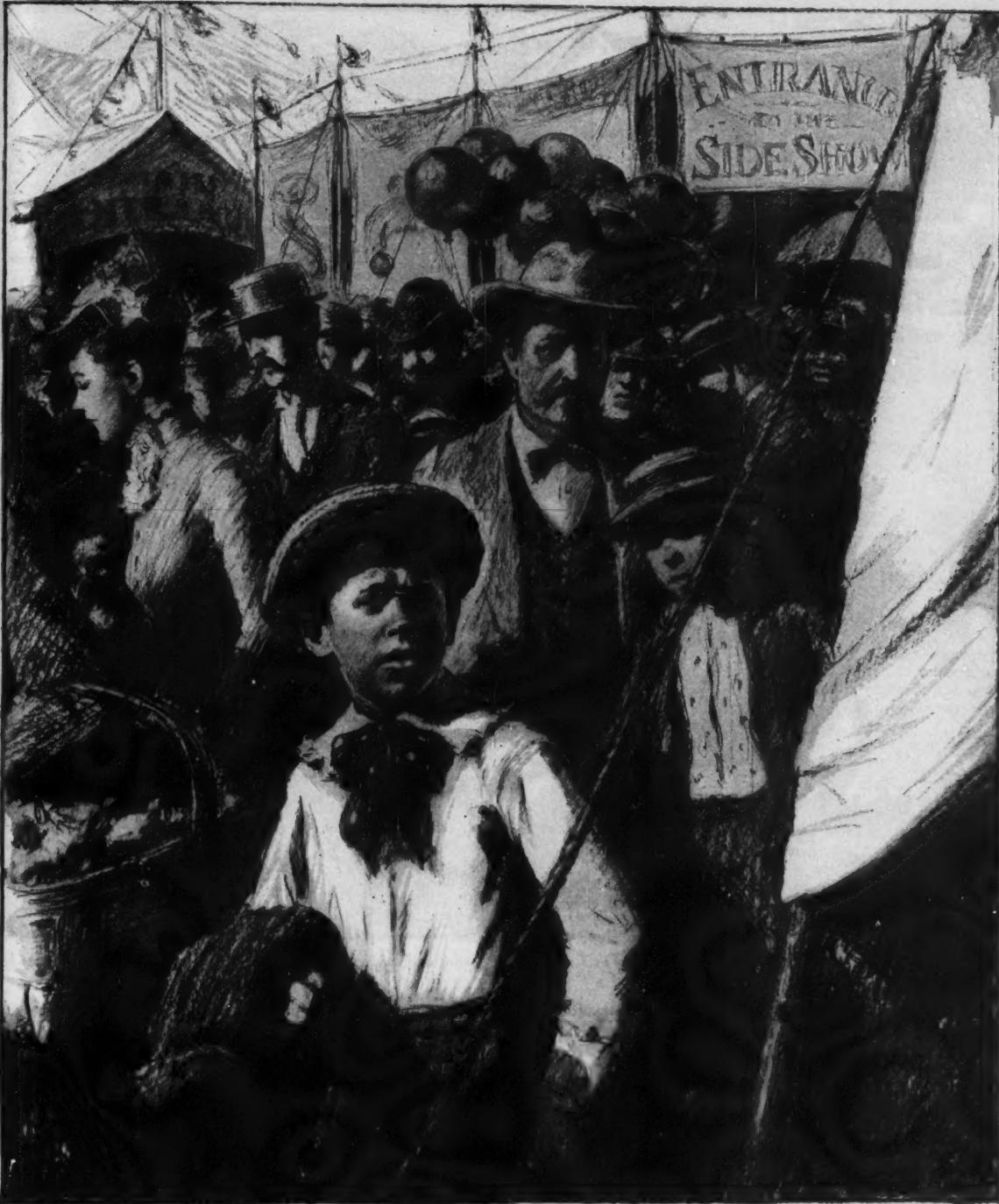
"Sometimes," said Juney, with the manner of one trying to remember when he last had indulged; "but I ain't smoked so very much lately."

Thus far the advantages in personal background had been decidedly on the opposite side. So he deemed it unnecessary to go into details—to explain that to date his smoking had been confined to cigarettes of corn silk and porous bits of grape vine and those fluffy pods of the life-everlasting plant known as "rabbit tobacco" and once—but only once—a section of the rattan shaft of a discarded umbrella.

"Well, I don't smoke much myse'f, neither," said Roxey. "But I chew nearly all the time. C'ewin's a heap more fun than smokin'—keeps your teeth frum rottin' out on you, too. I chew both kinds—home-made twist and brought-on; it don't make any diffe'nce to me. How about you—do you chew?"

With a mental reservation, Juney nodded. Why tell that heretofore the materials for his experiments in this line had been restricted to taffy tulip and the sticky exudations of certain trees—notably the peach and the sweet gum? If you chewed, why you chewed, and that was sufficient.

"I feel sort of like takin' a chew right now," continued Roxey. He drew from his pocket a quarter-section of a square of the pressed and processed weed, forbiddingly dark in color. "Here's some good old Cup Greenville plug that I hooked out of my father's overalls—it's got a little lubercatin' grease on it, but that only makes it better." He set it between his jaws and wrangled off a sizable portion. This done, he extended the fragment toward Juney. "Take plenty yourse'f," he invited hospitably.



Coming forth with the rest of the family at four-thirty on a steamy July day, Juney suffered from that sensation of utter let-downness.

Juney was nipped in a spring trap. He might not draw back. He put forth a somewhat limp hand, accepted the offering and partook sparingly of Roxey's generosity. A pungent and not altogether unpleasant flavor of licorice and train-oil and something else followed his biting.

With a histrionic sang-froid the donor sent a clear amber spurt out through a handy gap in his upper front teeth. He hummed the chant of the practised addict:

Chaw my tobacco,
Spit my juice,
Love Miss Cindy—
But 'tain't no use.

His eyes fell on Juney. That one no longer masticated. His lower jaw hung slightly agape. On his face was an abstracted, querulous, far-away look.

"What's the reason you ain't chewin'?" inquired Roxey. "Whut you done with yours?"

"Swallowed it."

"Swallowed it!" His nonchalance lifted from the astonished Roxey. "Whut fur?"

"Oh, I always swallow mine after I git through chewin'!" said Juney, with what was meant for an airy gesture.

This in a measure was true. If once is forever, why then he always swallowed his. It had slipped down of its own accord.



"The Rev'n Heminway," said Butch, "went and said circuses was sinks of vileness. So my father he

He was not conscious of having gulped. One instant he was gingerly rolling the formidable morsel upon his tongue; the next instant it was gone. And yet not gone, either. He somehow was acutely aware that he still had it. It was as though it were a little watch which, no matter where concealed, continued audibly to tick.

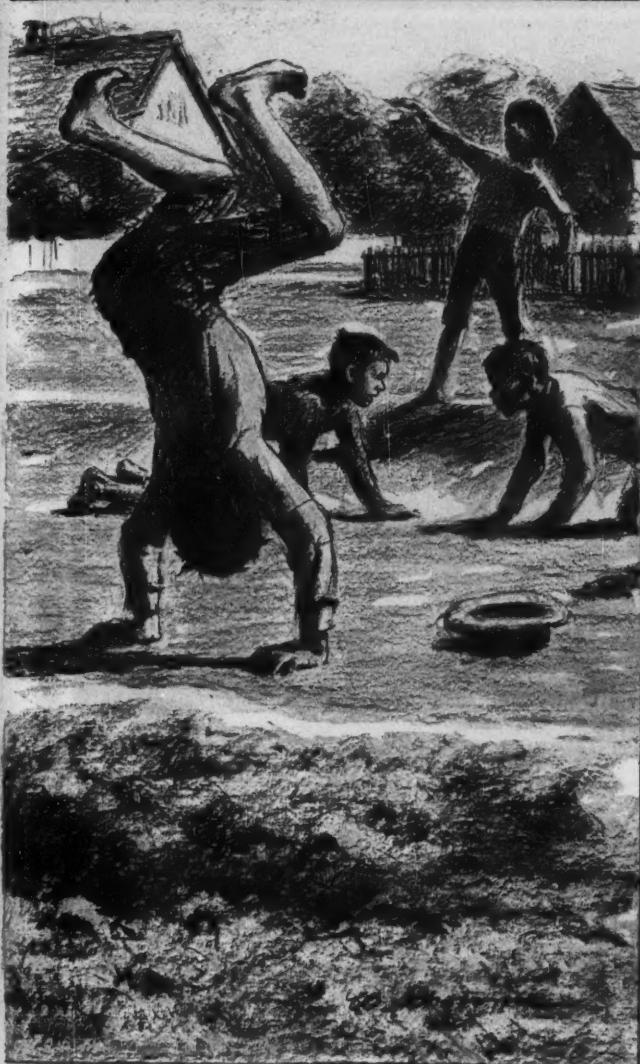
"Gosh dern!" exclaimed Master Gorman, no longer the sophisticate. He said it again fervently, almost reverently: "Gosh dern!" He fell away. "Well, I guess we got to be movin'. Come on here, Gene. Well, so long, Juney, see you ag'in sometime."

He went away. He looked back as he went. He might be hardened but he was not adamant. It would behoove him to walk warily in this realm where indurated habitués made tidbits of their quids and swallowed them.

Juney also was moving off, in a different direction though, toward home. Something subtly warned him, home was the place for him. He began to trot. As he turned into the yard a quick dizziness assailed him and a curious queasiness spread within him until it filled his being almost to overflowing. Suddenly there was a clammy dew on his forehead. He was by no means hungry. He was as far from being hungry as ever he could recall having been. But all at once he craved to eat something. He craved this something not for sustenance but for ballast. A brackish tasting fluid flooded his mouth; a seafaring person would have said there was a flush of bilge in the lower cargo holds. He locked his mouth tightly, breathing hard.

He was reeling as he plunged into the cool well-house behind the kitchen. There, up-ended and half submerged in the cold water, he saw as through a film what he sought for—the butt of a watermelon left over from a watermelon cutting of late the afternoon before, after the return from the circus; and near-by, on the mortared slab of the reservoir, a butcher knife for slicing. He fell to and he ate of that watermelon. The more he ate of it the less he wanted of any of it. But he ate, in great, choking mouthfuls. It spoke marvels for the matchless chemistry of this boy's digestive appliances that he got most of it down. Toward the last it seemed to him that he had three sets of hands, like one of those spidery looking East Indian idols, and that each set of hands was holding a crescent-cut segment of drippy red watermelon meat up to his face. To be on the safe side, he fed on the middle slice. Next, by virtue of a succeeding optical illusion, the three repellent half-moons multiplied themselves into a whole gallery and battery of half-moons, all shimmering and dancing before his glazed eyes.

In the nick of time he lurched out of the well-house. Ten feet away a swimming world surged up straight on edge in front of him and he clutched at the advancing grass roots. As the drunken earth flattened down again he went down with it, on his side, behind a tree. After a space he raised himself upon all fours and dragged off to a point farther on beneath a sister tree. He remained there for quite a while, his face turned resolutely away from the spot he just had quitted. He had been witness to the demonstration of a great phenomenon. He had been



wouldn't take me." "Gee gosh!" said Juney.

more than a mere witness, he also had been a participant in it. It was this—a fellow could eat just a portion, a section, no more really than the quarter part of a moderately juicy ten-cent watermelon and yet give up what, by volume, certainly equalled the cubic contents of at least five or six ten-cent watermelons.

It was an hour before he felt equal to sitting up; yet another hour before he durst rise erect. But at twelve o'clock he was able to look upon dinner without retching and to sample of it rather daintily and indifferently—another magnificent tribute to the sound resiliency of his inner tissues.

By being puny he had lost much valuable time. He saw this when, traveling languidly, he reached the show grounds on Jackson Street. No interlopers disputed with his gang for possession of the spot. Undisturbed, its present custodians were congenially engaged. The tumbled sawdust lay deep in the three rings, swatches of stained and odorous straw identified the lines where the zoological departments had been ranged. The earth all thereabouts was starred with stake holes and striped with tire ruts; and under a baking sun the sluggish air still carried lingering savors of the circus smell, which is a fine conglomerate smell and once smelled not to be forgotten. By the aid of these physical reminders it was possible easily to recreate mental photographs of yesterday's more outstanding spectacles. Those present went further than this; they acted them out.

A boy named Leander Geason tripped across the pocked terrain and mounted a supposititious dais where the elevated stage

had been. Swaying gently to and fro and skittering on his feet, he favored himself and any who might care to linger close by with the refrain of a duet song-and-dance number which his apt memory had registered while it was being rendered as a leading feature of the great special concert or after-show. His head was thrown back while the harmonies lilted from him.

Ain't we the cheese?
Oh, ain't we the cheese
As we glide gracefully a-mong the trees?
Tipping hat, twirling cane—
Ah, who can blame
The ladies—for saying—that we are the cheese?

One look at the soloist's face would have sketched for you the inevitable sequel of this boy's future. In time to come he would belong either to a choir or a chorus; it depended only on how the twig was bent.

Juney, crossing the scored-in wheel furrows of the outer arena, regarded the vocalist with bilious eye. Nor could he, in his present state, find favor for the ambitious presentation which went on at the ring just beyond. Herein Earwigs Erwin presided as ringmaster, cracking the snapper of an invisible whip and at each crack crying out: "Houp la!" Behind him, mimicking his stately postures, cavorted Bubber Ferguson. It was apparent that Bubber Ferguson impersonated the principal producing clown, with imitations and specialties.

It equally was plain to see what Buster Bernheim was, even though he officiated in a doubling capacity. One instant he was a pampered circus horse, circling at a weaving and measured gallop—you somehow knew that this was a large cream-colored horse, with flowing tawny mane and tail and dappled on the flanks; the next he was the dashing premier equestrian who rode on that horse's bare and dimpled back, his arms folded and his supple body rhythmically in accord with the pace of his steed. Anon he leaped through an imaginary paper hoop held on just the proper slant by Bubber Ferguson. Anon he shouted "Alley up!" and crouching then, received and balanced on his capable shoulders a second spangled athlete who came somersaulting through space to alight there. His pantomime was most convincing; you could half shut your lids and almost see the less important gymnast whirling through space to connect with the moving human perch. Anon he was again the above horse.

The late arrival gave to this dual characterization no more than a somber glance. There was so much noise, so much of teetotuming hither and yon in tipsy evolutions, so great a waste of perspiration and energy! He felt a distaste for all these needless strivings. He drew no nearer to the main efforts;

they seemed so laboriously futile. He went and slumped down on the earthen ring-back of the remote third ring. He was strongly tempted, as soon as he felt more inclined for walking, to return home. These vain activities annoyed him so! It was strange to think they ever had prospective allurement for him.

He became cognizant of someone who came upon him from the rear. The individual ranged alongside, grunted, a brief greeting and took a seat close by. It was Clarence Lacey; it was Butch Lacey, though, everywhere excepting at home. Juney might be cutting a fairly dolorous figure. But Butch Lacey cut a darker one. He was the walking embodiment of depression. His very manner of hunkering down said: "Look upon me, I am betrothed to woe—the spouse and mate of a cankered grief."

He scooped up a handful of gritty sawdust and let it sift idly through his fingers.

"Whut's the reason you ain't playin' circus with the rest of 'em yonder?" he asked listlessly.

"Too dag-gone hot—might git sunstroke," answered Juney.

His words belied his statement. The heat waves danced before him and there was no shelter above him where he sat, and his shadow was a coagulated black pool, like spilt ink that had run down the sides of a squat bottle.

Butch Lacey shrugged his shoulders. "Why don't you ask me why I ain't playin', neither?" he said, in the manner of one seeking opportunity to bare some private bereavement.

"Whut do I keer about you?" said Juney morosely.

"Well, the reason I ain't is

(Continued on page 134)



Alan Rinehart. Mary Roberts Rinehart's son, has his famous mother's knack of telling a thrilling story.

THE whole valley rocked and rolled in the heat while I ate my tropical luncheon of coffee and champagne. July was certainly not the best month to spend near the Equator, especially on the west coast of Haiti. The cigarettes were a good ten feet away on a table. I clapped my hands, an act that left me exhausted.

"Augustin, une cigarette!"

Augustin, in a pair of trousers, handed me one and casually took one himself. Outside, other servants, some of them civil convicts, labored with the cakes of ice which had come with me on the tug from Port au Prince; the first ice in months, and probably the first ice the little black children had ever seen. They played with fragments, full of wonder, for they could not decide whether it was hot or cold.

Around the corner of the veranda I heard the Marine officer telling my escort of three privates his opinion of Haiti and themselves. On the tiled floor of the porch lay a green lizard, dozing with his eyes open. A solitary negro passed the gate, a loaded wheelbarrow balanced on top of his head. The flies swarmed up and settled down again in the gutter.

76

Sans Souci, the mammoth Palace of Pleasure, was thronged a century ago with negro dukes and the swaggering black court of the Emperor Christophe.

My Visit to Alan Rinehart Tells of

Not even a revolution could occur between noon and sunset in Haiti.

There was a thrill to entering the unknown country of the north. The white sand of the desert fell behind as we labored up the first range of mountains; the roofs of Gonavines gleamed against the blue Caribbean. Then we lurched over into a valley full of mist that clung in shreds to the jungle trees.

Suddenly we had come from noon to twilight; rain was falling when we plunged down the track into a dark thicket, and forded a rapid stream.

The Marines and I poked out our heads and as many feet as possible, for there were no floor-boards in the car and the engine was boiling.

"This is the first time I've driven these mountains!" shouted Pickett, the driver. Interesting information, in view of the fact that the narrow trail over the six-thousand-foot mass in front of us was dangerous in the dryest noon, as the skeletons of several cars and trucks bore witness in the valley below.

The river roared before us again. Pickett opened the throttle wide and dashed down the bank, trying, evidently, to knock all the water out of the ford and cross on the dry bottom, like the Israelites in the Red Sea.

"Almost made it," said one of the escort.

"Well, I've done my stuff," said Pickett. "Suppose some of you water-babies get out and try yours."

And we did. The next car was due in four days.

We pushed. We pushed and pushed. In fact, we spent the whole afternoon pushing out of eight of the thirteen crossings, at each of which the gallant Pickett made his Gettysburg charge. We argued and explained, and always Pickett agreed to try our idea. But whenever he saw the boiling water before him he could not restrain himself. We would strike the river a resounding slap, and die.



Just to show a visitor the discipline among his soldiers, Christophe marched a company of men, two by two, over the edge of these battlements, to their deaths.

Haiti's HAUNTED PALACE

an Amazing Island and Its Days of Savage Glory

We walked the last kilometer to Ennery, a tiny village at the mountain where a Marine sergeant and three privates guard the highway. They had been there so long that they spoke Creole among themselves just as often as English. But they said they had food for us all.

"What do you want for dinner?" shouted the sergeant.

"Eggs!" whooped the three privates, before we could speak.

"Eggs it is, then," said the sergeant, and turned to us. "Eggs suit you?"

Eggs did, perforce. The Marine is a polite animal. We found out, after we had had eggs for breakfast, that this outpost had nothing but eggs, and had been living on them for days.

All through the West Indies there is no fresh meat, nothing but chicken and turkey. A man I knew in Cap Haitien went home to the States after years in Haiti, and they gave him a magnificent turkey dinner! He cried like a child when he told me.

By morning the car had dried out and we were able to limp up the trail over the great barrier that divides northern Haiti from the south. We climbed for hours at a foot-pace, stopping every mile or so to cool off. Ever so often a bolt or something loose in the engine caused the machinery to jam, but Marine ingenuity made up for lack of mechanical knowledge. Those fellows simply shoved the car rearwards until whatever it was came free.

Fifty native boys hauled us through Limbé River in great style for a dollar; but twenty miles from Cap Haitien we burst a tire and had to run over the rocks on the rim. Finally the crank-case broke and the car's liver and lights fell out on the road. We hoped vaguely that somebody would wonder where we were, and went to sleep.

Eventually an armed search-party arrived in a truck and took us to their bosoms and Cap Haitien.

Our house-boy at the Cape drew the enormous wage of twenty cents a day, because he was the best house-boy in the world. He was more intelligent than most; when we wanted our shoes shined all we had to do was to call him into the courtyard and sling the shoes at his head. This was a language he understood perfectly. He was thorough, too. He would press a pair of trousers until they cracked at the creases unless we stopped him by force. Out of his wages he paid his own servant four cents a day, simply for the privilege of beating him whenever he himself was punished.

My host at the Cape, a Marine captain ranking also as a major in the native gendarmerie, was allowed convict labor in addition. Blacks in striped uniform wandered over the place by the hundred, doing the work of one or two white men.

"We put them in uniform," said the Major, "because then we can be certain that only the prisoners get back into jail." Two good meals a day, a place to sleep, and the prospect of marching and drilling with the others make the prisons most attractive to the native.

For one who had come to Haiti to see it in eruption, like a volcano, Cap Haitien was a disappointment. Most of our days there were spent on the home-made tennis courts or in hiking miles to find a sharkless bathing beach, with intervals of dashing out to chance ships in the bay in search of a chunk of beef. A feeble piano in the beer-palace wailed at occasional dances.

It was some time before I became accustomed to seeing oysters growing on tree trunks in the tidewater, or ducks that roost in trees, and huge frogs that bark like puppies, flowers that have no fragrance, and ordinary green trees with a perfume like a nosegay. It was also some time before I got used to carrying a pistol at picnic. But from the age of ten the natives carry the long straight machete and a natural dislike of the whites, so one has to be careful.

(Continued on page 139)

The Needle's Eye

The Characters in the Story So Far:

RHODA McLANE, the "Shame Child," who refused to testify in the court where her mother and father are getting their divorce and flooding the front pages of the newspapers with the scandal their lawyers bring up in evidence. Convinced by her own bitter experience that great wealth can bring only evil in its train, she is the unhappiest young woman in the world.

JOHN GRAHAM, of New York, the richest young man in the world, who met Rhoda as a small boy and again years later at a socialist lecture where for the first time he heard himself and his family reviled for their riches and power. John fell in love with Rhoda at first sight. But the great wealth that he will some day inherit seems fearful to Rhoda. Despite her passionate love for him, she cannot bring herself to the thought of marrying a man who will possess riches greater even than those which ruined her own home.

MRS. McLANE, Rhoda's actress mother, who married for money and now, sick of her bargain, is divorcing her husband to marry Hal Traquair, an offensive "lounge lizard" years younger than herself.

CECILY COUTANT, the Greenwich Village artist with whom Rhoda, heart-broken over her mother's folly, is staying temporarily. Cecily is tall, blonde and beautiful—a regular valkyrie—and frankly using her personal charms to angle matrimonially for a rich old man to pay her bills and assure her a position in society.

SHIRAS GRAHAM, John's octogenarian, bull-voiced, fast-living great-uncle, who has a tremendous zest for living and wants to sow a few more wild oats before he dies. His beautiful old home backs on a little street that houses an artists' colony—and the old sport longs for admittance into their easy-mannered circle.

DECOUTET, the picturesque and famous sculptor who is working on a bust of John's father. Old Shiras takes a fancy to him, hoping that he may be the means of helping him realize his gallant dreams.

78



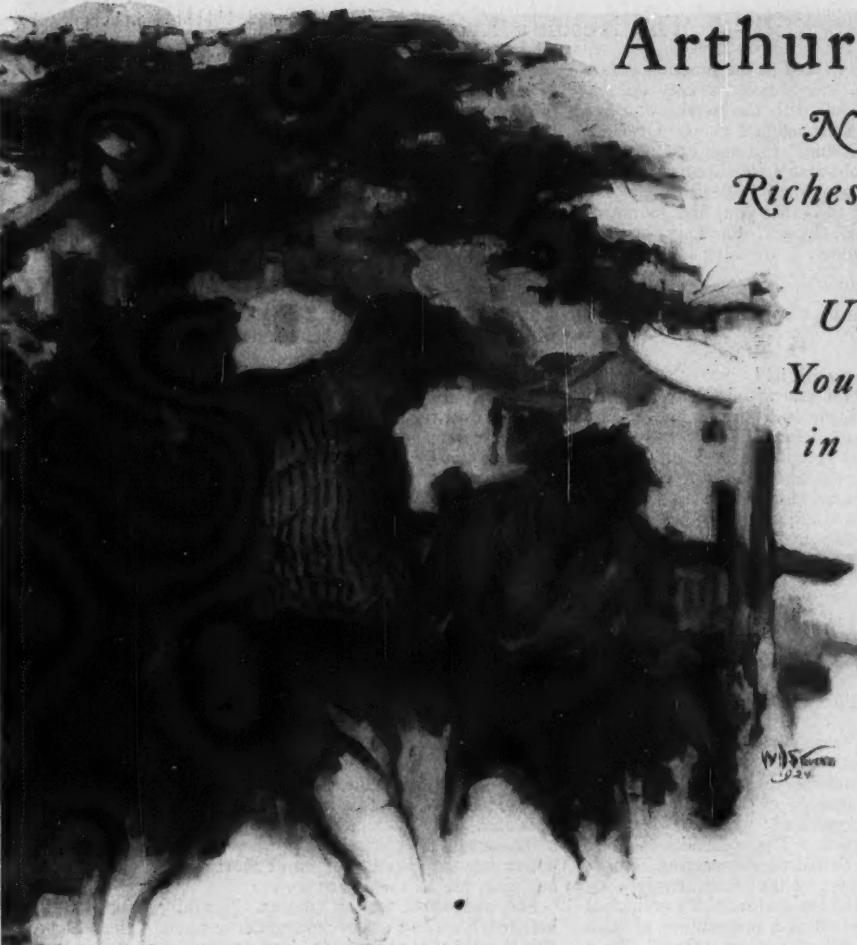
"The first thing I knew," Rhoda wrote to John, "we were being hustled toward the station. If I had not gone they would have dragged me."

THORNTON GRAHAM, John's father and the richest man in the world, whose favorite pastime was modeling toy ships, and who died in the midst of a board meeting as a result of overwork and worry. He was pleasant and unostentatious, not at all the sort of malefactor the socialist papers painted him.

MRS. GRAHAM, John's charming mother, who long ago withdrew from society because of her distaste for the newspaper publicity that accompanied her every move.

TOTO, John's sweet-natured invalid sister, incurably crippled by infantile paralysis, to whom Mrs. Graham devotes most of her time.

DITTY, John's pretty younger sister, an energetic flapper who is just beginning to rebel against family discipline. She is having her first taste of unchaperoned gaieties and finding them infinitely to her liking.



Arthur Train's

Novel of the Richest Young Man and the Unhappiest Young Woman in the World

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens

THORNTON JUNIOR, a student at Harvard and roommate of Rhoda's devil-may-care younger brother, Ranny.

LUCIE BEVIN, pretty granddaughter of old Tom Bevin, caretaker of Thornton's Adirondack camp—a child of nature who gets her knowledge of the outside world entirely through the silver screen. Mrs. Graham is worried because Thony has been seeing a little too much of Lucie, coming to the camp by airplane with Ranny.

MR. PEPPERILL, the trusted old lawyer who has devoted himself to the legal interests of the Graham family for years.

THE adjourned term of the grand jury's service dragged on. The weather was getting hot; the jury men sat coatless with handkerchiefs in their collars—"sore" to a man. What the dickens was it all about? Several hundred witnesses had been examined and a few indictments had been found against inconspicuous unfortunates who had incidentally become entangled in the net of the law, one or two fester spots on the East Side had been closed up, but in the large nothing whatever had been accomplished.

Yet every day in every way the Vortex declared that the city was getting better and better and continued to herald the sterling qualities and self-sacrificing public spirit of John Graham, the world's best millionaire. It was fulsome and revolting, and he would gladly have paid a million to stop it, could he properly have done so, rather than have it go on.

Mrs. Graham had opened the house at Frigate Head and the family had already left the city for the cooler air of Mt. Desert. Thony was lingering in Cambridge pending the class day festivities. "Forty-seven" was empty save for good old Mrs. Brady, the caretaker. Brophy no longer loitered on the sidewalk, one of John's first official acts having been to discontinue his services as watchman and shift him down to Wall Street. After all, everybody in the family was grown up, and if a crank wanted to "pot"

him there was nothing to prevent his doing so there or anywhere.

But now he had found a new use for the faithful Brophy. He was to be one of the squad of detectives working secretly for the grand jury under the leadership of Honest John Finnegan, the retired police inspector, whose services had been enlisted by John at the suggestion of District Attorney Hartwell.

John was now back at his desk at Graham & Co., hard at work from nine to five, and studying the coal situation every night at home.

One morning Murphy, the ex-detective sergeant who stood on guard against the outer door, came into John's office.

"Excuse me, sir," said

he. "There's a queer old guy out here insists on seeing you. Says his name is Bevin and that he works for you at camp. But he acts sort of crazy, and I didn't want to take any chance—"

John's mind had naturally flashed to Bitumen; he had to recall it.

"Is he a tall old man, a little deaf?"

"Yes—and dressed like a lumberman in the movies."

"Smooth face—gray hair?"

"That's him!"

"Show him in."

John wondered what could have brought Old Tom down to the city from Holiday Cove. He stepped to the office door with a hearty welcome upon his lips. He instantly perceived that social amenities would be out of place. Something had happened. The old guide was laboring under terrible emotion. He stood there in black cotton shirt, belt, breeches and boots, twisting his old soft hat in his big hands and making an unsuccessful effort to speak.

"Hello, Tom!" cried John, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder. "What is it? What's the matter?"

The guide waved his head from side to side helplessly.

"It's Lucie!" he answered. "She's gone. Been missing since Friday."

"Gone!"

"Yes, sir—run away!"

A strange and terrible look had come in the old man's eyes. A strange and terrible premonition came into John's mind.

"How—how do you know—she's—run away?"

"She'd been talking of goin' to New York all summer—ever since she knew the family wasn't comin'."

"To New York? What could the child want with New York?"

"Movie-struck. Mr. John—" He paused and his jaws moved without any accompanying words.

"Haven't you any clue at all? Maybe she's just gone to visit some other girl at Saranac."

"She's—not—at Saranac. She walked to the junction Saturday night and took the express. She's saved twenty dollars. She'd mentioned tryin' to get a job with the movies and her mother had handed it to her a little rough I guess. Oh God, Mr. Johnny! Can't you do something? I'm nigh crazy!" The tears were streaming down the old man's weather-beaten face. "My train got in at six this mornin' an' I've been walkin' the streets ever since. I didn't want to bother you, Mr. Johnny—with all your troubles. But she's all I've got. She's my one little ewe lamb. It'd kill me, Mr. Johnny, if anything happened to her."

"Do you suspect anybody?"

Old Tom shifted his eyes. He kept twisting his hat tighter and tighter into a roll.

"I—I don't like to think so."

"Tell me!" ordered John. "Out with it!"

The guide fumbled in his pocket and withdrew a crumpled envelope. It was addressed to Lucie in Thorny's hand. The postmark bore a date but a few days before.

"Her mother found that—on the floor under her bed."

The room blurred for John. A cold hand seemed to have been laid in the middle of his back. Sweat gathered on his forehead. It was incredible that with all his wildness Thorny would do a thing like this. He was irresponsible, reckless—but not bad. Yet he and Ranny McLane had flown over to the camp from Cambridge several times that spring.

"Did Lucie get any other letters?" John asked.

Tom shook his head. "I asked my daughter-in-law that, but she didn't know. You see, Lucie goes for the mail by herself. We don't know what letters she's been gettin'."

John unhooked his receiver. "Call Bar Harbor on long distance," he told the operator. "I'll speak to any of the family who happens to be at home."

"Lucie was always a good girl," said her grandfather. "That is, I always thought she was. Nothin' flighty like there is to so many. But she would go to the movies. She used to get awful excited over 'em—about the women's clothes in particular. Y' see she never had no clothes to speak of."

John paced up and down the room. The possibilities arising out of what might already have occurred were staggering. Apart from the moral—or criminal—aspect of the affair, it might involve the family's disgrace. And he the chairman of a municipal body charged with the investigation and prosecution of such matters! "Graham planning to rid city of sex crime!" How well he recalled the offensive head-line in the *Vortex*. The *Vortex*? How that yellow cur of the press would bark!

The telephone buzzed and he snatched up the receiver.

"Yes, this is Mr. Graham."

A thin thread of voice five hundred miles away came over the wire. "This is Lattimer speaking. Yes, Mr. J'hny . . . No, everybody is out . . . Mr. Thony? He started for New York in his motor by way of Montreal and the Adirondacks ten days ago . . . Yes, sir—not a word for ten days, sir!"

An uncouth sound made John turn quickly. He drew back agast. Could this be the gentle old man who had paddled him about the lake in a canoe—this gaunt avenging Nemesis, with snarling lips and wild, bloodshot eyes?

The guide's left hand came down upon John's shoulder with a grip of iron as he clapped the other upon the handle of the hunting-knife in his belt. It was a solemn dedication to revenge.

"By the Lord," he cried, "if anything happens to my little girl—I'll cut out his heart!"

CHAPTER XXI

RANNY McLANE, like most boys of his age, was much more concerned with being thought a young devil than with being one. He knew a good many chorus girls in New York and had learned that, however much public opinion might run to the contrary, good looks and even good legs were not inconsistent with virtue, or high spirits, warm hearts and amiability with innocence. There were as "good sports" in the "Follies" as on the football field. The truth was that while he was no saint he was not vicious and did not particularly concern himself with their morals one way or the other. He liked girls who were jolly as well as pretty—and enjoyed giving them a good time; and he was interested in seeing them "get on."

His interest in Lucie was altruistic to the extent of his genuinely believing it a shame that she should be allowed to wither on the virgin stem in the heart of the wilderness when she might be a "knockout" featured on every billboard from the Battery to Harlem. For the rest, it must be said for him that he did not

think much about it. If she got away with it, naturally she would be grateful. She was just another creature—beautiful, wild, deliciously unsophisticated—who, given half a chance, might have the world—that is, Broadway—at her feet. Joy of living, love of beauty, the freemasonry of youth, drew them together.

With Lucie the natural inhibitions arising out of the relationship of her own family to the Grahams did not come into play so far as this dashing young stranger in his fur-collared leather jacket and aviator's helmet was concerned. Every summer since she could remember she had played, paddled and climbed with Toto, John, Ditty and Thorny. They were almost like brothers and sisters, but her affection for any of them was untinged by sentiment of another kind. Then, like Bellerophon upon a white-winged horse, this curly-haired, debonair, dark-eyed boy had come winging his way from out of the sky.

She worshiped him as a superior being, treasured his every word, dreamed of him by night, and by day gazed for hours into the blue over the eastward tree tops, hoping that her eyes might catch the flash of sunlight that would prove to be he. Thorny saw, was annoyed and spoke to Ranny: "You must leave Lucie alone, you know!" But he could not speak to Lucie. Anyhow, the harm was done. She was already glamoured. Even had her childish brain not been dazzled by a vision of herself upon the silver screen, she would have gone wherever he proposed. For Ranny it was merely another adventure, in which physical attraction was, as usual, confused with sentiment and misdirected sympathy.

It was not hard to arrange. Old Tom was away most of the time, fire-ranging and trail-building, and as the esoteric mystery of motor driving was far beyond her mother's limited comprehension, it fell to Lucie to fetch the mail twice a week from the Junction. Thus she was able to keep in touch with Ranny without anyone being the wiser. She had been obliged to restrain her impatience, however, for immediately after class day he had gone with his father to the Restigouch for a month's salmon-fishing; but shortly after his return he had written that a "producing" friend of his had already promised to look her over and, if the photographic tests proved satisfactory, give her a "try-out." His plans, he said, were a little uncertain. She had better arrange to come to him at short notice. He would write her again within a week or two.

She, poor child, was all aflutter. Her fairy prince had blown his silver horn and was beckoning her to come to him. She could hardly eat for the excitement of expectation. She cached Ranny in the rocks of the pine grove and, unobserved by her mother, made her limited preparations.

It was on the afternoon of the second Friday in July that Lucie, taking her basket, ran the flivver down the twelve miles of track to the Junction for the mail. Old Mr. Billings, who kept the grocery store, pulled two letters out of the "B" box, examined them carefully and handed them to her with, "Well, Lucie—gettin' to be quite a letter writer, bain't ye?"

"Mt. Desert—New York!" She was too excited to reply. While the old fellow pottered around filling the basket with the few necessities of her list, the girl slipped out of the store, crossed to the shadow of the scale house and hastily opened the letter postmarked "New York." It had been mailed the previous Monday, and Ranny wished her to come to the City on Saturday—that was tomorrow. Could she—as soon as that? She told herself that she must. The other letter was merely a friendly little note from Thorny, such as he wrote her once or twice every year, telling her how they all were and how they missed Holiday Cove.

She crushed both letters into her pocket, returned to the grocery store for her basket and drove back to the camp. Her grandfather had gone up on the mountain to build an observation tower and would not return until the next evening. When they were alone the two women went to bed at sunset. All that was necessary would be for Lucie to kiss her mother good night as usual, put on her "store" clothes, extinguish her candle, wait until the customary sounds issuing from the next cabin indicated safety, and make her escape.

Simple as it was in fact, in contemplation it seemed a hazardous adventure. She purposed walking to the Junction, but even so she knew that once clear of the camp she would be safe, since her mother could not drive the machine. She had filled a lantern with kerosene and hidden it and thrust a handful of toilet articles into her little imitation alligator skin bag.

Half a mile from the cove Lucie lighted the lantern, for although the stars had thus far enabled her to follow the track without difficulty, her boots were too tight and she stumbled upon the ties. She had no watch, but she had allowed plenty of time for her eight mile walk and had to wait in concealment nearly half



"It's appalling! Your bunk about natural rights. What you want is all you can get," cried Degoutet.

an hour before she heard the rushing roar of the train echoing through the night. Then, for the first time, her courage faltered. She had never been on a sleeping-car and did not even know what they were like inside. She had no ticket, and she feared they might not allow her to board the train. Besides, if Mike, the switchman, saw her, he would certainly order her home.

She lurked in the shadow of the scale house until the headlight of the express glinted around the curve and the train thundered alongside the platform. The stop was always a perfunctory one at best, and sometimes the engineer did not even actually allow the train to come to a standstill. This, in the present instance, facilitated Lucie's purpose, for while the conductor was naturally

taken aback at the sight of a young girl waiting in the middle of the night upon a wayside platform in the heart of the woods, there was no time to ask questions, and he and the colored porter between them lifted her to the steps and swung her aboard the still moving train. Half a minute later it was boring through the night again at fifty miles an hour, and the conductor, father of five very young ladies himself, was punching her rebate check and studying her face over his glasses. He had encountered more than one candidate for histrionic immortality under similar circumstances.

"Got anybody to meet you when you get to New York?" he asked ingratiatingly as he made change.

It was all fairy-
land for Lucie
—a succession
of astounding
and rapturous
experiences.



"Oh, yes!" answered Lucie. "Yes, indeed! I have a friend who's going to meet me."

"Well—you can take lower seven," said Mr. Cutler, resolving to watch out for said friend, for the child was, he declared, the prettiest thing he had ever laid eyes on.

Lucie lay down without attempting to undress and was up again at the first streak of daylight. She was deliciously surprised and relieved. The conductor and the porter had not been horrid to her. The train had not been wrecked. Nobody had catechized her or accused her of being a wicked girl.

"Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street!"

The conductor was by her side.

"Are you getting off here or are you going through to the Grand Central?" he asked.

82

She did not understand and it flashed over her that there might be some dreadful mistake.

"You stay right on," he directed, as she hesitated, "until I tell you to get off."

They entered a tunnel, emerged to a dim region of pillars, arches, and open spaces flooded with dusty sunlight and ground to a stop alongside a concrete platform. The conductor was with her again as she got off. He looked at her in a paternal manner, then beckoned to a porter and whispered to him. The man nodded, took Lucie's little bag and cape and started along with the crowd. She followed, overwhelmed at the size of the station and the magnificence of her surroundings. She was in a vast hall containing multitudes of people. Her feet trod upon whispering marble. She forgot all about the porter until she saw



Lucie nearly swooned for joy. Next instant her rhapsody was stifled.

"I had to tell the meddling old fool that," he muttered. "It's the only thing would shut her up."

He gave the porter a half-dollar and relieved him of the bag and cape.

"First we'll go over to a hotel for breakfast and then we'll hustle right up to the studio. My friend Jack Reynolds—he's one of the really big fellows, you know—will be there with his camera man at half-past nine, and we can see the stills tonight and a projection of the strip tomorrow. Say, Lucie, you're in luck!"

She looked at him both sad and happy. That he should have made such a misstatement about their relationship without apparently giving it another thought seemed strange and callous. But he could not have been cruel intentionally. He was far too kind for that! How wonderful he was in his pearl-gray baggy golf suit!

"Oh, Ranny!" she murmured.

A very fine gentleman, standing smilingly at the doorway of a great room full of little tables all covered with gleaming china and silverware, bowed low before them, and another smiling gentleman, rubbing his hands, waved them to seats by an open window. She was thrilled—half afraid to touch the beautiful things. Ranny, she decided, must be a very important person. Many a glance was directed toward the pair as they sat talking so eagerly to one another, both so tanned, so good-looking, so delighted to be together.

"I had to find somewhere for you to go tonight," he remarked casually. "You know they act something fierce

at the big hotels about taking in women without baggage—or even with it, for that matter. So I took a room for you around at a dump I know in Forty-fifth Street, the Elysium. It isn't very swell, but I know 'em all there and they'll make it easy for you."

"I'm sure it'll be fine, Ranny," she said trustfully.

It was all fairyland after that—a succession of astounding and rapturous experiences. The magnitude of the buildings, the noise, the immense number of people overwhelmed her. The film pictures thrown on the screen in the little movie theater at Saranac had taught her something of what to expect, yet they had been but silent ghosts of the reality. Fifth Avenue was a panorama, the Park a paradise, and the studio to which he took her an enchanted garden peopled by jinns and hours, where

him speaking to a lady in a gray dress standing by one of the exits.

"Is someone meeting you, my dear?" asked this lady, smiling through her gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Oh, yes!" beamed Lucie, hastily looking along the line of expectant faces beyond the barrier.

"Would you mind telling me—" began the agent of the Travelers' Aid Society, when someone ducked beneath the rope and Ranny seized her.

"Hello!" he cried. "How was the trip?"

"Oh, Ranny!" She kissed him. "It was fine! Great!"

The woman in gray was watching. "Is this young lady related to you?" she inquired suddenly.

"Is she related?" he repeated gaily. "She's my wife!"

The Needle's Eye

fountains played, cascades tumbled, palm trees waved in imaginary breezes, where mosques and minarets, coral reefs and castles, churches and Chinatown were all mixed up together, where cow-punchers and dervishes, South Sea islanders, "bella donnas," doughboys and dear old ladies sat smoking cigarettes or munching frankfurters in a single happy family.

A young woman whose face looked as if it had floated off a magazine cover called her "honey" and "dearie" and "sweet-heart" while swiftly covering her face with cold cream and a thick coat of powder and deftly completing her make-up with carbon pencil and lip-stick. Then she was led, self-conscious and simpering, past loitering stage hands and electricians, into a weird world where one stepped off a cottage piazza covered with crimson ramblers into a medieval banquet hall hung with armor, where overhead as in dim sea depths among growths of ropes and pulleys, giant vines and tree trunks, swam squid-like monsters with round glassy bodies and long looped tentacles, that flared and hissed at her.

"Just keep quiet. Try not to squint," said a man's voice. "All right, Al. Let's have the lights."

A dazzling shaft of yellow banged her between the eyes—from the side, another.

"That's good. Shoot! That's enough."

The light was suddenly shut off with a click.

"All right, miss."

"Is that all?" She wanted more.

"Yes. Come along, kid."

Her décolleté friend had her round the waist and was leading her back through the narrow thoroughfares of Bagdad and Ispahan to the boudoir of the Pompadour.

"You looked grand," she assured her as she rubbed Lucie's cheeks. "You'll film fine!"

CHAPTER XXII

THEY were really very kind to her. She had never been so petted in all her life, and she hung around there all day perfectly satisfied, happy if a scene shifter winked at her. Holiday Cove seemed as distant as if on another planet. At noon her new friend took her to a cafeteria, where she ate two "Napoleons" and four chocolate éclairs, and afterward—for Ranny had gone to a baseball game—she watched them shoot "The Devil's Doll"—a gripping story of New York life where all the ladies took drugs and where the blonde heroine was pursued even into a Fifth Avenue ballroom by a tong Chinaman with an automatic in his flowing sleeve.

The fact was that now that he had got her to New York, Ranny did not know exactly what to do with her. It had seemed all right enough in the early morning excitement, but he was a little uneasy about being seen around with her at the restaurants on a Saturday night; she was too young and too confoundedly pretty and her dark blue serge costume too obviously ready-made. He compromised by taking her to a "rotisserie" on upper Broadway and then to a vaudeville show where a couple of girls in sunbonnets and gingham dresses did a "Pigs in the Clover" turn with a barn-yard accompaniment in which the "trap" imitated in turn all the domestic animals. Lucie's delighted laughter could be heard all over the theater and the house laughed both with and at her.

The asbestos rattled down and Lucie reluctantly followed Ranny out of the theater. It was already nearly

half-past eleven. He stepped to the curb and hailed a taxi.

"Now we'll go to dad's fancy dress shindig," said he. "He gives one every Saturday night when he's in town. It's great fun and you see all the celebrities."

"But I can't go dressed like this!" she protested, yet hungry for a glimpse of this new heaven.

"That's easy," he assured her. "We'll get something at Eversham's. He's always open until midnight."

They stopped at a costume and wig maker's just off Columbus Circle and were outfitted in no time, Lucie charming in a Pierrot costume of white and black with a small cap which brought out all the piquancy of her hybrid blood.

"You're a darling!" cried Ranny when once more they were in the cab, and she let her head fall on his shoulder and stay there in drowsy happiness until they drew up outside the tall dark building on the roof of which Randolph McLane had his apartment.

The arcade on the ground floor, through which the elevators were reached, was silent and empty. No one would have suspected from its aspect that anything lively was going on above. Lucie began for the first time to feel a little tired, but presently the elevator appeared and she forgot her weariness as they shot up—up—higher than she had ever been in her life. She grew dizzy trying to count the floors as they slipped by—twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty—. Then the elevator stopped abruptly and the attendant threw open the door.

This fairytale was a real one. She was standing in a rose arbor at the end of a great terrace open to the sky and looking directly down upon Central Park and the flashing lights of Broadway. Overhead rolled a great round moon laughing down at hundreds of costumed couples who dipped and glided to the boom and bray of the jazz.

"Isn't it won-derful?" she gasped, enraptured, pressing her hands to her breast.

"A little bit of all right!" agreed Ranny.

Across from them a skeleton roof, used only in wet weather, had been decorated with flowers and transformed into a refreshment room, and now as the sheiks and ballet girls, the Indian princesses and Benedictines, the nautch girls and sailors, the Crusaders and nuns, neared it, they broke away from their embraces and crowded about the table where a Hindoo was serving out champagne. Then they would go on again, either with the same partner or with another, it did not seem to matter which; for if a man found himself abandoned he seized the next woman whom he encountered without a companion and whirled her off with him. Sharp perfumes stabbed the nostrils, clink-clink finery flashed and glittered in a tinsel maelstrom, shrill laughter, faint screams of protest, metal words clattering upon the roof of bedlam. Rose above the confused uproar of the dance.

A smiling colored girl showed Lucie into a small dressing-room and helped her into her costume. When she came out again Ranny was waiting for her—

her twin. What a dear boy, what a charming young prince he was!

"Come on now and meet dad!" said he, and taking her arm led her to a carpeted corner where McLane was sitting with some men in evening dress. He greeted Lucie cordially and expressed the hope that she would enjoy herself, but there was something about him she instinctively disliked— (Continued on page 158)



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*This is H. C. WITWER
Talking—Laugh Fans Will
Please Tune In On*



Hershel was
busy telling us
which was the
bonded stuff.

*The Last
Summer
of
Rose*

*Illustrations by
J. W. McGurk*

ONCE upon a time a charming young man with the high sounding title of William Shakespeare hauled off and committed a play called "Romeo and Juliet." This frolic could easily be rated a first-class success as it is now in its fifteen thousandth week, with every indication that it will be an absolute riot on the road. Along around the second act of this delightful evening at the theater, Romeo steps boldly to the footlights and hurls the following at the dumfounded audience:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet!

From then on the fun waxes fast and furious, but as the critics say, I won't disclose the plot and spoil the show for you. That one speech is all I'm going to take up now. Far be it from me to argue with Bill Shakespeare, but honestly I'm satisfied that the world's champion playwright's foot slipped when he indicated there was nothing in a cognomen. I don't doubt that soap would furnish as much lather if it was called mush, that Mr. Coolidge would still be President if his name was Smith and that the income tax would be just as poisonous if we paid it under the head of outcome tax; but really, when a person is used to their own name for years and then is suddenly called upon to change it, it does affect he, she or its game. Honestly it does!

For today's lesson I offer the case of Hershel Rosenberg, a bellhop in the winter under his honest-to-Boston name, a prize-fighter in the summer as "Kid Rose." When they took away Hershel's name they took away plenty. May I borrow your next half-hour? Thanks!

If by any chance you've forgotten me, as the Prince of Wales laughingly remarks to those bucking bronchos he insists upon riding, I'm Gladys Murgatroyd, a switchboard operator at the Hotel St. Moe. The St. Moe is a snappy hostelry in the fast growing seaport of New York, where for ten dollars you can get a beautiful room and bath—for ten minutes. The clerks are all as affable as an English butler in a play, they consider a bill long overdue twelve seconds after you get it and any guest checking in with less than three trunks is looked upon as something for the house detective to watch heavy. The bulk of the lecturers from the old country, a slew of our local millionaires, movie stars and this and that park there; it's one of those places where you go for a change and a rest. As the saying is, the bellhops get the change and the hotel gets the rest.

Well, speaking of truffles, as people will, I've been doing my stuff at this costly inn for a couple of fiscal years and while the salary would never cause any railroad presidents to gnash their teeth, the laughs are more than plentiful. No wonder they call us the voice with the smile; a telephone operator who is not opposed to listening in gets more grins in a working day than there are in the best of the comic supplements, really. And any girl who tells you she never eavesdropped on a connection in her life is—a—well, she's just clowning.

Apart from the patter you hear over the wires, there's the mob that infests the lobby and hangs around the switchboard for no good reason; the sheiks of all ages trying to do themselves some good and the weaker sex pestering the life out of us with "Why, they must answer—their phone is a brand-new one!" Honestly, no girl who the sturdy men-folk can look at without getting deathly ill ever has to eat or do anything else alone, and as I once finished exactly first in a beauty contest, why, I suppose you can guess that I get as many dinner invitations as the governor. Every now and then I declare it Thrift Week and save purchasing my own nourishment by going out to luncheon with one of these male philanthropists, but I pick them with the same care a blushing young bride picks out her first order

The Last Summer of Rose

at the butcher's. In that way, nothing has happened to me on these expeditions that I can't tell you, and that being the case I'm going to tell you about Kid Rose, one flower who didn't blush unseen.

One morning during a lull in the daily hostilities, I'm busy doing nothing and just being myself when Jerry Murphy prowls up and moors himself as usual at the switchboard. Jerry's the house sleuth—as big as twenty dollars' worth of boiled rice and just about as interesting to me, really. The first time Jerry saw me he broke out with a case of affection that seems to be incurable, but as far as I'm concerned it's certainly not catching. However, Jerry's no more harm than staying out till nine o'clock with your mother so I kid him now and then just to ease his pain.

"Well, Cutey, what d'ye know?" remarks Jerry, with what he thought was a killing smile.

"Oh, nothing much—two and two's four, that's about all I'm positive of, Jerry!" I says. "What do you suspect?"

"Not a thing, kid," answers Jeremiah. "I ain't even heard no rumors. D'ye want to get a laugh?"

"You've already given me one of your photos," I says sweetly.

"At sounds like a dirty dig!" says Jerry. "But then I never clout no women. We win a new bellhop this mornin' and if he ain't a clown, I'm a French pastry! He speaks English like he picked it up in Siberia. His name's Hershel Rosenberg and he hops a nasty bell, what I mean!"

"Where's he from?" I asked idly.

"Dublin, of course," snorts Jerry. "As I was sayin', his name's Hershel Rosenberg, but 'at monnicker only goes when he's a bellboy. When he climbs into citizen's clothes, his name's Kid Rose, the box fighter. Personally I don't think this egg could punch his way out of a paper bag. He's only been workin' in this trap two days, but he's already got Pete Kift fit to be tied!"

Pete Kift's our bell captain and just another young man who can't stop wishing when he finds himself adjacent to me.

"What did Hershel do to Pete?" I ask dutifully.

"Well, to begin with," says Jerry, waxing confidential, "Pete sends this master mind up with a pitcher of ice water to Mister Young in 502. You know how liberal 'at old mock orange is—he ain't puttin' nothin' out. 'At baby would throw a drownin' man a anvil, any time. Well, in a few minutes old man Young comes bounding downstairs squawkin' his head off. He wants to leave the St. Moe flat, he wants last week's rent back and he wants the manager's job. But most of all he wants Hershel Rosenberg's heart!"

"How come?" I asked out of idle curiosity.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" cackles Jerry. "Oh, this is one for the book! Hershel tried to sell the old jazzbo the ice water and when Young wouldn't buy it at a quarter a pitcher, Hershel tells him to take a drink from the sink. 'Vot d'ye tink, ve get this ice for nothin'—you should run a hotel!" says Hershel and then he had to take it on the lam."

Don't you love that?

At this minute Pete Kift came by to pay his respects.

"I'm just after tellin' Gladys about Hershel," says Jerry. "I understand he's givin' you a shovin' around and makin' you like it."

"I'll make that banana love it before I get through with him!" says Peter bitterly. "I asked him this mornin' where he ever hopped bells before and he says he never was no good at rememb'rin' names. Can you tie that? If we wasn't short of boys I'd throw him out in the alley. As it is, I got him ruined—I put him on a elevator, where tips is as plentiful as mufflers in Hades!"

"At's what you think," grins Jerry. "But I think he'll cross you. 'At baby's no mug and if you figure he is you're crazy. He'll be chargin' the guests a dime a ride on his elevator as sure as you're born!"

Pete starts to laugh, frowns, looks thoughtful and then dashes off to see for himself.

A few days later I had the pleasure of making Hershel's acquaintance. He sidled over to the switchboard on his lunch hour, a thing that is as much against the St. Moe rules as hitting the manager with a slap-stick. That, however, didn't appear to bother Hershel.

"They call me Hershel Rosenberg," he says, without any preliminaries.

"I can't help it!" I says truthfully. "Take the air, Hershel, you're on a busy wire!"

"Say, don't put on dog vit me," says Hershel. "I ain't exactly vot I look like."

"See if I care," I says. "Do you know any more jokes?"

"Say, if I vos a goil and as pretty as you, I'd nevaire be no operator from a telephone," remarks this inveterate fool. "I'd go to work and, now, marry a rich millionaire and—"

"Tend to your own sewing, will you?" I butt in frigidly. "When I wish advice I'll go to a lawyer and when I wish to get married I'll marry who-ever I please!"

"Vell, you please me!" grins Hershel. "So we got that all settled!"

If I had Hershel's nerve I'd throw up my job and go through Gehenna with a line of foot warmers. But honestly, you couldn't get sore at him.

"What do you mean by saying you're not exactly what you look like?" I asked him, to change the subject and also the predicate.

"Vell, I look like a bellboy, but I ain't," he explains. "I'm only a bellboy in the, now, vintaire time. In the summaire time it's too hot I should be workin' from a hotel. So from June to August I'm a fightaire. I'm Kid Rose, the sensational middle-weight. In twenty-four fights I only been knocked out twenty times."

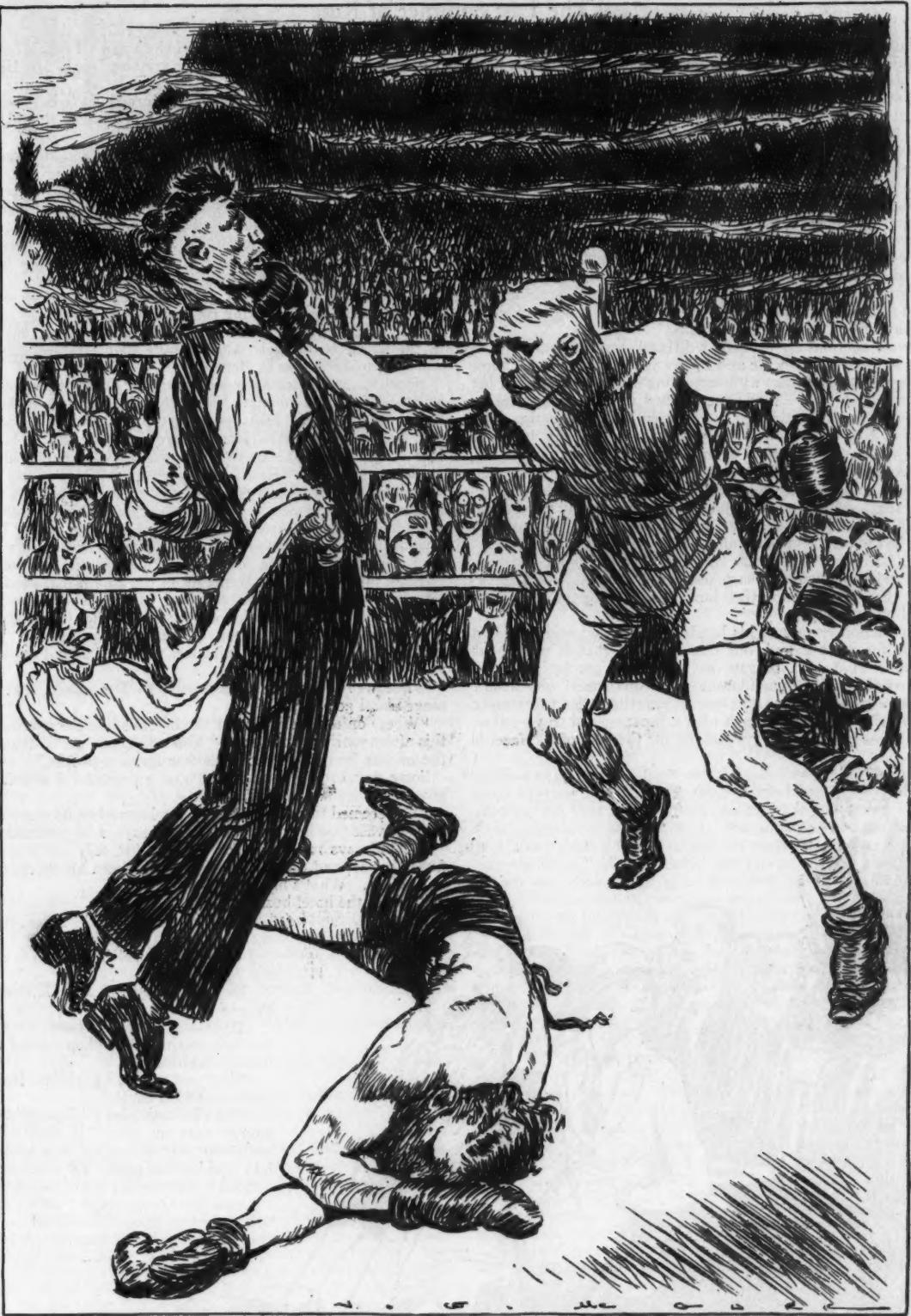
"Wonderful!" I says, trying without any success to keep from laughing in his face. "Did you win the other four?"


Hazel talked herself into a carved clock with the feverish auctioneer, in return for a phone number that would get anybody but Hazel.

"No," says Hershel. "By a odd coincidence, I lose 'em on rotten decisions from rotten referees. But vait till—"

"Don't tell me any more about that, I can't afford to get hysterical on the job," I shut him off, wiping my eyes. "What was the idea of trying to sell the party in 502 that pitcher of ice water? If you hadn't been so grasping he might have given you a nice tip."

"Vot do I vant vit a tip?" says Hershel. "I wouldn't play the races and I'm off from Wall Street. Say, a couple months



A punch that One-Feint Hechaw had started for the inert Hershel caught Ike flush on the chin.

ago a cousin of mine took a tip he should buy, now, Mexican Pete. *Oy oy*, vot a tip. You couldn't trust them Mexicans. My cousin lost his store, his car, his insurance policy, his house and his, now, wife!"

"It's a wonder he didn't lose his temper too," I says, when I could talk.

"Say, vot's the metter—you're laughin' from me?" asks Hershel indignantly.

Just then Pete Kift comes up with murder in his eye. "Get on that elevator, monkey, or I'll knock you from under your hat!"

"Thenks just the same," says Hershel, moving away. "I could take it off myself!"

The Last Summer of Rose

Thus Hershel.

Really, how this young man ever managed to hold his portfolio at the St. Moe is a subject for bigger brains than mine, but hold it he did. In spite of constant persecution from morning till night, he carried on smartly and clung like a cold in the head. Hershel was a little too burly for the other bellhops to trifle with and then that "Kid Rose" seemed to mean something to them too, but honestly, Jerry Murphy and Pete Kift made his life positively brutal. That bothered Hershel the same way the income tax bothers an almshouse habitué; he was a silent partner in the noted firm of Grin & Bear It, an absolute gourmand for cruel and unusual punishment.

One day Hazel Killian, my beauteous roommate, drags me off bodily to a private auction sale. Hazel's in the movies and gets important money for her services, but she'll never have a nickel while a shop of any nature keeps open for business. Neither will any of her myriad male friends.

Private auctions are the milk-fed Hazel's specialty; she bids as if she was playing pinochle and I have yet to see her come home from one of these things with something of any more use to her than a second nose. While personally I could never cuddle up to them, there's a lot of our sex who go to these auction sales like they'd go to a show. They hang around all day, bid their heads off on every article offered for sale, eat the usual nifty luncheon put out by the hoarse auctioneer and his merry men and then go home with a second-hand vacuum cleaner or something that cost them about four dollars more than they could get a new one for in a store. As Brutus laughingly remarked when he knifed Caesar—it's all fun!

Well, anyways, on this day Hazel and me ran amuck and blew about a hundred dollars each on a choice collection of knicknacks that no self-respecting junk dealer would be found de ceased with, really.

The auctioneer rubbed his hands together and said we got a bargain for our hundred, but Hazel sneered that it was about the same kind of a bargain as we'd have got by paying a hundred dollars for a cauliflower. Mr. Auctioneer, who wasn't any more girl-proof than the rest of 'em, then tries to promote himself with us and plied each with a Japanese pin tray—value, about three marks. Always looking for the best of it, Hazel is

talking herself into a carved mantel clock when I hear a familiar voice behind me and wheel to see the grinning face of Mr. Hershel Rosenberg, née Kid Rose.

"Vell, vell, vell—vot a small voild it turned out to be!" he says. "A feller couldn't go nowheres no more vitout he should meet somebody. How's it by you?"

"What are you doing here?" I asked him and my surprise was real.

"Vot's the matter—shouldn't I go places?" says Hershel. "Just because I'm a, now, bellhopper I don't have to hide ven I ain't workin', do I? C'mon vit me, I'll show you a real auction—McCue and Levy, over by Sixth Avenoo. Oy, vot bargains! Say, ven you walk out from that place vit your arms full of goods, you feel like a t'ief."

Glancing out of the corner of my eye, I happened to see the feverish auctioneer presenting Hazel with that beautifully carved clock, in return for a phone number that would get anybody in the world but Hazel. Out of pure maliciousness I immediately introduced her to Hershel.

Hazel was an instantaneous hit with our dizzy boy friend and as my delightful roommate likes anybody who can make her laugh, why, Hershel managed to get past. Honestly, he was just twice as funny as he should have been, because he had no idea he was comical—his delivery was all impromptu; if you know what I mean. He took us to his friends McCue and Levy where another auction was under way and when we left there at five in the afternoon we had more packages than Parcel Post himself. All articles we needed like we needed scarlet fever. Hershel was busier than an ant with a bread-crumb. He was all over the place—bidding for us, pointing out the auctioneer's "plants" in the audience, laying us off the apple sauce goods and telling us which was the bonded stuff. Hazel, who believes one and all guilty till proved innocent, said Hershel for making us buy probably got ten percent of what we squandered. That was doing Hershel a rank injustice, really. I found out afterwards he only got five percent.

While we're disrobing to commute to Dreamland that evening, Hazel gets inquisitive.

"Where on earth do you get those Johns like the one we met this afternoon?" she asks me. "You must have nailed that bird the minute he escaped from the immigration people."

Some day I'm going to send Hazel a present. I'm going to give her a nice box of catnip.

"You seemed to think he was pretty keen when he was paying for that vase you insisted on having," I says, a bit steamed.

"Blah!" says my lovely girl friend. "It only set him back fifteen dollars and the tears just streamed down his cheeks when he paid off. What's his trick?"

"He's in the hotel business," I says carelessly.

"He owns a hotel?" asks Hazel, sitting up straight with glistening eyes.

I pensively pulled back the covers of my downy bed.

"He's a bellboy," I says, having the time of my life.

"My Gawd!" gasps Hazel, dropping her hair brush. "A bellhop—and I gave him my address!"

"What you need is a guardian, Hazel," I purr with a smile.

"What we both need is keepers!" Hazel angrily cuts me off. "If that dialect comedian ever comes up here he'll run into nothing but grief. I'll about crown him with that vase he made me take!"

A week later, or maybe it wasn't, I'm sitting at the switchboard absorbing my daily dose of culture by reading the ads in the "Pacific Monthly" when a voice remarks:



"Make 'em fight or throw 'em out!" loudly remarked our friend behind us.
"You'd find fault with a lynching!" gasps Hazel.

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"You know how liberal 'at old mock orange is—well, Hershel tried to sell him the ice water."

"I vant Kin-al eight-six-five-three-vun and make it sneppy, please!"

In about four minutes I look leisurely up and see a heavy-set youth with an unquestionably broken nose and a face that is strangely familiar. He looks like someone I know, but I don't know who, get me?

"Ven you get 'em, say Kid Rose vishes to speak vit 'em," continues the handsome city chap.

"Kid Rose!" I says in astonishment, thinking of Hershel Rosenberg. "Are you Kid Rose?"

"Absolutely!" he says proudly, swelling up like a balloon. "I—"

"Say—what's your real name?" I interrupted.

"Do I have to pass a civil service examination to get a telephone numbaire here?" says the stranger peevishly. "I vos born in Koshva, I'm single, I got my foist papaires, I'm a fightaire, Washington vos the foist President, I don't believe in the I. W. W. and my name is Rosenberg! Now could I get that telephone call?"

"Your name is Rosenberg?" I gasp. "What's your first name—Hershel?"

"No—Isaac," he says. "I got a brother Hershel. You know that lowlife?"

"He works here," I told him. "He's a bellboy and he also calls himself Kid Rose. Your family's a regular bouquet, isn't it?"

"Oy, catch me a glass of vataire!" says Ike with a groan. "So that's vot he is—a bellhop, hey? *Gevalt*, that's a business!"

"Which of you is the real Kid Rose?" I asked him, as curious as you are.

"Vy, naturel, I am," says Ike. "Hershel couldn't vin a fight if they should let him come in the ring vit a hatchet in each hand. He don't know a right hook from the timekeepaire. Say, you ought to see that bum box—all he's got is adenoids!"

This affectionate brother then proceeded to give me the low-down on his charming relative, and honestly it was rich. It seems that Ike Rosenberg, the real fighter and cake provider of the family, had built up quite a reputation for himself as Kid Rose. On the other hand, Hershel Rosenberg had never been anything but unnecessary overhead as far as the old folks were concerned. He just didn't seem to click. Hershel liked work and arsenic the same way and had run away from everything from school to the probation officer in his home town, Idiotic, Wyoming. In his travels hither and yon, Hershel one day found a newspaper that somebody had hurled from a Pullman window

and sitting beside the right of way he gave himself up to the vice of reading. On the sporting page he found this:

KID ROSE GETS FIVE THOUSAND FOR STOPPING FEARFUL FALCON

That anybody should get five thousand dollars for stopping or even starting anything interested Hershel highly, and when he read further that Kid Rose was no less than his loving brother Isaac, Hershel nearly swooned. Boarding the first freight, this boy scout dashed home to use his ingenuity on his brother's five thousand. Well, Hershel got service. Isaac divided the money with him—that is, he gave him ten dollars—and then kicked Hershel out of the house when Hershel claimed he was too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work.

However, all this gave Hershel an idea. He was nobody's fool and he figured he was sitting pretty now. Not only did he look a great deal like his box-fighting brother, but he was also big and husky. There must be plenty states where Ike hadn't displayed his wares as yet, reasoned Hershel, and to those he gave his undivided attention.

According to Ike, it was Hershel's hobby to descend upon some medium-sized town where assault and battery was all the rage, sell himself as Kid Rose and get himself matched with a local expert at the art of breaking noses. His brother's reputation would enable Hershel to get big money for his appearance and his resemblance to the real Kid Rose was sufficiently close to befuddle what few had seen the latter perform. Once in the ring, Hershel was a pacifist of the first water and quickly claimed exemption, diving gracefully to the canvas the instant his vis-à-vis made a hostile move towards him. He would then collect his share of the purse and continue on his merry way. What could be sweeter?

Honestly, for my part, after hearing all this I thought Hershel was a pretty smart boy, but brother Isaac was of a highly different opinion. Ike raved that Hershel was driving him to the poorhouse by using his name as a nom du ring. Hershel wins exactly never, whinnies Ike almost tearfully, and that detracts from his own earnings as the fight promoters get the boys mixed up. They will not believe Ike's story that his brother is using his name and every time Ike happens to be away from New York, and Hershel, as Kid Rose, gets smacked down in some other village, the boxing impresarios around Gotham tell Ike he must fight for less money as the proxy knock-out has damaged his value as a drawing card. Ike has begged, threatened and bribed Hershel to take his beatings (Continued on page 132)

By The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill

My Dramatic Days With The Kaiser In All His Glory

IN THE year 1906 when I was Under Secretary of State for the Colonies I received an invitation from the German Emperor to attend as his guest the annual maneuvers of the German Army in Silesia. Having obtained the permission of my Government, I set out for Breslau at the beginning of September and was accommodated with other imperial and official guests in the comfortable old-world Golden Goose Hotel.

The maneuvers were on a great scale; a whole army corps and one completely mobilized division at war strength being employed. Everything was managed with the usual German efficiency and rigid care in matters of the smallest detail. The large number of visitors, including of course representatives of all the armies in Europe, were handled and moved with the most minute consideration of rank and etiquette, and as far as the Emperor's own guests were concerned, an element of personal hospitality was mingled with the official ceremonial and routine.

The week, while brilliant and deeply interesting, was most strenuous, and except sometimes on active service, I have hardly ever been so short of sleep. Every night there was a glittering full dress banquet, at which the Emperor—or in his absence on the maneuver ground, the Empress—presided. We retired to rest shortly before midnight, only to be aroused at three or four o'clock in the morning to join the special train which conveyed us to the particular point of the battlefield where the situation of the opposing armies could be studied.

Here, as the first light paled the eastern sky, we mounted our horses and, each accompanied by an officer of the German General Staff, set off wherever we liked to go. After ten or twelve hours of riding about and watching the operations, we gathered again at the special train at some new point and got back to Breslau in time to dress for the next banquet, followed by an imperial tattoo, another brief interlude of sleep and another four o'clock in the morning departure. Such was the cycle of our hours.

Magnificent was the spectacle of German military and imperial splendor, so brilliantly displayed to foreign eyes. Several scenes linger in my memory which illustrated the pomp and power of the German Empire. When the Emperor, resplendent in the uniform of the White Silesian Cuirassiers, rode through the streets of Breslau at the head of a sparkling cavalcade, he was rapturously welcomed by his dutiful subjects. A large portion of the road was lined, not by troops, but by many thousands of elderly men obviously belonging to the poorer classes, but all dressed punctiliously in ancient black frock coats and tall hats. These were the old soldiers to whom special positions of honor were accorded, and indeed they formed a striking background of somber civic strength to the white uniforms of the Emperor and his Cuirassiers.

In the review which preceded the maneuvers 50,000 horse, foot and artillery marched past the Emperor and his galaxy of kings and princes. The infantry, regiment by regiment, in line of battalion quarter columns, reminded one more of great Atlantic rollers than human formations. Clouds of cavalry, avalanches of field guns and—at that time a novelty—squadrons of motor-cars, private and military, completed the array. For five hours the immense defile continued. Yet this was only a twentieth of the armed strength of the regular German Army before mobilization; and the same martial display could have

been produced simultaneously in every province of the Empire without disturbing everyday life.

I thought of our tiny British Army in which the parade of a single division and a brigade of cavalry at Aldershot was a notable event. I watched from time to time the thoughtful, somber visage of the French Military Attaché who sat on his horse beside me absorbed in reflections which it would not have been discreet to plumb. The very atmosphere was pervaded by a sense of inexhaustible and exuberant manhood and deadly panoply. The glories of this world and force abounding could not present a more formidable and even stupefying manifestation.

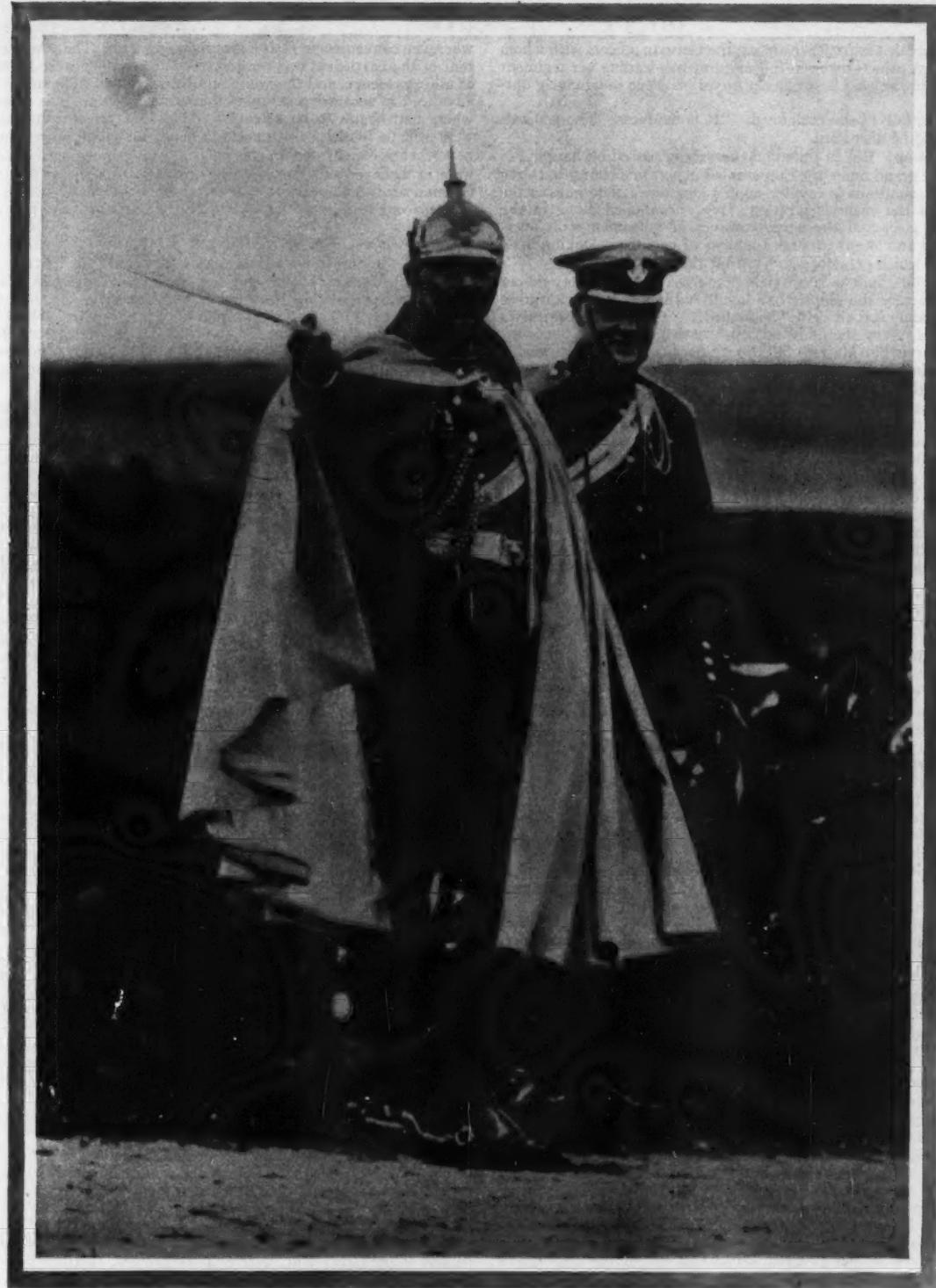
On the evening of this review the Emperor gave his dinner to the province. Three or four hundred Silesian functionaries and nobles, together with the foreign guests in uniforms of every color and loaded with gold lace and decorations, assembled in a spacious hall. The Emperor spoke with his usual facility and with the majesty that none could deny. The German General Staff officer at my side translated his speech in a whisper sentence by sentence into excellent English. It was the year 1906, the centenary of the battle of Jena.

"A hundred years ago," said William II, "Germany was reduced to the abyss of ruin. Our armies were everywhere captured or dispersed, our fortresses taken, our capital captured by hostile troops; the very structure of our State was broken into fragments. Long years of foreign domination lay ahead."

Only a hundred years ago! It seemed incredible that a single century, four fleeting generations, should have sufficed to raise the mighty fabric of power and wealth, of energy and organization, of which we were the awe-struck witnesses. What an amazing contrast: 1806-1906! What a contrast also between the bounding fortunes of martial Germany and the slow-growing continuity of British national life, which after nine hundred years of immunity from foreign invasion still wore a modest and self-questioning garb! But more amazing still would have been the contrast if the curtains of the future could for a moment have been swept aside, and if that glittering throng could have perceived that scarcely ten years separated triumphant Germany from collapse, subjugation and prostration far more complete and lasting than any that had darkened the morrow of Jena.

The maneuvers, however, for all their impressive scale and mechanism, revealed many questionable features to an instructed eye. Like others in the handful of British officers who in various capacities were watching the operations, I had carried away from the South African veldt a very lively and modern sense of what rifle bullets could do. On the effects of the fire of large numbers of guns we could only use our imagination. But where the power of the magazine rifle was concerned, we felt sure we possessed a practical experience denied to the leaders of these trampling hosts.

We watched with astonishment the movements of the dense columns of men over bare slopes within a few hundred yards of woods along whose entrenched outskirts lines of rifle men burned blank cartridges in unceasing fusillade. As the climax of the maneuvers approached, the opposing infantry masses came very close to one another. Presently we found them lying on the ground fifty yards apart in dense formation, bayonets fixed, and the front ranks firing furiously. More astonishing still—on the order to charge being given, these placid phalanxes rose from the ground and, still with bayonets fixed, advanced through



The Kaiser explaining military maneuvers to Mr. Churchill.

each other with perfect drill and lay down dutifully on the other side, toes to toes.

Whatever else this might be, it did not form contact with reality at any point. Besides South Africa I had also vividly in my mind the battle of Omdurman, where we had shot down quite easily, with hardly any loss, more than 11,000 Dervishes in formations much less dense and at ranges far greater than those which were now on every side exhibited to our gaze. We had

said to ourselves after Omdurman: "This is the end of this sort of spectacles. There will never be such fools in the world again."

Some inkling of the truth about modern fire had already begun to circulate in the German Army. As we advanced over the rolling downs, accompanying an attack delivered by a line of massed columns of infantry under the fire of at least one hundred guns, and of thousands of happily harmless rifles, I noticed signs

My Dramatic Days with the Kaiser

of unconcealed impatience among the German officers with whom I rode. A princess who in full uniform was leading her regiment became in the easy assurance of royal privilege indignantly outspoken.

"What folly!" she exclaimed. "It is madness. The generals all should be dismissed."

And so on. But in the main everything passed off happily.

At the grand finale the Emperor led in person a charge of thirty or forty squadrons of cavalry upon a long line of field-guns in the center of the enemy's position. We all galloped along in the greatest glee, and the surging waves of horsemen soon overwhelmed and swept through the rows of venomous looking little cannons which presumed to confront them.

"Do you think it is all right?" we asked an artillery officer whose battery the umpire had loudly adjudged to be captured.

"Certainly it is all right," he replied. "They are His Majesty's own guns. Why should he not capture them? It is an honor for us to serve His Majesty in this respect." But there was a twinkle in his eye.

After the bugles had sounded the "Cease Fire" over the wide plain, the great German Staff drew together round their War Lord on the summit of a little hill behind which a crowd of green-clad soldiers speedily erected a small wooden chalet which served as his military quarters in the field. The Emperor welcomed his personal guests with that unaffected and easy grace which was habitual to him and added so much to his charm and popularity. He talked to foreign visitors with the freedom and manner of an agreeable host at an English country house party, while all around the stiff uniformed figures of his generals and aides-de-camp stood immobile and passive, each rooted to his particular spot.

"What do you think of this beautiful Silesia?" he asked me in his facile English. "Fine country, isn't it? Well worth fighting for, and," he added, "well fought over. These fields are ankle-deep in blood. There"—pointing to the town of Liegnitz—"is where Frederick fought his battle. Down there"—he indicated a wooded valley—"is the Katzbach stream, where we beat the French in eighteen hundred and thirteen in our war of liberation."

I made such comments as occurred to me.

"Have you seen everything you want? I wish you to see everything perfectly freely. Tell me, is there anything you have not seen that you would like to see? Have you seen my new gun?"

I said I had seen it at a certain distance.

"Oh, but you must see it close to!" Then, turning to an officer: "Take him and show him our new gun. There is a battery over there. Show him how it works."

And with a gracious wave I was dismissed. As I left the circle I was conscious of a perceptible bristling, almost a murmur, among the military potentates who composed it.

Arrived at the battery an appreciable parley took place between the Emperor's aide-de-camp and the artillery commander. However, before the imperial insignia every reluctance faded. The gun was displayed. Its breech was opened and the motions of loading and firing it were gone through by the gunners. I made it evident that I did not wish to pry too closely, and after the usual heel clicking and saluting we took our departure. There was really nothing for the German officers to worry about. The Emperor knew quite well that I was not an artillery expert and could learn nothing from a superficial view of his field-gun that was not certainly already known by the war officers of Paris and London. But the impression which he raised in my mind was that he regarded himself as the private proprietor of all these vast and terrific machines, and liked to relieve its grim organization with a touch of personal amiability and confidence.

It was three years before I saw the German Army once more. I was again the guest of the Emperor, and the maneuvers were this time in Würzburg, in Bavaria. Many things had changed in the interval. The European outlook had sensibly darkened. The growth of the German Navy had led to the first heavy British counter measures. The controversy between the British and German Admiralties was sharp. The gradual association of British and French interests was more pronounced. The Young Turk revolution at Constantinople had set in motion a disturbing train of events in the southeast of Europe. I was now a member of the Cabinet and President of the Board of Trade—"Handels-Minister," as I was described on my invitation.

The maneuvers at Würzburg showed a great change in German military tactics. A remarkable stride had been made in modernizing their infantry formations and adapting them to actual war conditions. The absurd conditions of the Silesian maneuvers were not repeated. The dense masses were rarely if ever seen. The artillery was not ranged in long lines, but dotted about

wherever conveniences of the ground suggested. The whole extent of the battlefield was far greater. The cavalry were hardly at all in evidence, and then only on distant flanks. The infantry advanced in successive skirmish lines, and machine guns everywhere had begun to be a feature. Although these formations were still to British eyes much too dense for modern fire, they nevertheless constituted an enormous advance upon 1906. They were, I believe, substantially the formations with which the German army five years later entered the Great War, and were then proved to be superior in efficacy to those of their French opponents.

The reverberations of the Turkish Revolution were already perceptible in the center of German military life at Würzburg. Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, the Young Turk Minister of War, and Enver Bey were the principal military guests of the German headquarters. Over both these men hung tragic fates. Shevket was soon to be murdered in Constantinople. Before Enver there stretched a road of toil, of terror, of crime, of disaster, which was not to end until his own undaunted heart and eager frame were stilled forever.

Indeed these Würzburg maneuvers make in my mind the picture of a Belshazzar feast. Upon how many of those who marched and cantered over the pleasant Bavarian fields in that autumn sunlight had the Dark Angel set his seal? Violent, untimely death, ruin and humiliation worse than death, privation, mutilation and despair to the simple soldier, the downfall of their pride and subsistence to the chiefs—such were the fates, could we but have read them, which brooded over thousands and tens of thousands of these virile jaunty figures. All the kings and princes of Germany, all the generals of its Empire clustered round the banqueting tables. Ten years was to see them scattered, exiled, deposed, in penury, in obloquy—the victims of a fatal system in which they were inextricably involved. And for the Kaiser, that bright figure, the spoiled child of fortune, the envy of Europe—for him in the long series of heart-breaking disappointments and disillusionments, of failure and undying self-reproach which across the devastation of Europe was to lead him to the woodcutter's block at Doorn—there was surely reserved the sternest punishment of all.

One final incident remains in my mind. I made the acquaintance of Enver Bey. I was attracted by this fine looking young officer, whose audacious gesture had at the peril of his life swept away the decayed régime of Abdul Hamid, and who had become in one leap spring the hero of the Turkish nation and the probable master of its destinies. He evinced a desire to talk about the Bagdad Railway, with certain aspects of which my office was specially concerned, and with which question as a minister I was of course closely acquainted. No opportunity presented itself for this conversation until the last day of the maneuvers when we rode together alone for an hour amid the thunder of the closing cannonade.

We were deep in our subject and discussing it from an angle not entirely in accordance with German views, when we noticed that the horse of the royal equerry who rode behind us was causing his rider continuous trouble. Four separate times did this animal escape apparently from control, and each time its bounds and curvets carried our attendant close up to us, either between us or alongside, in which position after apologizing for his clumsiness he remained until actually directed to fall back. Over the face of the Young Turk leader and newly triumphant conspirator there played a smile of frank and perfect comprehension. There was no need for us to exchange suspicions.

The maneuvers ended, and the moment had now come to take leave of the lord of so many pomps and splendors. The Emperor sat on his great black horse, the center of a wide circle of officers of high rank from every branch of the German Army. Moltke, Einem, the venerable Field Marshal von Haeseler, Hindenburg, then unknown outside Germany, and I doubt not most of the other leaders in the Great War, were grouped around. I uttered a few sentences of thanks to the Emperor for his hospitality, and of the interest and pleasure I had derived from the maneuvers.

"Do not make me speeches," he said. "You know I am very pleased to see you here."

This was the last time I was to speak with him. The blasts of ruin and hate were soon to shatter the imposing structure of Europe and lay her thrones and dominions in the dust. We made our way towards Munich through long roads crowded for many miles with the dispersing troops. I was not again to mingle with great masses of German soldiery until the tenth of August, 1918, when I had to motor through the long columns of weary, dust-choked, war-broken German prisoners collected from the battlefield of Villers-Bretonneaux.

By
Frederick R. Bechdolt

*A Story of A
Lonely
"Bad
Man"*

Brazos

*Illustrations by
Forrest C. Crooks*

The boy was saying, "There,
there. We will make it
yet. Don't worry, dear."

MEN called him Brazos. Even the outlaws with whom he rode had no other name for him. Whence he had come none knew save himself; he never spoke of home or of his people. But the observing ones noted a nicety in his speech which the other bad men did not own; and they marked that, while his companions frolicked in the roaring dance halls, he drank hard in silence, scouring himself with whisky as the Penitentes in the New Mexico mountains whipped themselves with cactus.

On the evening of Chiricahua's last big gun fight, he was—in years—still young; not yet thirty, slender of figure, graceful as a cat; he would have been handsome but for the saturninity which marred his features. Now, as the smoke wreaths lifted, disclosing the sprawling forms of the dead men and the dying in the wide main street, there was a Satanic light in his dark eyes.

From the first heavy explosion of the sheriff's sawed-off shotgun to the last sharp revolver report there had elapsed some thirty seconds. That was all. To the ears of the non-combatants, who had taken refuge within doors, it had sounded like a dozen enormous firecrackers set off in a bunch.

In sole possession of the field, Brazos looked about him, appraising the results of victory. A few moments ago he had owned three followers; now he had none. True, the sheriff and his two deputies were dead; but the law still lived. On the morrow a new sheriff would appoint new deputies and name a price on Brazos's head.

That was what it had come to. One more community arrayed against him. Another town which he could not enter on pain of death.

In days gone by the whole Southwest had been free to him. Now, from the Pecos to the Colorado, he was a fugitive.

The bolder citizens, emerging from the doorways on either side of the main street, saw Brazos riding out of Chiricahua. Now and again, as he passed through the stream of lamplight before the windows of a saloon or dance hall, one of these more venturesome spirits got a glimpse of his face. His lips were twisted into a sardonic smile.



Two mornings later he rode out of the gaunt gray mountains where he had extinguished his trail and came upon the valley flats far to the eastward. Here he drew rein.

Beyond the eastern skyline other valleys lay, and towns; he named them to himself: Socorro, Las Cruces, Tularosa. They knew him well. Before him and behind, his road was blocked by his grim misdeeds. He looked into the south.

The great plain stretched away and away between ranges of stucco mountains; wide beds of lava fragments lay across it, tawny streaks of red and purple throbbing in the sun; and faint with distance, near the meeting place of the hot earth and the hot heavens, the bed of a dried lake gleamed evilly. A savage land and waterless. Beyond, uplifted in the sky—a three days' ride from here—the spectral peaks of a Mexican sierra beckoned him invitation. There passed a moment when the threat of death which lurked between him and those mountains was like a lure. He shook it off and reined his pony to the north.

"I'll head for Bitter Wells," he told himself, "and hole up there till I can get a stake and slip out of the country."

It was the only sanctuary where he could lie, biding the opportunity to swoop down on some hapless victim and get the means for his long flight to places where he was not known.

Once Bitter Wells had been a stage station, but the mail route had swung to the northward to take in the new silver camps near the Mogollons and the coaches came by no more. Of travelers there were still a few, for the most part wagon outfits passing



"Howdy," Brazos bade them curtly. "I have got a little business to do with you."

through to the west. The sale of feed and provisions at extortionate prices to these luckless strays, and a charge for water—which varied inversely with the sophistication of the customers—gave the place an excuse for existence. But the proprietors found their real pickings from hard-eyed guests who drifted in on horseback. Sometimes the communities from which these riders came did not want them any longer; sometimes these communities wanted them very badly. In either case it was the same; the guests paid high and did not bicker over prices. Now and again, when other business languished or when there was trouble brewing among the Jicarilla Apaches up Fort Bayard way, the

94

proprietors sallied forth with laden pack-horses into the mountains, where cartridges often brought their weight in silver. So, take it all in all, the pair who held forth here were doing well.

Business was fairly brisk in Bitter Wells this evening. Gabe Means was dealing monte bank in the main room of the long one-story station where the lumbering Concorde used to stop for the change of horses. Half a dozen players crouched about the outspread blanket on the earthen floor watching him narrowly as he dropped the cards, now from the top, now from the bottom; their faces were unlovely with suspicion. A little man, with hard round bird-like eyes and a tight mouth which looked as if the sun

had dried it shut, he returned their glances with roving and distrustful scrutiny. His partner Bulltoad Jones was sitting on a broken chair beside the whisky barrel with hand clasped over his bloated waist-line, holding one eye upon the game, the other on the open door. He was the first to see Brazos.

The outlaw stood before the threshold regarding the scene in silence. There was something about him which suggested a gray wolf looking upon a group of coyotes who are snuffing over the bones of a dead horse; a lone wolf lean with hunger, but in no mind for such stingy pickings as these over which the meaner animals are bickering. The right hand of Jones twitched toward his revolver; then, recognizing the newcomer, he left his chair and hurried to the door.

"How's tricks?" he asked in a husky half whisper.

Brazos ignored the question. "Who's here?" He nodded toward the room.

"Feller from Silver; been drunk ever sence he come; them two young ones was run out of Shakespeare last week; the other two is short in Las Cruces over some killin'."

"I saw a wagon outfit down by the corral when I rode in," Brazos went on quietly.

"Oh, them!" The fat man's lips curled scornfully. "Them's tenderfeet. The rankest kind. They don't know nothin' nohow."

"I reckon I'll put my hoss up, then," Brazos told him. "He's footsore. You can rustle me some grub while I am gone. I'm gaunt as a she wolf with pups."

"The' was a party from Chiricahua rode through this mo'nin'." Bulltoad Jones came a step closer as he delivered the information. "He says the's five hundred dollars on yuh, dead or alive. They figger yo're haisted down acrost the line."

If the tidings brought any emotion to the other he did not show it. His face remained steady in its somberness. "I may hole up here for a week or so," was all the reply that he made.

He turned away and found his jaded pony waiting in the darkness. As he was leading the animal to the corral he heard the murmur of voices by the covered wagon which he had seen on riding in. A lighted lantern stood on the ground before the vehicle. Skirting the circle of its radiance he saw the two tenderfeet. Involuntarily he paused.

The wagon's seat had been so placed upon the ground that they could lean their backs against one of the front wheels. They were sitting side by side looking straight before them into the darkness toward the west. Scarcely more than boy and girl, these two. His big smooth young face had a curious half puzzled expression; somehow it suggested the idea of one who has unexpectedly been struck a blow and looks up bewildered, seeking the reason. The girl was wrapped round with blankets, although the night was only pleasantly cool, and emerging from the swathings her face was like a flower—a pale petaled blossom which did not seem to belong here in the desert at all. Evidently they had not heard Brazos coming, for the boy was saying:

"There, there. We will make it yet. Don't worry, dear. We will." And as he spoke his arm stole around her.

Brazos moved away. In the corral, when he had fed the animal: "Bulltoad was right," he told his horse. "Rank tenderfeet."

With which he dismissed them from his mind. In that grim border country nature's first law was inflexible and none knew it better than Brazos. He was pondering on the problem of self-preservation when he returned from the corral. Five hundred dollars is five hundred dollars and the news of that reward would set others thinking besides himself. Sooner or later the time

would come when some of these others might take a long chance. One cannot go on forever sleeping with one eye open. He must slip away before they got too hungry for the blood-money. But once he left this sanctuary he would have to travel fast and far to reach a region where he was not known; and when a man's resources consist of a jaded horse and fifty dollars he can go neither far nor fast.

The group of monte players were busy about the blanket late into the night. The chink of silver made a pleasant sound as the bets changed hands. Now

and again one of the gamblers glanced up at Brazos, sitting apart in a corner of the long room, and found the outlaw's sullen eyes upon him. There was something sinister in his dark gaze; the same suggestion as when he had looked upon them through the door, of the big gray wolf sitting on his haunches outside the ring of feeding coyotes in half a mind to leap among them and scatter them, held back only because the bones over which they quarrel are not sufficiently tempting.

He slept alone. And where he rolled up in his blankets none of the others knew. Before the sunrise he had brought his bedding roll back to the station. While he was smoking a before-breakfast cigarette the young tenderfoot he had seen the night before beside the wagon came from the corral with a bucket in his hand.

"Mornin'," he greeted Brazos. "Fine day." He smiled and in the smile there was an eager diffidence, which faded before the outlaw's curt "Howdy."

Gabe Means came to the door; his bird-like eyes grew harder as they rested on the bucket.

"Two bits," said he; his voice was as arid as the surrounding landscape. He took the coin which the boy handed him and the pair walked over to the pump by the water trough beside the roadway. Now Brazos noticed for the first time that the pump handle was chained down, and the chain was padlocked. The landlord unlocked the fastening and the tenderfoot pumped his bucketful. His face had taken on that bewildered look which it had worn the night before. When he had departed for the corral Means looked Brazos in the eyes and smiled. In a hushed voice the outlaw profaned his Saviour's name.

"Every little counts," the other told him blithely. "Six bits a day off of them, an' they been here ten days. We get 'em comin' an' we get 'em goin'. Beats standin' up the stage or rustlin' cows in the long run."

Brazos recovered his composure. "I'll bet it does," said he. "And now, before you lock up that pump again, I'll have a half bucketful or so on the house. I want to wash."

After he had finished his ablutions he went to feed his horse. The pair from the covered wagon met him by the corral gate. They were walking slowly and the girl was leaning heavily on her young husband's arm. The pallid beauty of her face held something which puzzled Brazos, a look in which there seemed to be, curiously mingled, hope and fear and a weariness that was near to suffering. The blanket which had concealed her form the night before was gone now; and when his eyes read the tale of approaching motherhood they shifted quickly. She was smiling as she spoke to him and there was something brave in the way she held her lips.

"Good morning"—that was all she said. He lifted his hat and passed on with a muttered answer. While he was sorting out the miserable baled hay which his hosts kept in the stable, he

scowled at his pony. "This place," he growled, "is getting too popular for us. We got to get out soon. We certainly got to get out soon."

Leaving the corral he found himself again face to face with the young tenderfoot.

"My name," the latter announced, "is Wilson." There was no avoiding the boy's outstretched hand. Brazos took it with a scowl.

"That so?"

"Yes, sir." There was a sort of helpless eagerness in the speaker's manner as he fell in beside the outlaw. "I wanted to ask you about the road west."

"Road's good enough this time of year," Brazos told him shortly.

Wilson smiled hopefully. "I'm glad to hear it. You see I'm sort of out of luck. Me and my wife, we come from Ioway with a four-horse team; good horses every one of 'em. Well, sir, we was making it fine until we struck this here place ten nights ago. While we was camped here the Apaches run off our horses." He laid his big hand on Brazos's arm, and there was a huskiness in his voice now. "I dunno whether you noticed. My wife. You see, she's going to have a baby. You know how women are—mebbe you're a married man yourself?"

Brazos made no answer; he was scowling straight before him.

"She's got a sister in Tucson," the boy went on simply, "and we was figuring on my getting a job there and selling them horses. They was two good span. We didn't want that we should get hung up on the way. She figgers she would like to be with her own folks, you know." He paused again. The look of hurt bewilderment was in his eyes. "Them two fellers that runs the place says they can sell us a span of horses for two hundred apiece. They ain't much good, but they might pull us through. And this ain't no place for her. What do you think?"

"I reckon," Brazos answered grimly, "you had better be getting out as soon as you are able." He shot a dark look at the other. "Those Apaches came at night?"

"At midnight," the boy answered, "and they made an awful noise about it. The big feller there—the fat one, you know—he took out after 'em and he was gone three days. But he lost the trail where they hit the mountains north of here."

Brazos smiled, and the smile made his face more sunburned than ever.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," the other told him, "fer your advice."

"Don't mention it," the outlaw answered sourly.

That night when the blanket was spread out on the earthen floor he watched the players from apart in silence. The game had changed to poker. Now and again a gold piece appeared among the bets. The drunken man from Silver was beginning to sober up; the others leaned over the blanket more avid than the night before. In his corner Brazos kept thinking of what the boy had said.

"Two spans; good horses all of them." That meant at least eight hundred dollars in the mining camps to the north.

"Apaches!" Brazos said to himself. "And Bulltoad made him think that he was chasing them. It sure does take that breed of coyote to get the other fellow's money and make him like it."

When the next dawn was

reddening the eastern sky, the creaking of the pump-handle brought Brazos out in front of the stage station. To him the methods of the proprietors of Bitter Wells had an uncanny fascination. He stood watching the spectacle at the water trough as if it were a play arranged with the special purpose of appealing to his sardonic sense of humor. Wilson was giving drink to a pair of decrepit white horses; Gabe Means was sitting on the trough's edge twirling the key of the padlock in his fingers. The tenderfoot finished and started to lead the team away. Means rose.

"Hold on there, feller. You've fergot something, ain't yo?"

Brazos smiled sourly. "Now I thought so," he told himself.

The boy halted; the look of bewilderment was on his face.

"A dollar is our charge fer horses," Means announced dryly.

"But these here—why, they was your'n," Wilson protested.

"They was." The landlord's voice was crackling. "But they are your'n now. Yo' done paid for 'em, didn't yo'?"

The boy reached slowly into his pocket and handed over the money in silence.

On his way down to the corral a few moments later Brazos saw Wilson putting the harness on his newly purchased team. A little fire was blazing near the covered wagon; the girl was bending over it. Their backs were towards the outlaw, and there was something near to misery in the young fellow's voice.

"Less'n ten dollars left," he was saying. "I dunno how we're ever going to make it, Letty."

"There now." She left the fire and came swiftly to his side; her arm went round him. "We're going to make it, dear. Jest don't you worry. We're going to pull through. I'm feelin' fine."

They kissed each other there beside the bony horses and Brazos was starting on when she caught sight of him.

"Good morning," she called. "Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?" He halted. "I'm sure it's better than they give you over there." She smiled bravely at the surly stranger.

He shook his head, and with a curt "No thanks," went into the corral.

A half-hour afterward he watched them pulling out. The white team shambled uncertainly; the wagon crawled over the flat; the boy was leaning forward on the driver's seat with one arm about his wife and Brazos saw that same brave smile on her lips. Thus, without farewell from anyone, they departed toward the range of mountains on the western sky-line.

"Reckon they'll make Tucson with them two crow-bait?" one of the pair from Los Cruces asked Bulltoad Jones. The fat man shook his head.

"Hell, no," he answered cheerfully.

"There ort to be a law," Gabe Means proclaimed, "ag'in sech fools a-leavin' home." His voice was vibrant with self-righteousness.

Whatever thought Brazos might have been disposed to waste over the chances of the pair was interrupted by another incident which took place that afternoon. The man from Silver had sobered up entirely and was setting forth into the northward. He rode away, after the manner of most guests at Wells, without a word as to his intentions or his destination. Brazos gazed after him and his face was dark.

The road which he was taking passed through the (Continued on page 108)

This Gets a Laugh from the British

By George Belcher



FIRST LADY: Nice bit of spaghetti, ain't it?

SECOND LADY: I don't think much of it. It's too stringy.

FIRST LADY: Try with yer veil off, dearie.

By F R A N K R. A D A M S

*A Story
of a
Tortoise,
A
Hare—
and A
Girl*

The Meteo

*Illustrations by
Joseph A.
Mastro*

Kay read King's letter and the Little Doctor went on to explain that strange urge in men's souls that makes them leave those they love best.

WHY do men fall in love with women who are not physically fit?" demanded King Congdon irritably, switching at the desk with a willow branch he had cut. "You're a doctor and ought to know."

"I don't, though. Perhaps it's merely the protective instinct." Doctor Gene Salisbury guessed what his friend was driving at, but he refused to help him to make a concrete statement.

So King had to come out with it. "For instance, there's Kay Dee and myself. You say and so would any doctor that I'm the best life insurance risk in the town of Victoryville, and here I am engaged to be married to a girl who can't walk two blocks without having to sit down to rest. Why does God or destiny throw us together? I love her and she loves me. Neither one of us has ever cared for anyone else. But what's going to happen after we're married? I'm going to want to go everywhere, to do everything, and she won't be able to stand the pace. I can't live in this quiet little town forever. I've got to get out and see what's at the end of the railroad tracks, but she could never rough it the way she would have to if she went along as a poor man's wife. I'll bust over the traces just as sure as shootin' and I know it, and yet our wedding day is set for next month. What should I do?"

The Little Doctor thought a minute, pulling heavily on his evil pipe, fragrant with reminiscences of burned out emotions. "You'll have to do what I suppose every man does. You'll drown your desire for freedom in a sea of duties."

"Not me. I couldn't. There's something in my blood right now, Gene, that's yelling for speed and action. There must have been a Gipsy somewhere among my ancestors."

At that his statement seemed like a reasonable diagnosis. King Congdon looked it a little. His skin was dark and his hair had black waves in it. Unless the fire department managed to put him out in some way he was never going to look right in an easy chair by the fireside, juggling twins.

The Little Doctor understood his friend because he had imagination, but he was not the same kind of a man at all. The fact that everybody called him "The Little Doctor" and that he had no patients to speak of should paint him accurately enough on the canvas of this narrative. He was bony and mild and persevering and industriously contented. Throw him into the air anywhere and he'd come down on his feet with his sleeves all rolled up ready to commence on the first job at hand.

He was the best physician and surgeon in town, but no one knew it yet except himself.

"I wish I had the courage to cut loose and go." King had probably been speaking on the same subject for some time. The Little Doctor hadn't heard him. He had been thinking of something else—probably Kay Dee (he frequently did).

"What about your law practise?"

King laughed. "My law practise is just about as important as your medical ditto. Besides, there isn't enough arm room for me in the law. I'd rather break the laws than help enforce

them. I'd like to have somebody tie me up with heavy physical chains and dare me to get free. I'll bet I'd make it."

The Little Doctor's telephone roused him at one-thirty. "It's the station agent speaking," a man's voice explained. "The westbound fast freight hopped off of a blind siding between here and Sterling. I'm sending out a motor hand-car and there ought to be a doctor go along. I ain't heard yet whether there was anybody hurt or not, but you better take all the first aid stuff you got. We'll wait five minutes for you."

Doctor Salisbury's practise was mostly things like that—emergency calls that took him out into cold, wet and disagreeable places. The nice, comfortable neurasthenic patients who developed symptoms during reasonable hours of the day traded with old Doctor Whiteside, who had a mellow bedside manner that had aged in the wood.

But the Little Doctor didn't really mind. He knew that he was young yet and that he had to serve his apprenticeship. There would be plenty of time for sugar pill practise after he had grown a set of gray whiskers.

So he slipped into his clothes and hurried down to the tracks, where the motor hand-car was rarin' to go, engine running and a flare torch burning in lieu of a headlight. The car began to move as he threw his case aboard.

There was little for him to do at the wreck. The cars were on fire and would probably be burning until some time the next day as there was a lot of coal and coke in the freight, but the crew were all accounted for and alive. There were several broken bones and some cuts, but it did not take him over an hour to dress all the injuries. By daylight he was back home ready to get breakfast over at the Busy Bee Lunch Room and start the day's work of scheming how to snare a couple of Doctor Whiteside's cash and carry customers away from him.

The morning mail held a surprise for him.

The Little Doctor had never had a letter from King Congdon before. King was not the writing kind.

Dear Doc [it read]: I can't stand it any longer. I'm off tonight. Will you try to explain to Kay Dee why I'm doing this? I don't just know myself but I think that maybe you do. It isn't that I don't love her, because I do. It's because something inside of me is going to bust if I don't go. Probably she'll forget soon enough. Women do. Tell her I'm coming back for her if you think it will make it any easier. She'll forget that too if I never return.

Thanks, old horse,

Yours, King

P. S. I'm going to hop the brake rods of the westbound fast freight at midnight and will be hull down over the horizon when you get this.

The Little Doctor felt a sudden cold nausea as he read the postscript. He was remembering those burning freight-cars twenty miles up the track. The train crew had been all accounted for, yes, but no one had thought that there might be any illegal passengers. A man riding under one of those cars wouldn't have had a chance in the world.

The Little Doctor took the letter to his office and lighted up his old and very terrible pipe while he sat and thought a long time over what he ought to do about it.

Then he took a pair of shears and cut off the postscript, which he dropped into his office stove and burned. After that he called up Kay Dee's house.

"Kay Dee," he said, "King went up to Omaha this morning. There was something to attend to about a law case he was working on and he caught a ride with a tourist going through. He asked me to tell you so that you wouldn't worry."

The Little Doctor lied fluently for five minutes over the telephone. It was in the line of business, he assured himself, because if he had told the truth Kay Dee would have died. She was one of his few patients and he knew that she could not stand an overwhelming shock.

King had left another residuum from the chemical explosion of his life.

It was Mac, his mostly white, shaggy, heavy-shouldered collie, who had escorted his master down to the railroad station and had waited there ever since so as to be sure to get the first glimpse of his god when he should return.

The Little Doctor dragged Mac home once by the collar—home, that is, to his own bachelor office shack—but the one-idea-ed brute had leaped the back fence and disappeared in a dusty streak toward the depot.

After that the Little Doctor took food to the dog so that he could eat it in plain sight of the railroad tracks. It was a

temporary measure just exactly the same as were the half-truths he had told Kay Dee until he could decide what would be the best course to pursue in a permanent future.

Kay Dee had something the same kind of a mind as Mac. Her life, ever since she had been a child, had centered in the boy who was her idol. She was quite content in her devotion to him, could not, apparently, think of any other real reason for her existence. Removing King left her without a purpose.

When King had been gone a week the Little Doctor went to call on Kay Dee. He showed her the letter—minus the postscript—which King had written to him and then went on to explain to the best of his ability that strange urge in men's souls that makes them leave those they love best and set out adventuring upon unknown trails.

"But we were to have been married next month," Kay Dee objected. "How will he ever get back in time?"

"He won't."

Apparently she had not grasped the finality of King's departure. How could she? Women do not seek the highroads and high seas as men do merely for the sake of movement. They go only because a man has gone before.

"The wedding will have to be postponed?"

"Yes, Kay Dee, the wedding will have to be postponed."

"Until he comes back?"

"Yes." And all the time he was thinking of that sullen smoldering flat car twenty miles up the track.

"I'll wait." Kay Dee was like that, all patience, devotion, self-immolation.

Looking at her as she sat there receiving the news, the Little Doctor realized for the first time why Kay Dee was one of the things that King had run away from.

She was lovely but not vivid; her charm was that of a devoted child, nothing to stir the pulses of a man whose imagination ran riot amid the adventurous jungles of the world. Kay Dee's emotions were of another variety altogether; they ran deep with little expression on the surface. One had to be able to understand a little the silent symbols of the elves to read the liquid sign language of her dark, enigmatic eyes; one had to be an amateur of the beauty that lies deeper than the skin to appreciate the fragile, wistful allure of her apparently childlike features. The Little Doctor, worse luck for him, was the sort of man who understood.

It tore his heart.

And to spare her he made up his mind to lie to her—always, if necessary.

"Mac—Mac, where are you? Here's your breakfast."

The Little Doctor had quite a lot of left-overs from his own morning meal, considerably more left-overs, in fact, than there would have been if he had been able to forget the look in Mac's eyes. Well, a man could wear his belt tighter easy enough, but a dog certainly had to have food, especially a dog whose religion had gone away, probably forever.

"That's a nice dog of yours."

The Little Doctor looked up. The man who had spoken was a ragged looking specimen—one of those who only graced Victoryville between freights.

"He's a nice pup, all right," the Little Doctor admitted, "but he isn't mine. His real master has left town."

"For good?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Is that so? If I wasn't traveling light I'd adopt him myself."

"I don't believe you'd have a chance. I've already tried to take him home with me."

"Oh, I could do it all right!"

"How?" Curiously.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"Well, first let him get to like your smell and then make him think you need him."

The Little Doctor did not quite comprehend and said so.

The tramp amplified his instructions. "Don't feed him anything for a day or so and then, when you do, give him a piece of dog biscuit or something that you've carried around with you for twenty-four hours. The best place to keep it is right up under your arm. It may not sound so very elegant, but it works. After he eats that biscuit he's your blood brother from then on—a twin brother at that. You may not need the rest of the prescription, but if you do, the trick is to have somebody attack you when he is near enough to hear you and yell to him for help. That kind of a dog will understand all right and after that he'll follow you around the rest of his life



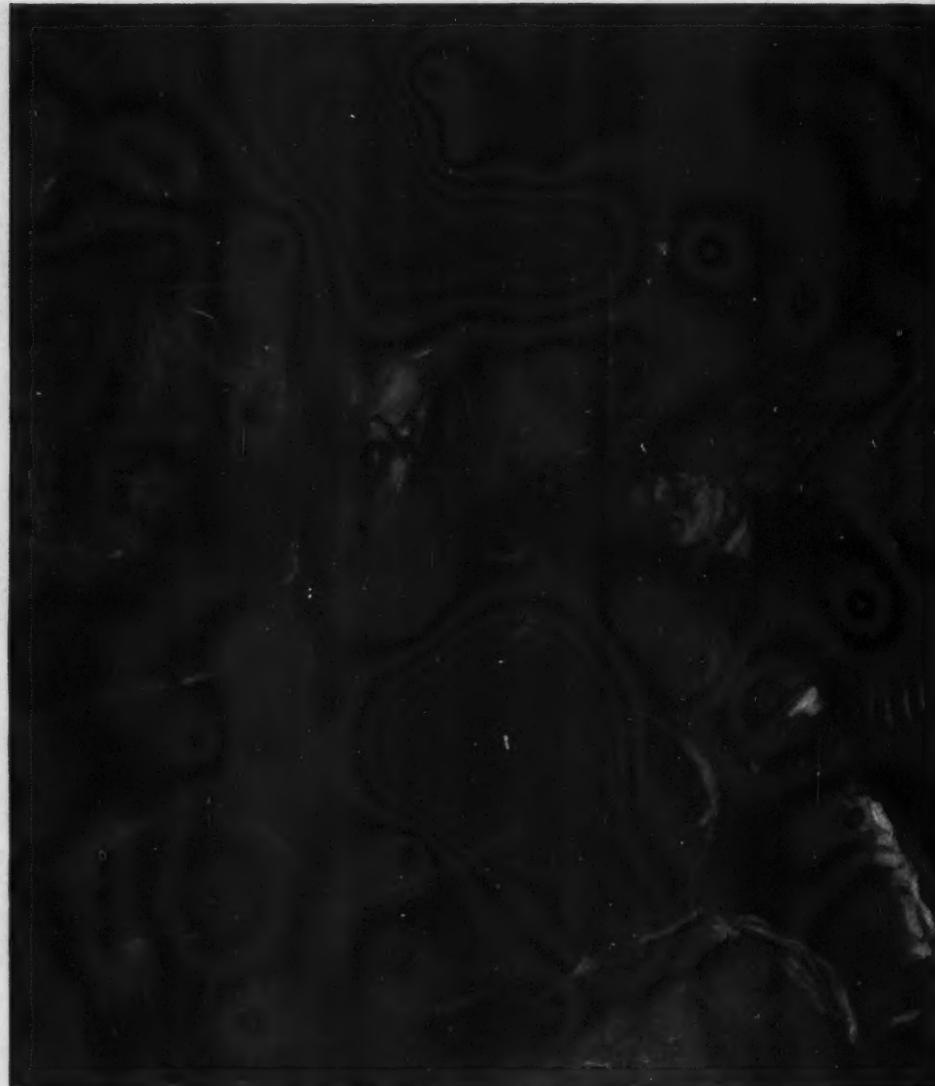
"Kay's been calling for you every minute since she got hurt," said King to the Little Doctor.

for fear you'll get into another scrape you ain't big enough to get out of by yourself."

The Little Doctor was skeptical, but he did not have a great deal to do that month—which did not make it any different from every other month—so he decided to try it. The tramp agreed to help in return for his meals for a week. They went over right then and there to arrange the transaction with the proprietor of the Busy Bee Lunch Room.

The scheme worked. Just which half was most efficacious it is impossible to say because it all happened so close together.

The Little Doctor fed Mac the biscuit along about ten o'clock in the evening after he had come in from a call in the country and then walked away about a hundred yards before calling to Mac to follow. The dog looked after him uncertainly as he went away much as if he were not just sure where his most important duty lay. The Little Doctor was watching Mac so



"The girl was knocked out. That's what seemed to worry her beau more than the loss of the car," one of the group told The Little Doctor.

closely that he did not notice the man who stepped out of the shadow of the grain elevator and pointed a gun at him.

"Hands up!"

The Little Doctor whirled and grappled with his assailant. "Here, Mac! Here, Mac!" he called.

There wasn't much of anything to the fight, especially after Mac got there. The Little Doctor was laughing so hard at the success of the plot that he did not notice until he had pulled Mac off from the prostrate tramp that it was not the man who had taught him the trick at all but another and doubtless criminal knight of the road with serious intentions who had got tangled up in the plot. The gun he had dropped was really loaded. The Little Doctor bound up the place where Mac had set his teeth in the stranger's anatomy and escorted him to the village jail.

Mac was waiting anxiously for the Little Doctor when he came out and grinned rather self-consciously when the latter hugged him. They went home together and Mac thumped down beside the cot in the office. After that Mac was the one thing the Doctor could be sure of stepping on if he ever had to get up in the dark, and no one else ever traveled in the Doctor's roadster unless he happened to be thin enough to sit three on a seat.

Kay Dee could do that.

Mac and the Little Doctor took Kay Dee with them whenever they could because the girl needed something to divert her from the problem which was worrying her thin. The Little Doctor rather thought that maybe she knew what had really happened and was brooding over it.

There was no actual physical illness that Doctor Salisbury could put his finger on and give a pill for. She was just sort of pining away. Something had to be done or she would fade out of the picture entirely. And the Little Doctor realized that it was up to him.

So he did the only thing that his imagination recommended as a psychological sedative to tide her over the acute stage of heart-break. He wrote to a classmate of his own in a distant city and had the latter send a telegram to Kay Dee signed with King Congdon's name. The telegram idea was an inspiration because it did not have to be in King's handwriting.

It was a non-committal sort of a message, but it had the desired effect. Kay Dee cheered up immediately.

She even showed it to the Little Doctor himself. "He hasn't forgotten," she boasted, "and he's coming back as soon as he makes his fortune. That won't take long for a man like King."

It twisted the Little Doctor's heart to think how unsubstantial a thing it was to which Kay Dee pinned her life. There ought to be some way to arouse her to a new interest in existence. Too bad that women were not more like dogs.

Once on a long drive with her he had lighted his evil pipe without thinking and then started to put it out apologetically.

"But I don't mind it in the least, Doctor Gene," she had said, smiling. "That pipe really smells better when it is burning than when it is in your pocket brooding over its wicked past."

Doctor Gene laughed. "I didn't realize that my perfumery was so persistent. I'll leave it behind next time."



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"If you do I won't go. I really like it—now that I'm used to it. You wouldn't seem you without that curious tang. If I were ever in serious trouble I'd like to be able to sniff the air and be able to tell that you were on the way."

Kay Dee was in serious trouble soon enough and even the Little Doctor could not help her much. Her father, who idolized her, cashed in his pitifully few earthly checks and went hopefully to find out if Kay's mother had been able to hold a seat for him beside her in Heaven. The Little Doctor did all he could to strengthen the tie to mortality, but no one could really have turned the trick.

Kay was left in terrible shape. She needed someone to tie to and everything was gone now. If King had only been by her side it would have been so much simpler to get over the rough places. The Little Doctor sent her a telegram via the underground route with King's name signed to it, but even that failed to bring her up to par, which in Kay Dee's case was not very high anyway. She was practically penniless, too. The Little Doctor found that out first from the cashier at the bank who had acted as executor of the estate.

The Little Doctor could not bear the idea that anyone who had been consigned, even left-handedly, to his care, should get into one of life's quicksands. He smoked his pipe a lot before he got anywhere. Perhaps it was that very indulgence in strong tobacco which made him sick. He did not get up the next day, or at any rate he did not get up so far as anybody noticed. At that, his room was strangely tidy for one in which a bachelor and a dog had been sleeping all night.

He telephoned Doctor Whiteside, who came and prescribed complete rest. This prescription, the older physician felt, would help both of them because the Little Doctor had been getting a lot of his practise away from him lately.

Doctor Gene acquiesced docilely in his rival's orders, which made the latter believe his patient was very sick indeed. The patient even suggested that he could do with a nurse, not a graduate from the city hospitals, of course, but someone who had had a little local sick-room experience.

Kay Dee came over that very afternoon.

"Do you think you could take care of me?" the Little Doctor demanded petulantly when she had announced that she was going to.

"Of course. You know what you said about me yourself when I was nursing my father."

"How much will it cost?"

"Hush up and go to sleep. It may cost you one-tenth of the bill you never sent me for taking care of father."

It annoyed the Little Doctor to stay in bed, but he succeeded in conquering his craving for exercise for a week while Kay Dee gave him more diamond-studded attention than he remembered ever to have received before in his life from anyone. And all the time that he lay there he was trying to think of some way to help her without letting her know that he was doing it.

Finally: "Kay Dee, when I get well, do you suppose I would be able to hire you as an assistant? You're a better nurse than I thought you were and you're moderately bright about other things besides. You would be a lot of help to me on my more serious cases and between times you could run the office like a clock, especially when I was out of it."

Kay Dee looked at him suspiciously. But the Doctor had done so much acting during the week that he was getting pretty good at it. His bland expression fooled her.

After a little arguing she agreed to try it.

That was the end of the comfortable roughing it in the Little Doctor's office quarters. He moved Mac and himself into the back room and let Kay Dee do her worst. She made the place so tidy that it didn't smell a bit worse than an old-fashioned drug store, except, of course, for the pipe.

There wasn't much else for Kay Dee to do except to keep his office in battle-ship order. The Little Doctor had just about as much need for an office assistant as he had for an elevator in the one-story building in which he was located. To pay her tiny salary that winter he had to wear his last year's suit and pray every night for an epidemic of some mild kind of sickness in Victoryville.

One thing he did accomplish. By having Kay Dee where he could constantly watch her he was able to build her up physically to a point she had never reached before.

An occasional telegram from King sent from some city judiciously selected from the directory of his alumni magazine apparently kept her from acute mental depression and made her a willing subject for the indirect course of physical training which he put her through—trivial daily errands to distant parts of town on foot, jobs of body massaging lady patients, and the stunt of making her learn to fence on the pretense that he wanted to keep in practise himself.

Exercise is such a wonderful medicine that it's too bad scarcely anyone ever tries it.

A curious transformation took place in Kay Dee. She began to grow vivid, to attain to all the elements of charm that she had apparently lacked before. The change was almost incomprehensible. She gradually became the (Continued on page 152)

Why I'm Not A Well-Dressed



A free-hand drawing expert chalked designs on my back.

SOCIETY is not to blame. The fault is my own. I had my chance. For more than a year I shared an office with a writer who conducted a column called "What The Well-Dressed Man Will Wear." It was generally assumed that this would be a great lesson to me, but at the end of the year the column conductor was fired and I looked precisely the same as at the beginning of the experiment.

I have always felt that it was his failure to influence me for the better which broke his heart.

Of course I did learn in time what I ought to wear, but the responsibility of always doing the right thing was too much for me. A well-dressed man can hardly have time enough to be anything else. And there isn't any sense to it. In male attire elegance seems to have become a synonym for discomfort.

No man has ever been born into the world who does not itch a little in evening clothes. Train a lad from infancy and a high collar will still harass his chin.

Take that advertisement which reads "How Did Your Garters Look This Morning?" My inclination is to answer "Terrible" and then, after a moment's pause for effect, to add "What of it?" I don't think I'm really what you would call garter-conscious. Without stopping to look I couldn't even tell you what color they are.

Sometimes I go for months without ever giving my garters a thought. There are just two kinds of garters—good and bad. Good garters are the ones which keep your socks up and bad garters are those that don't. Black, white, red, yellow and brown are equal in my sight. There is no reason to draw a color line. No garter which does its work faithfully and quietly will ever be discriminated against by me.

I have somewhat the same feeling about socks. They should know their place. Male hosiery ought to be seen and not heard. The latest style which provides for black and white checks makes no appeal. My ankles are my own business. I have no desire whatsoever to invite comment. If a person wants to express himself let him look higher. A little recklessness becomes a necktie, but the ankles of men were

designed by nature for mere utility and it is ridiculous to try and impart to them any quality of estheticism or entertainment.

Still it isn't quite fair for me to act like a martyr in regard to all this. More than mere devotion to a principle has reduced me to my present estate. Once a group of male relatives decided that something ought to be done about me. They felt that the whole family was being brought into disrepute and so they got together and raised a purse for me to carry to the best tailor in the town. Nothing was left to my discretion. I began to feel like an artist's model as the tailor and all his collaborating experts circled around me.

There passed a weary time. Again and again I had to go to the shop while an expert in freehand drawing chalked designs on my back which looked for all the world like a chart of the movement of the ball in the first half of a Yale-Harvard football game. But work as they would they could not prevent a fumble.

Twelve hours after I left the shop in my new suit the Spring rains began, and now those clothes look exactly like all the rest which were unpremeditated garments supplied at a reasonable figure to anybody who was prepared to go up two flights.

Somehow or other clothes just won't cling to me.

I suppose I must have a form, but it is one which no self-respecting suit cares to follow. This secession and recession is most evident in waistcoats. A vest of mine may begin by extending almost to the knee and in a week's time it will have climbed and climbed hand over hand until I could wear it as a fascinator.

My job as a journalist requires me to crawl around on my hands and knees only upon special occasions and yet before a month is out I have to tack when walking against head winds.

Evolution had manifested certain intentions in regard to the human toe, but along comes the bootmaker and attempts to exercise the veto power.

The maker of feet and the maker of shoes have never talked things over and agreed on any cooperative plan.

Above size twelve I find there is very scant opportunity for selection in shoe shops. Only those models which provide great open spaces are available for me. The assumption seems to be that in such sizes grace of line is not of moment. We in the thirteenth class are so many lumberjacks to the shoe manufacturer. Against that I make no complaint except that these Brobdingnagian brogans make me a marked man. When I walk into restaurant or cabaret the waiters form a hollow square and prepare to sell their lives dearly. Flasks are hidden. The orchestra ceases to play and the proprietor very ostentatiously begins to put up the shutters. I am



There's no man born who doesn't itch a little in evening clothes.



I walk up two flights and save money.

Man By HEYWOOD BROUN

invariably identified by the very sound of my tread as one who has pounded many pavements and has just been snatched off my beat for plain clothes duty in the apprehension of Volstead violators.

Though I may seem to smile at much of this my heart has been close enough to breaking many a time. In several fields of literary and dramatic criticism my opinion is outlawed. Once upon a time, I was bold enough to object to plays and stories about life in the smart Long Island set with a dogmatic, "This is not faithful to the people of whom the author is writing. They don't behave in such fashion."

I had my downfall and rebuke and I am no longer venturesome. The play which aroused my ire concerned week-end frivolity in Great Neck. Now I had spent a Sunday in Great Neck and I felt competent to criticize. I did not remember having observed anybody kissing the housemaid or sitting down to discuss immortality with the butler. And so I sneered at the play and said that the authoress quite obviously was writing of a society with which she was altogether unfamiliar.

She had her revenge. There was a first night just a week later



She was intently regarding my feet.



I am not among those who affect Bohemian attire.

and as I started up the aisle I observed a woman in the back of the house intently regarding my shoes. She kept staring at them until I felt that I too must look. To my discomfort I found that they were somewhat below my best standard. As it happened the roads over which I traveled that month had been muddy for several weeks. As I passed the woman playwright she lifted her eyes from the muddy

boots and gave me a contemptuous smile of triumph. It was an expressive smile which seemed to say, "What can a man who wears shoes like that know about the nature of society life in Great Neck, Long Island?" There was no answer.

A year or so ago I was much encouraged to read in the newspapers that the King of Spain had started the fashion of wearing a soft shirt and attached collar with a dinner coat. I had been doing it for some time, but now that he was

helping in the movement I felt that we might get somewhere. Unfortunately he dropped out of the fight after a single summer. They had cabinet meetings in Spain and dissuaded him. Apparently the feeling was that this was the entering wedge of radicalism. The prime minister feared that a king who was attempting to get a little ease around the neck might go further and decide that a crown wasn't very comfortable either. And so Alfonso quit and left me to carry on the fight alone.

Generally speaking I think that "a sweet disorder in the dress" ought not to be a matter of plan. It should just happen that way. If a man is going to take thought and pains he might as well go the whole distance and wear checkered socks and look to his garters.

While it is true that I have never been able to achieve the better sartorial effects it is not so that I am among those who affect bohemian attire. My clothes may be poor things but they are my own. I am not their slave, to be sure, but neither are they mine. Once I knew a village poet of whom a cruel observer said, "I wonder who he gets to wear his collars for the first three days."

I am not in that class. I am what I am without premeditation. Never have I planned to look any way in particular. And taking thought about clothes seems to me a little contemptible. Beau Brummell is not worth emulation.

Let us look instead to the fireman—some fireman who has just been wakened by an alarm. He does not stop to cogitate what sort of tie will go well with his socks. There is no period of concentration on the problem of a suitable handkerchief. No indeed, his only concern is to get on enough clothes and get them on quickly. The community demands nothing more of him.

It would be a much better world if the same dispensation applied to all men. And if the world will not grant us this freedom let's go and take it anyway.



Above size thirteen grace is not a matter of moment.

By Bruno



MILKEN," Lapidowitz asked, "could I put up a news-stand in front of your place?"

The owner of Milken's Café nodded good-naturedly.

"Sure," he replied. "Why not? It'll make it easy for my customers to get papers and magazines. And it will give you some work to do, instead of bumming the way you have all your life."

They were sitting at a table close by the window of the café. Gazing out upon the sidewalk, Lapidowitz already saw his news-stand in full operation. Customers were helping themselves to publications and depositing their money upon the stand. He himself would always be sitting in the café, watching through the window. The thought of spending all his time outside, at his stand, never entered his head. Which is as exhaustive a description of Lapidowitz, the *Ghetto Schnorrer*, as you would want.

"I figured out," he went on, "that it would cost about fifty dollars to get started. Could you lend me that much? I would pay back every week—"

Milken yawned, rose and strolled toward the kitchen. Lapidowitz gazed after him angrily.

"Such a friend!" he sneered. "You could see me starve in the gutter."

"Don't make me laugh," replied Milken, without turning his head. And Lapidowitz realized that his news-stand had struck a serious snag.

Still, a news-stand is a news-stand. And an easy way of making a living is one of the greatest gifts of the gods. Lapidowitz began to wonder how he could raise the necessary fifty dollars.

Now entered Lubarsky and the *Schnorrer's* heart expanded. Lubarsky was rich. True, he had often refused to lend Lapidowitz a single penny. But this time—

"Mr. Lubarsky," Lapidowitz began, with an ingratiating smirk, "could I have a few words with you?"

"No. Where's Milken?"

Lapidowitz's heart ceased to expand. In fact, it began to contract. Not so much as the result of Lubarsky's curt reply, but on account of the cold-blooded finality of his tone.

"If I had wanted a dime," Lapidowitz muttered, "it would have been the same."

Lubarsky found Milken, talked with him earnestly for a few minutes in a low voice, and then Milken put on his hat and coat and both men left the café. Lapidowitz drew from his pocket a time-worn list of names of people who had lent him money and went over it carefully. He folded it and sighed; its possibilities were exhausted. He knew that he could not borrow fifty cents from the entire list. And now he saw his news-stand take wings and fly off into cerulean space.

He took stock of his finances. A dime in one pocket and a cent in another was the extent of his fortune. Having nothing else to do, he scribbled upon the marble table top the problem of

104

subtracting eleven cents from fifty dollars. Somehow or other the remainder, \$49.89, looked even bigger to him than fifty dollars. And then he ordered the waiter to bring him a glass of slivovitz.

A young woman, half her body hidden under a huge black shawl, came into the café and seated herself at the table directly opposite his. She asked for a glass of warm milk and a spoon and then Lapidowitz observed that she had a baby in her arms. As she removed a portion of the shawl, the baby's eyes fell upon Lapidowitz. For a moment they remained fastened in that inscrutable gaze of babyhood and then slowly a dimpling smile overspread the tiny face. Lapidowitz smiled in return and waved his hand. The mother looked up and smiled wanly. When Lapidowitz beheld her countenance, the smile died swiftly upon his own; it seemed to him the saddest, most mournful face he had ever beheld.

She was evidently young but the pallor of ill health and the clearly defined traces of suffering stamped her with age beyond her years. Her great brown eyes seemed sunken in their sockets;

no

Lessing



Baby

the deep purplish circles under them made them seem even bigger than they were.

After that one glance at Lapidowitz she seemed oblivious to everything else save the feeding of the child. When the glass had been emptied she drew her great shawl around herself and the baby and then turned to the waiter.

"I have no money," she said in Yiddish.

The waiter's face turned red. Here was a kind of customer he knew how to deal with.

"No money?" he cried. "And you think you can play that game here? You pay me ten cents. Come on. You've got the money hidden somewhere."

"I have nothing," replied the woman weakly. "The baby—"

"All right. I'll call a policeman," cried the waiter.

Lapidowitz saw the woman begin to tremble. He rose from his chair.

"Say, Max," he said, "you're worse than Milken. One would think somebody had robbed you of a million dollars. Here's your ten cents. Go and keep your mouth shut."

Illustration by

James
Montgomery
Flagg

The waiter stared at him. The woman rose, gazed at Lapidowitz, and her lips moved as if she were murmuring something, but no words came. The *Schnorrer* drew aside the edge of the shawl and gazed down into the baby's face. The same winning smile rewarded him. He then drew out of its fold the baby's arm and thrust his last penny into the tiny pink palm.

"There," he exclaimed. "For good luck."

The woman merely stared at him. It almost seemed as if all her powers of comprehension had deserted her. She opened the door and walked out into the street. Lapidowitz resumed his seat and finished his slivovitz. As he rose to depart, Max, the waiter, hurried toward him.

"How about the ten cents for the slivovitz?" he demanded.

"Charge it," replied Lapidowitz, with his grandest air.

"Say!" cried the waiter. "Mr. Milken said I shouldn't trust you no more. You already owe fifteen dollars and a quarter."

"You're wrong," replied the *Schnorrer*, lighting the stump of a cigarette and filling his pocket with matches. "I owe fifteen dollars and thirty-five cents."

Heedless of the waiter's clamoring he sauntered out of the place and strolled leisurely through the Ghetto. He stopped at several stores in the faint hope of borrowing money toward his news-stand, but luck was against him everywhere.

"They don't like me any more," was his aggrieved comment.

A
Story
of the
Heart
of A
Rascal

It was perhaps five o'clock when he reached the tenement in which he roomed. A slight rain had begun to fall and the front steps, usually crowded with children, were entirely deserted. He climbed the stairs wearily to the third floor and then with an exclamation of amazement came to a sudden stop. On the floor, at his very door, the light from a solitary gas-jet falling directly upon it, lay the baby he had seen in Milken's Café, tightly bundled in a huge shawl which hid all but its face. And even in that dim light he could see that the little face was smiling.

"Oy! Oy! Oy!" cried Lapidowitz, aghast. "What kind of business is this?" He looked around him. The stairs and the landing were deserted. For a moment he stood gazing down into the baby's smiling face. And then a sudden gesture—the baby tried to cram its fist into its mouth—decided him. He picked up the warm bundle and carried it into his room. He laid the infant upon his disordered bed. And without removing his battered silk hat, he sat down and gazed upon the baby.

The bundle began to squirm and toss and Lapidowitz opined that the young one desired to be relieved of the encumbrance of the shawl. His conclusion was correct. The moment the shawl was removed the baby seemed to rise to an ecstasy of glee. Its tiny bare legs beat the air, its arms waved and from its lungs came gurgling noises of delight.

Lapidowitz's heart expanded. He held out a finger which the baby instantly grasped and attempted to thrust into its mouth. "Wait a minute!" he said. He washed his hands with more care than he had bestowed upon them since the day he proposed to the wealthy Widow Klotz. He made sure that all the windows were closed and that no draft fell upon the bed. Then for a long time he abandoned his finger to the baby.

Lapidowitz's Baby

In a vague way he wondered how the mother had ascertained where he lived. And why she had abandoned the child. Although, instantly, the memory of her sorrowful countenance, with all its tragedy, answered this question. And vaguely too he wondered what he should do with this unexpected burden. But more clearly, yet without taking shape in words, other thoughts passed through his mind.

If this were only his own child! If his whole life had only been different and he were sitting here now with the tiny flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood, before him. How happy he would be! And what an incentive it would be to work! Yes, he actually believed that if he had a child of his own he would settle down to honest work. Which only shows how little we know ourselves.

Presently the baby's playful activity subsided, the smile died from his face and Lapidowitz found a pair of serious eyes regarding him. "What's the matter now, baby?" he asked. Then came a low, whimpering cry which made Lapidowitz scratch his head in perplexity. In a moment, however, he sprang to his feet.

"I bet he's hungry," he exclaimed. "I'll get him some milk."

On his way out he stopped to tap upon his landlady's door. He tapped very gently because he was several weeks in arrears with his rent. "I guess she's gone out," he said. "Anyway, I wouldn't know how to look after a baby."

As he descended the stairs he remembered that he had no money. He wondered if any of his acquaintances would believe the story of the baby. Ah well, if they didn't, he would bring them to his room and prove it, if only they brought a bottle of milk along. As he emerged from the tenement he came face to face with Milken puffing heavily up the front steps.

"I was just coming up to see you," said Milken. "I got good news for you. Mr. Lubarsky has got something he wants you to do for him and if you do it right, maybe you won't have no trouble in getting that news-stand you are so crazy about."

Lapidowitz had forgotten all about the news-stand.

"If I do anything for that miser," he said, "he got to pay cash. I don't trust any promises from him."

"Oh, he'll pay cash all right!" said Milken. "And I got some in my pocket for you in advance."

"That makes it different," said Lapidowitz. "How much?"

"First," said Milken, "you got to listen. Mr. Lubarsky, you know, is a very religious man."

"I know," said Lapidowitz. "He got a heart like a iceberg."

"Never mind," continued Milken. "He's the *parnas* of the synagogue Koi Israel and he done a lot for it. Now, Mr. Lefkovitch is the *parnas* of the synagogue Shaari Ephraim."

"Lefkovitch, the rich butcher?" asked Lapidowitz.

"That's him," said Milken. "They're good friends, mind you, only in some things friendship don't always count."

"I suppose Lubarsky wants to play a dirty trick on him," commented the *Schnorrer*.

"Not exactly," Milken went on. "It's just a matter of business. You see, the *hazan* of Shaari Ephraim died a couple of weeks ago and Mr. Lefkovitch made arrangements with Chaim Levine, the *hazan* of Chicago, to come to New York. My! What a fine singer he is! I heard him once. Well, anyway, today the *hazan* of Mr. Lubarsky's synagogue left to go out to Chicago to take Chaim Levine's place. And Mr. Lubarsky ain't got any *hazan* to sing."

"Does he want me to sing?" asked Lapidowitz, with a grin.

"Don't try to be a bigger fool than you are," remarked Milken dryly. "This Chaim Levine gets in about an hour from now and stops at a hotel opposite the ferry. Mr. Lubarsky wants you to go and see him and tell him that Mr. Lefkovitch went to Philadelphia and wants him to come right on there."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Lapidowitz.

"You ain't so dumb," Milken went on sarcastically. "You're dumber. You don't see at all. He wants you to take Levine to Philadelphia and get him in a hotel. Then you telegraph to Lubarsky and he will come straight on to Philadelphia and will arrange everything himself. When he has fixed everything with Levine, then comes your turn. If Mr. Lubarsky gets Levine, you get a news-stand and you can put it right in front of my place. Now do you see? Here is twenty-five dollars to pay Mr. Levine's hotel bill by the ferry, if he gets there before you, and to buy tickets to Philadelphia. Only you got to remember you come from Mr. Lefkovitch. And you got to keep your mouth shut."

Lapidowitz's hand was already outstretched. Milken counted out the money. A moment later Lapidowitz was striding toward the Cortlandt Street ferry. It was a mission after his own heart. To share, even in the slightest degree, in the fruits of trickery gave him more pleasure than any money earned by hard work.

He found that Chaim Levine had already arrived at the hotel. He climbed the stairs and rapped upon the door. Upon being

invited to enter, he beheld a portly middle-aged man with a heavy black beard and wearing a skull cap, drinking a glass of milk.

"Good evening, sir," said Chaim Levine.

"Oy! Oyl Oyl!" cried Lapidowitz, clapping his hand to his cheek.

"What's the matter? Did you want to see me?"

"The milk!" exclaimed Lapidowitz. "I forgot all about the baby. Say, could you come with me right away?"

Levine rose and gazed upon the *Schnorrer* with questioning eyes. He evidently had doubts as to his visitor's sanity.

"My name is Lapidowitz," explained the *Schnorrer* quickly. "I—I was sent to get you and take you to Philadelphia. Mr.—Mr. Lefkovitch had to go there and wants you to come right on. It's very important."

"Ah, Mr. Lefkovitch!" exclaimed the *hazan*, with brightening countenance. "But—that's funny. He asked me to come to New York. Why did he go to Philadelphia? And what did you say about a baby?"

"I ain't got time to explain, mister. But if you'll hurry up and come with me, I'll tell you all about it on the way."

While Levine restored the few things that he had taken from his traveling bag, Lapidowitz made a hasty calculation of his financial resources and the probable fare to Philadelphia. Yes, he had enough to spare to indulge in the luxury of a cab. A few moments later he bundled his companion into one of the rickety hacks that stood outside the ferry. He gave the driver his address.

"But stop somewhere at a grocery store," he said. "I got to get a bottle of milk."

As they rode along he explained to the bewildered *hazan*, first, the cock-and-bull story that Milken had outlined, and next, the true story of the baby. It was the latter story that interested Levine more.

"Poor woman!" he exclaimed. "We must by all means get some milk for the baby. But of course living alone as you are, you couldn't possibly keep it. I'll speak to Mr. Lefkovitch about it. They tell me he is a very charitable man."

In front of his door Lapidowitz alighted from the cab with a bottle of milk in his hand. As he turned to extend a helping hand to his companion he became suddenly aware of a woman in black across the street, wringing her hands and gazing in his direction. He was not sure—but as he started to cross and saw that she moved swiftly away, he knew who it was. He began to run and in a few moments overtook her. He seized her by the shoulder.

"Say!" he cried. "Why—"

The woman fell upon her knees upon the wet pavement. "Please! Please!" she implored. "I couldn't help it. The baby was hungry and—"

"Hey, get up!" cried Lapidowitz in embarrassment. "You're—you're crazy. Here. Get up and come with me. I got a gentleman with me. Maybe he'll tell us what to do."

And thus it happened that, a few moments later, the woman held her child in her arms and was smothering it with kisses, with Lapidowitz gazing on in embarrassment and Chaim Levine thoroughly bewildered. But the baby kept crying and struggling in its mother's arms. Lapidowitz stepped forward to comfort it. And then, to his amazement and delight, the baby ceased crying, began to smile and held out its tiny arms. The mother turned to him in surprise. "He wants to go to you," she said.

It was the world-old story of love and passion and abandonment—it could arouse sympathy, but it was not interesting. She had sunk to the depths of despair. The kindly impulse of Lapidowitz had given her inspiration. She had pointed him out through the window of the *café* to a small boy playing in the street who had told her where Lapidowitz lived. She had waited in front of the house until she saw him coming and then, after depositing the baby in front of his door, had hidden upon an upper landing to make sure that he would care for her child.

Then luck had smiled upon her. She had gone to an employment agency where she arrived just as an emergency call came in for a houseworker. She had answered the call and had found employment.

"He's a very kind-hearted man," she said, "and I wanted to tell him about my baby. But I was afraid I would lose the position. I just could run out for a little while. I was dying to see the baby again."

"You'd better go back to work," said the *hazan*. "Tell your employer all about it. It is much better."

"Hey, wait a minute," cried Lapidowitz. "We got to go to Philadelphia. Mr. Lefkovitch is waiting for us. We can't take the baby with us and we can't leave it here."

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"Isn't there someone can look after it until this lady gets settled?" asked Levine.

"That's a good idea," said the *Schnorrer*. "Here, you hold the baby while I go and see if my landlady got back yet."

The *hazan* gingerly took the baby in his arms. Lapidowitz found his landlady at home, busily occupied in dressing her two little girls.

"A baby?" she cried. "Are you *meshugeh*? I should look after a baby for you? Ain't I got enough trouble with my own? How do you get to have a baby, anyway? And where's my room rent for three weeks? I don't believe a word you say. You better go to the police. I ain't renting out rooms to babies."

There was more of it in the same strain. When Lapidowitz slunk out of the room and into his own, he found Chaim Levine alone, holding the baby. And the baby was whimpering.

"She said she'd be back soon," explained the *hazan*. "She was going to talk to her employer. How do you make babies stop crying?"

Lapidowitz held out his arms and in an instant the baby's lamentations ceased.

"You got to know how to handle them," explained the *Schnorrer*, with a grin. And as the baby began to coo with pleasure and he felt a soft, chubby hand stroking his face, his heart expanded in response.

Lapidowitz was delighted with the little one's clearly shown fondness for him. He fondled it, rocked it, danced it up and down and joined heartily in the baby's laughter.

"It's too bad you haven't one of your own," remarked Levine.

"That's what I've been thinking ever since I found it," replied the *Schnorrer*.

"That woman better come back soon if we have to go to Philadelphia," said the *hazan*. "Haven't you any idea why Lefkovich went there? And why he wants me to go there?"

"No," responded Lapidowitz glibly, "all he said was to tell you to come there and he would attend to the rest. And he said it was important."

At that moment there came a tap upon the door and the baby's mother entered, followed by a tall, gaunt, bearded individual who, after a hasty glance about the room, strode straight toward Lapidowitz and gazed down intently at the baby.

"Poor little thing!" he murmured. Then

he looked from Lapidowitz to Levine. "This lady came to work for me today," he said, "and she just now told me her story. It's a lucky thing that my synagog has a committee to look after cases like this."

"Could I ask the name of your synagog?" said Levine. "I just came on from Chicago."

"Shaari Ephraim. I'm the *parnas*. My name is Lefkovich."

Levine gazed at him in amazement and then turned to Lapidowitz, whose face had turned a burning red.

"I'm Chaim Levine," he said. "I got your letter and came on here but this man said you went to Philadelphia and wanted me to go there too. We were just going to start."

Lefkovich turned to Lapidowitz with a frown. "What this all about?" he demanded. "Who are you? What's your name?"

"It's a mistake," explained Lapidowitz feebly. "It—it was some other Mr. Lefkovich. My name is Lapidowitz."

For a moment Lefkovich's face cleared. Lapidowitz! The *Schnorrer* of the Ghetto! Who hadn't heard of the Ghetto's laziest, most shiftless denizen.

"Oh!" exclaimed the *parnas* of Shaari Ephraim. A considerable pause. And then, angrily: "I heard of you. You're just a plain loafer. What do you mean by telling Mr. Levine that I went to Philadelphia?"

His fists were clenched and he raised an arm over Lapidowitz's head. With a low cry the woman stepped between them.

"Please! Please!" she moved. "He was so good to my baby."

Lefkovich glared at Lapidowitz.

"I got a bad temper," he said, "and I don't put up with crooked business. You tell me about this or I get a policeman right away."

And Lapidowitz, realizing that his newsstand had fled once more, told him everything. Everything, that is, excepting the incident of the advance payment of twenty-five dollars. Even while he was speaking he figured out mentally that, after paying for Levine's brief stay in the hotel and the cab and the bottle of milk, he still had twenty-two dollars left. When he had finished, Lefkovich stood surveying him moodily for a moment.

"Lubarsky is a crook," he then said. "I'll call him up and tell him so. I suppose he intended to come on to Philadelphia and make out to Mr. Levine that I tried to get out of my

arrangement with him or some such dirty business. You're just as bad. Only—only—well, maybe you ain't just as bad. You got a good heart. But you're a fool. Come on, Mr. Levine. Let's go over to my house."

As they went out the woman paused upon the threshold, and if ever a woman's gaze conveyed sympathy, Lapidowitz read it in hers. But what occupied most of his attention was the fact that the baby was squirming in its mother's arms and holding its arms out to him.

He sat motionless for a long time. He had forgotten his news-stand and Lubarsky and the denunciation of Lefkovich. He was thinking only of the baby. The sweet, dimpling smile—the outstretched arms. And then with a sigh he rose.

"I guess," he murmured, "I better go around to Milken's for a drink."

Lefkovich had evidently lost no time in acquainting Lubarsky with his views. Lapidowitz found Milken in a high state of excitement.

"I was just thinking of coming around to see you," cried Milken. "You made a fine batch of it. Mr. Lubarsky just called me up and said you told everything to Lefkovich. You're a grand bum!"

Lapidowitz grinned. "So is Lubarsky," he said. "I'm glad I got square with him."

"Square with him?" cried Milken, with a sneer. "Do you think a dirty *Schnorrer* like you could do anything to hurt a man like Lubarsky? Who would believe you? Mr. Lubarsky just said he didn't know anything about it. He denied everything and said you was a liar."

"I don't care what he says and what he denies," said Lapidowitz. "He's got a heart like a stone."

"Yes," Milken went on. "You can't prove anything at all. If anybody comes to me and asks about it, I'll say you're a liar too. I'll deny everything."

"Go ahead and deny," said Lapidowitz, seating himself at a table. "And while you're denying, bring me a glass of slivovitz."

"Give me back them twenty-five dollars," said Milken, holding out his hand.

Lapidowitz slowly lighted a cigaret. Then he stared at Milken. Then crafty smile overspread his face. "I don't know what you're talking about," he replied. "I deny it."

The movie director didn't know whether the new drama was tragedy or comedy until the "Five Men With Whiskers" came along. Bruno Lessing tells about it in a rollicking story for the September COSMOPOLITAN.

Brazos

(Continued from page 96)

yo' can git some of this tenderfoot money. Easy come, easy go."

"Mebbe I can." The outlaw smiled unpleasantly. "Anyhow I'm going to try." He took his place beside the blanket. "Twelve hundred dollars you fellows made off of them. Well, easy come, easy go is right. I may as well have some of it, I reckon."

"Ef yo' are lucky," said Gabe Means.

"My luck," Brazos drawled, "is usually good. Just deal me in."

Apparently the favors of fortune were his tonight; and it was evident that while they lasted he meant to make the best of them. With his arrival the game lost all semblance of listlessness; and as the bets increased in size the faces about the blanket grew tighter with avidity. Within an hour he was sitting with two hundred dollars in front of him.

"This is too swift for me," one of the pair from Los Cruces declared at last. "I quit." His companion followed his example.

"Fifty dollars," Brazos growled and shoved the money to the center of the table.

"An' fifty," said Gabe Means.

If Brazos saw the swift look which the latter shot at his partner, he did not allow it to distract his confidence. He met the raise and

countered with another. Within five minutes there lay, in the middle of the blanket, a heap of gold. There was more than one thousand dollars in that little yellow pile.

"Calling you," Brazos announced. The pair from Shakespeare had dropped out early in the betting. Gabe Means laid down his hand. It read three aces.

The outlaw glanced at Bulltoad Jones. The fat man smiled.

"Full house," said he and showed them.

"Too bad." Brazos placed his cards face up for them to see. "Aces on eights. I win."

They looked up in astonishment at his words but the astonishment was wiped out by a more poignant emotion as they found themselves gazing into the muzzle of his six-shooter.

"Just as you are," he bade them quietly and raked the money up with his left hand. "Easy come; easy go." His lips were ugly with the sneer. The light of deviltry was leaping from his eyes. He rose and passed around behind them, removing their weapons from the holsters. Some moments after he had backed out from the room they heard the receding hoof-beats of his pony.

"I might of known," Gabe Means told his partner, "that he'd pull something after that

mining camps up there in the gray, oak-dotted mountains. Tomorrow at this time the rider would reach the first of the settlements and with his arrival the news would go forth of Brazos's presence in this part of the country. There was but one chance—to get some money and to overtake that horseman before the trail into the north was blocked. As he thought, the outlaw's face grew heavier. Finally his lips went tight; he had arrived at a decision. That evening, after the others sat down at their poker game, he stole out to the corral and saddled his horse. He led it forth and tied it to the fence.

"We get 'em comin' an' we get 'em goin'," Gabe Means was saying when he came back into the room. "My deal."

Jones laughed huskily. "Apaches?" He wagged his head. "Them two fools is too green to be away from home. They'll be lucky if they make the Gila." He flung a gold piece on the blanket and drew his cards.

"How much did you get for their horses, Bulltoad?" Brazos asked quietly.

"Eight hundred dollars in Shakespeare," the fat man answered over his shoulder. "And sold 'em two buzzards fer four hundred more. Why don't you take a hand, Brazos? Mebbe

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR. © 1924, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

steller left for Silver. It was the only chance he had."

Where the road from Bitter Wells looped upward toward the pass which notched the summit of the ragged mountains in the west, there was little amphitheater among the barren ridges. Here bunch-grass grew and a spring seeped out of the granite, to gather in a shallow pool before it vanished in the crevices between the thirsty rocks. When the first preface of the dawn was whitening the eastern sky-line a flame wavered beside the bit of water, revealing the wagon with its white cover, the strewn camp articles and the decrepit horses grazing near-by. The ruddy light shone on the faces of the two young travelers; it showed the lines of worry on the boy's brow, the dark circles under the girl's weary eyes.

"Crowhairs, the both of 'em." His voice was flat with hopelessness. "They're played out already, Letty. Two or three days is all they're good for." His eyes sought hers. "I never should of took you to such a country. It was all my fault," he cried.

"There, dear. I'd like to see a man that could of done better than you have," she told him quietly. "It ain't your fault because we come among such folks as those back there. You done the very best that any man could do. We'll make it through. I know we will."

His arm went round her. For a moment they stood in silence while the light grew in the east. Then he kissed her gently.

"You are the best!" he said.

But when he left her to catch up the horses his heart was heavy and his young eyes hardened as he looked up the pass into the west. Two or three days at the outside and the worthless team for which he had paid so dearly would give out. While he was hitching up, his

mind went back to the fat green prairie lands which they had left so eagerly last spring. He saw the level wheat fields reaching away toward the horizon, the little unpainted frame houses, the faces of neighbors whom they had known since childhood. Poor folk, who had struggled on through the years against crop failures and grasshoppers; but there was none among them who would have refused to help a stranger. He thought of Bitter Wells and the lines of bewilderment deepened on his young face. They were there when he climbed to the driver's seat beside the girl and released the brake.

"Well, we will do the best we can." He sighed.

And so Brazos found them when he overtook them at the summit of the pass, sitting with their arms about each other and the weary team resting after the sharp climb. The outlaw's eyes were saturnine as he reined up his horse. There was no light of greeting on his sinister face.

"Howdy," he bade them curtly. "I have got a little business to do with you." He eased one foot in the stirrup and shifted himself in the saddle. The apprehension in their eyes did not escape him. He smiled unpleasantly, considering their helplessness.

"That team won't take you far," he growled. Wilson turned despairing face toward him.

"Are you trying to make fun of us?" he cried. But Brazos did not appear to heed him. "Two or three days," he said grimly. "It's all they're good for. But the way they'll travel, you ought to make the Gila in two days. You'll strike the stage road there." He was fumbling with knot on his pommel strings. As it came untied he edged his pony closer to the wagon.

"Take my advice and stage it on to Tucson. This country is too raw for tenderfeet."

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

With that he laid a burlap sack upon the seat beside the girl; the chink of gold was unmistakable. He touched the pony with his spur and before either of them could find voice:

"Your four horses," he went on glibly, "were found last night. I'm giving you two hundred and fifty apiece for 'em. I can get it back—and more." He was riding away as he spoke the last words. He did not turn in the saddle as the girl called after him.

At the foot of the grade where the plain began he drew rein. Behind him to the west the road was blocked; and to the east. Now in the mountains to the north men would be looking for him. There was no sanctuary any more in Bitter Wells. He gazed into the south. The wide valley flats stretched away and away between the ashen mountains. He saw the beds of old dried lakes in the remote distance, glaring back toward the glaring sky. A savage land and waterless. It was the only route that he had left.

"If there is water in the sandstone tanks," he told his pony, "we make it. If there is none—" He shrugged his shoulders.

There was no water in the sandstone tanks. Those depressions in the living rock which stored the gatherings from winter rains were as dry as ashes when Brazos reached them. And so months afterward men found his body where he had died digging with his bare hands in the hard earth.

In Tucson, where the baby came, the Wilsons spoke of him sometimes. And the young mother's eyes would soften when she recalled how he had ridden on to overtake them and to pay them for the lost horses.

"The way he looked and acted," she said, "you would not think he was so different from those other men at Bitter Wells."

Wandering Birds

(Continued from page 49)

for his finely cut features and air of refinement. "Good evening, gnädiges Fräulein," he said pleasantly and unaffectedly. "I have come to beg for a night's lodging for six or seven of my comrades, in your outhouses or garage. The others have found rooms in the town."

Elsa Windt still had smiling lips and she did not answer his question, but asked another while her eyes regarded the young man with a frank expression.

"Do you know whose house this is, Mr. Wandering Bird?"

Hans Ritter laughed and gave a quick glance round the large elaborate drawing room with its rich, ugly furniture.

"It's the house of the richest man in Germany and perhaps the most evil, though there are many others."

"My father," said Elsa Windt. "Have you come here to insult him?"

"By no means," answered Hans Ritter lightly. "We pity him a little, that is all. He is not evil by deliberate choice. He was created by the conditions which built up this industrial civilization and all its tyranny over the bodies and souls of men. He thinks himself the master of these conditions, perhaps the creator of them, but he is only the slave and victim of their blind forces."

"Would you dare tell him that to his face?" asked Elsa. "If so he would have you flogged out of doors." She did not speak angrily, but with a cold sarcasm.

Hans Ritter smiled at her, as a man might be amused by a child's anger.

"I am rather large," he said. "Not easy to put me out of any door against my will." He leaned on his tall crooked stick and asked another question, simply. "You are against us, then, gnädiges Fräulein? Against the spirit of the *Wandervögel*?"

"I know little about it," said Elsa. "It seems to me rather foolish. That you should wander about like Gipsies singing in the

public places. But harmless, I dare say!"

Again her voice was cold and sarcastic, but Macdonald, listening and watching her, thought that underneath that pose of the butterfly girl there was some hidden emotion.

"You, of all people, should join us," said Hans Ritter. "It must be terrible to be the daughter of Otto Windt."

She raised her eyebrows and gave a little gasp of anger or amazement.

"He is the arch-type of the Old Men who have brought Germany to ruin," said Hans Ritter. "He is rich while the people starve. He is plotting for another war while the bodies of our youth are still fresh in their graves. He lives here among those great machines which will destroy humanity unless they are destroyed. He is the slave-driver of machine-made slaves, stunted in their bodies and souls. Look at the fires of his Hell on earth!"

He strode to the window and pulled the curtain on one side roughly and stared out at the glare of the furnace fires above the city of Essen. After a silence in which Macdonald heard the breathing of Elsa Windt and the slow ticking of an ormolu clock on the marble mantelpiece, Hans Ritter spoke again.

"The *Wandervögel* are the enemies of *that!*" he said. "We are liberating ourselves from the ugliness of machine-made life. We are in revolt against that industrial era which enslaved the workers so that others might live in a corrupt and selfish luxury, the breeding-ground of vice and hate, the motive power of greed and war. We go out from the great cities into the woods and fields where beauty dwells. We live simply, eating very little, wearing few clothes, abandoning luxurious desires, so that there will no longer be the need of all these great gun-making machines and that ugly labor and that world of greed and struggle."

"We find pleasure in the songs of birds and in our own songs, in the pageant of nature through which we go wandering, in the love of

brothers and sisters—the divine brotherhood of the human family—in the laughter of children and simple folk who listen to our songs and tales. We are getting back to the old German spirit of good nature and Christian worship which was corrupted and almost killed by the evil philosophy of war-lords and scientists and blasphemers of God. We are the *Wandervögel* returning to the youth of the world, claiming the joys and hardships of the primitive life, finding sweetness in simplicity, and the love of God in self-denial."

He spoke like that, so Macdonald said, while he stood with his back to the windows through which the furnace fires of Essen glowed, holding the curtain in his hand and looking ardently at Elsa Windt, whose lips were parted a little and whose eyes were held by his.

"Come away with us!" he said presently after a little silence. "Come out of the prison of this great grim house into the liberty of the open sky and the long straight roads. It's wonderful with the *Wandervögel*!"

Elsa Windt rose from her chair with her hands on her breast, which was stirred by her gentle breathing.

"It sounds like a fairy-tale!" she said.

"It's real!" cried Hans Ritter. "We are making life a fairy-tale. Come away with us, gnädiges Fräulein!"

He seemed to have forgotten all about the need for a night's lodging, and indeed said nothing more about it until Elsa Windt told him that there was room for six of his comrades in the work-shed behind the house. She offered to send out some food and hot drinks, but Hans Ritter shook his head and laughed and said: "We refuse to be pampered. It's against our principles! But all the same, besten dank!"

So he left the room, and shortly afterwards Macdonald took his leave, strangely moved by the scene he had witnessed. He did not guess what would happen so quickly afterwards,

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this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are billions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health is yours once more.*

"Our home is in Shanghai, China."

There, our eight-year-old Billy began having severe outbreaks of boils. The doctor's treatment there gave relief for a short time only. Then came a stay in America where we began a course of Fleischmann's Yeast, sandwiching the daily cake between layers of sugar cookies. Then did Fleischmann's prove itself, for the boils disappeared and after two years have never returned."

(Mrs. Julia W. Stafford of Shanghai, China)



**Dissolve one cake
in a glass of water
(just hot enough to drink)**

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

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All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

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"I had four children to provide for. My work was laborious and one year's untiring efforts found me very much run-down. It was difficult for me to keep on my feet for more than an hour at a time. I was more than willing to do my utmost to provide for my loved ones, but my health interfered.

"I saw an advertisement about Fleischmann's Yeast. Eagerly, enthusiastically, I tried it. I religiously continued the treatment and soon began to feel strong. I am now in perfect health with the bloom of youth in my face. Fleischmann's Yeast has done all this for me."

(A letter from Mrs. H. Crookhorn of New York City)

"As Executive Officer and Lieutenant U.S. Navy, I was relieved from active duty. Sick in mind with a pain-tortured body—stomach trouble was so acute I couldn't eat or sleep. My aunt recommended a Fleischmann's Yeast Cake dissolved in water, and I took it to please her. The pain ceased. I had slight return attacks for a few weeks, but each time 'little doctor yeast cake' knocked them out. I eat anything now and enjoy it. Old navy friends tell me I look like the Athletic Instructor of old."

(A letter from Mr. Charles C. Beach of Baltimore, Md.)



"Born with an appetite for fats and sweets, at 40 I was constipated and headache. I had long since adopted the pill habit as a temporary relief from the ills and discomforts that come with constipation. A casual hotel acquaintance advised that I take Fleischmann's Yeast. Today constipation and headaches are gone—vanished. I enjoy my food. I have greater zest for work—play—life itself." (Mr. E. R. Henderson of Hot Springs, Ark.)



and he was astounded when Colonel Mitchell, his chief, came into his bedroom next night and after shutting the door spoke excitedly.

"Strange news," Macdonald! That pretty girl Elsa Windt—in whom you're so much interested, by the bye!—has gone a-flitting from the old man. Gone off with the *Wandervögel*!"

"No!" said Macdonald, greatly startled.

"A fact," said Colonel Mitchell. "Old Otto Windt came to me this afternoon fairly broken. Cried like a baby and afterwards stormed and raged so that I thought he'd have a stroke. A terrific scene, I can assure you, and I'm bound to say all my sympathy is with the old man. Those *Wandervögel*! An immoral lot in my opinion."

"I'm not so sure," said Macdonald in his slow, Scotch, cautious way. "They seem to be idealists."

"Idealists be blowned!" said Colonel Mitchell. "How can there be any idealism when young girls go wandering about the countryside with young men, sleeping in barns and outhouses or in the open fields? Human nature is human nature, my lad, and you're old enough to know it."

"Human nature is a queer thing," said Macdonald. "And modern youth is the biggest mystery of all."

"Modern youth wants a big stick behind its back," said Colonel Mitchell, who belonged to the old school and believed in discipline and authority and Mother Grundy.

It was then that Macdonald told Colonel Mitchell about the scene in the Winds' drawing room after the arrival of the young leader of the *Wandervögel* who called himself Hans Ritter. The Colonel repeated the name once or twice as though groping back to some memory, and then struck his forehead with the back of his hand.

"Hans Ritter! What sort of a fellow, Macdonald? What did he look like?"

"Six foot three in his socks. A blond young giant with a face like a South German peasant."

"That's the lad," said Colonel Mitchell. "I know him. I took him prisoner!"

It was in September of the last year of the war. There was a big battle for the Hindenburg switch line up by Wancourt on the other side of Arras. The Second German Guards were there and put up a stiff resistance until they were surrounded. Even then some of them fought like rats in their dugouts. There was one crowd who refused to surrender, about twenty of them led by a young lieutenant, very tall so that his steel helmet towered above the other men. He called out in very good English, "No surrender! To hell with the British!"

He had a pile of bombs at the entrance of his dugout and hurled them at the company of Bedfords who advanced behind the cover of a tank. Several men were wounded and Colonel Mitchell, who had come up from divisional headquarters, gave the order to rush the dugout and bayonet the lot. As it happened, the German lieutenant—that tall fellow—was bayoneted through the right arm and fell under the bodies of his men. When he was hauled out afterwards there was nothing the matter with him except a flesh wound in the arm and a bad headache. Colonel Mitchell had him brought to the headquarters dugout and offered him a drink of whisky out of his flask and then a cigar out of his case.

It was this courtesy which broke down the fellow's sulkiness. He became very polite and thanked the Colonel for what he called his "chivalry," and then quite suddenly, through weakness, or the effect of the whisky, or the reaction after that bloody fight, burst into tears.

"He was just a boy," said the Colonel. "No older than my own son. I felt sorry for him, especially when he told me that he desired death because the German army was defeated and there was no hope left. For a long time he refused to tell me his name and then said that he was Hans Ritter. As a matter of fact when his papers were searched we found that he was Baron von Lichtenförd, son of the Chief of Staff of the Nineteenth Corps."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Macdonald. "The leader of the monarchists at Bonn."

"Yes," said Colonel Mitchell, "and I wonder what his distinguished papa thinks of his son as one of the *Wandervögel*—in revolt against the Old Men and vowed to pacifist principles!"

It was Macdonald who obtained some light on that question, and it was not by accident or coincidence but by careful diplomacy that he took tea one afternoon at the house of Field-Marshal von Lichtenförd. It was not difficult to arrange. The old Field-Marshal was perfectly willing to receive English officers in his house at Bonn for precisely the same reason that Otto Windt invited them to dinner now and then—not from affection or even courtesy, but with the desire to get information of British public opinion and to cause a breach of sentiment between England and France, which would be necessary to German plans for a future war of revenge.

Macdonald went there with a British general of cavalry from Cologne, and as it happened sat next to Frau von Lichtenförd, who was serving the tea like any ordinary German *Hausfrau*. She was a plump, handsome lady, much younger than the Field-Marshal, and Macdonald was instantly aware that "Hans Ritter," the leader of the *Wandervögel*, bore a remarkable resemblance to his mother. Deliberately, in his dry Scottish way, he gave the lady a surprise.

"I had the pleasure of meeting your son the other day, *gnädige Frau*."

The lady's hand trembled so violently that she nearly upset a cup, and indeed spilled the tea into its saucer. Her blue, faded eyes traveled nervously to her husband sitting at the other end of the room, bolt upright in a straight-backed chair talking to the English general.

"My son is far from here," said Frau von Lichtenförd. "I think you must be mistaken, sir."

"He was with a party of *Wandervögel*," said Macdonald tactlessly.

Frau von Lichtenförd dropped her hands into her lap, and Macdonald noticed that she plucked her skirt in a nervous way.

"Please!" she said. "Please! Do not speak of him aloud. His name is forbidden in this household. His father—"

She did not finish her sentence but crossed the room with a cup of tea for her husband, who grunted a "Danke!" and went on with his talk to the English general. He was saying, as Macdonald heard, that the professional classes in Germany were starving to death. The rector of the Bonn University received no more in salary than the wages of a street-sweeper. The French occupation of the Ruhr had completed the financial ruin of Germany. It was a crime that one day would be heavily rewarded, he said, if the justice of God should prevail.

It was when the Field-Marshal left the room to show the English cavalry general some old hunting trophies that Frau von Lichtenförd spoke to Macdonald again.

"Tell me," she said nervously and with a kind of anguish. "My son! My dear, dear son! When did you see him?"

Macdonald told her of "Hans Ritter's" arrival in the drawing room at Essen, dressed like a shepherd, speaking glowing words about "the revolt of youth."

"Yes," she said, "that is Hans! He is mad about it. The revolt of youth against the Old Men, the old traditions. He has behaved to his father without respect, without gratitude. There were dreadful scenes in this house, and in this very room."

She glanced round the room as if seeing again, with anguish, those family quarrels.

"His father refuses to forgive him," she said. "He cursed the war in which my husband held so great a command. He spoke words about peace which his father thought were cowardly and treacherous. Unforgivable! He reviled our most glorious and unhappy Emperor as a murderer of the world's youth. It was then that the worst happened. My husband struck

his own son and turned him out of doors."

The unhappy lady wept a little, and Macdonald was touched by her grief.

"And you?" he asked. "You cannot forgive your son?"

"He is my son, my youngest," she said simply. "I would give all my heart to see him again."

"He seems happy with the *Wandervögel*," said Macdonald, with the idea of comforting her. But she raised her head and spoke with anger and even passion.

"The *Wandervögel*! That shameful madness of youth! They abandon their good homes, the decencies of civilization, and live like Gipsies. It leads inevitably to broken lives, loose marriages, the ruin of girlhood and young manhood. In the name of liberty and love they abandon the very laws of God. What is going to happen to our poor Germany with this madness of youth in the midst of all our troubles?"

"It is dangerous," said Macdonald in his cautious way, and yet his Scottish soul had been touched a little by the eloquence of Hans Ritter.

"If you see Hans again," said poor Frau von Lichtenförd, "give him my dearest love. Tell him to come back to his father's house, to his own rank in life, to his mother's arms. There will be forgiveness for the son who repents."

Macdonald took away that message, not believing that he would ever see the lady's son again. And yet only a few weeks passed before he came face to face with him, and Elsa Windt was by his side.

It was on an afternoon when, after his return from Bonn, Macdonald was motoring across the outskirts of Cologne on his way to Essen. He had left the streets behind and the last glimpse of the cathedral spire above the red-roofed houses along the Rhine banks, when he came upon a party of *Wandervögel* grouped outside a row of cottages under the shade of some tall poplar trees. There were about a dozen of them, powdered with the white dust of the roads and rather weary-looking, as though after a long tramp. Some of them had unstrapped their knapsacks and were sitting down on a grass bank on the other side of the road. A woman came out of one of the cottages and gave them a jug of milk and some newly baked bread, which they received with a clapping of hands and cries of thanks.

Two of the "Wandering Birds" sat apart on a wooden bench and it was at the sight of these that Macdonald slowed down his car and then stopped. One was a tall young man who sat with his long stick between his knees and his knapsack lying in the dust at his feet. The other was a girl with blond hair and bare arms and neck beautifully colored by the sun and weather, in a plain white frock. Her legs were bare and she had sandalled feet white with dust. They were Hans and Elsa.

They were startled when Macdonald pulled up his car and called out "Good morning!" and Elsa blushed rather deeply at this recognition from one who had seen her in her father's house. But she seemed pleased to see Macdonald and gave him her hand very graciously.

"Let me lunch with you," said Macdonald. "It is pleasant here under these poplar trees."

It was Hans Ritter who answered. "The good *Hausfrau* in that cottage has given us some milk and fresh baked bread. We shall be glad to share it with you. There is more than enough for all."

Though he said that, Macdonald noticed that the young man took but a small piece of bread for himself and a few drops of milk.

Macdonald turned to Elsa astounded by the change in her look. It was difficult to realize that this sun-browned girl in a slip of a frock and bare feet was the daughter of Otto Windt, the richest man in Germany. She had a Gipsy look or rather, perhaps, the look of the goose girl in German fairy-tales.

"How do you like your wandering life?" he asked. "Isn't it rather wearisome when the novelty passes?"

"It's life," she answered. "I have escaped



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How to judge tobacco

The true test lies inside the pipe—not in the pedigree, says Mr. Krob

In the following letter Mr. Krob points out that once we are past the infantile stage of "taking the watch apart to see what makes it run," we learn that true happiness is a matter of appreciation rather than of analysis. How do you feel about it?

Lorain, Ohio
Larus & Brother Company,
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Gentlemen:

Most people who are buying Better Light look up at the fixtures we install and say, "That's wonderful," when they should not even be interested in the fixtures. They should look down at their desk-top or counter or work-bench, where they actually use the light. They always want to consider it "F.O.B." the lighting fixture, instead of "Delivered" to the working plane, where it is to be utilized.

Personally, that's the way I look at tobacco. Many manufacturers go into detail telling us where their product is raised, how it is blended, how long it is aged and how well it is packed, and place this information before the public in their advertisements.

Why should we care whether tobacco is raised in the Sahara or on an iceberg, whether it is a blend of "57 Varieties" or run-of-the-mine, or whether it comes packed in cork or cast-iron containers? I buy my tobacco because of the way it tastes in the pipe. That's why I use Edgeworth.

Sincerely yours,
K. M. Krob

As the producers of Edgeworth we are of course vitally interested in its pedigree. We are absorbed in the blend of Edgeworth and in its curing—in every detail of its development.

But all our work and experiment and study has but one object—that Edgeworth may prove its worth "Delivered—Pipe."

And that's all we expect you to be interested in.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the one and only test that counts. If you like it, so much the better for us both. If you don't—well, that's that!

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



from a prison in which my soul was caged."

"Your father's heart is broken," said Macdonald gravely. "Is that a daughter's love?"

Elsa Windt quoted the Scriptures. "Everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my Name's sake shall receive a hundredfold and shall inherit everlasting life."

Macdonald was startled by the words and answered rather roughly. "Are you quite sure that you have left your father's house for God's sake? Is it not perhaps for the Devil's sake?"

"For love's sake," said Elsa, "and the spirit of love which is not found easily in luxury and wealth when many people are near death with hunger."

"That is true," said Hans Ritter, who was the son of a German field-marshall though now he looked like a peasant, or at least was dressed as such, though there was something noble in the grace of his long limbs and in the poise of his head. "It is the faith of the *Wandervögel* that only in poverty and simplicity can the German folk find their soul again. It is also part of our creed that youth must not be balked in its desire to find truth and liberty because the old folk try to keep them fast bound to old traditions, customs and fetishes. We must break away though the wrench hurts—on both sides."

Macdonald looked at him sharply and said, "I have a message for you. From your mother."

The young man sat up with a jerk and showed some emotion. "From my mother? You have seen my dearly beloved mother?"

Macdonald repeated her words, her "dearest love," her promise of forgiveness for a son who repented.

Hans von Lichtendorf, to give him his true name, shook his head and smiled rather sadly.

"I have nothing to repent, no reason to ask for forgiveness, at least from my father. I can never go home again while he is alive. Never. That is sad. But I should be a liar to my faith if I pretended to have the least affection and regard for an old man who lives on hatred, who worships no God but brute force, who even now would drive German youth to the shambles again in the mad hope of reversing defeat and swamping France with blood and death. It is impossible. I am a rebel against every word he speaks, every thought in his mind. I would rather die in a ditch like a starved dog than surrender my new faith to his old brutality."

He spoke with passion, rising from the wooden bench and leaning on his tall stick.

Macdonald was silent, making figures in the dust of the road with the point of his boot.

"There is something in that," he said at last. "I'm no believer in German reaction. Perhaps peace will happen in Europe if German youth adopts your gospel of brotherhood and love . . ."

"It is the only way," said Elsa. "But our spirit must cross the frontiers—into France."

"All the same," said Macdonald, "that wandering life is ridiculous. Hardly decent, surely?"

Elsa laughed. "Why not decent, Mr. Englishman?"

Macdonald did not assert his Scottish blood. He spoke frankly. "There is human love as well as spiritual love. It needs control, conventional laws. Life without law is anarchy. Is it right for you, Fraulein Windt—or any girl—to wander about with a young man like Hans von Lichtendorf—or any other—like a tramp? That's how I look at it, knowing human nature and its usual ways. It's wrong. It's not good for youth. It's the end of all laws."

Elsa and Hans burst out laughing, she very merrily and he in a rich hearty voice as though at a great joke. It was Hans who explained in a simple careful way, as though to an ignorant but inquiring soul.

"There is no more love-making among the *Wandervögel* than in city streets and closed houses. The atmosphere of the open road is far healthier than the fetid air of

dancing halls and social gatherings—the night life of Berlin, for instance! We lead a life of self-denial and simplicity of body and soul. Our laws of comradeship are cleaner, stricter than those of high society. We have self-discipline, and we do not wander aimlessly, without a purpose. Have you seen our agricultural colonies, our handicraft schools, our social camps? It is true that some find their mates among the *Wandervögel*, plighting their troth and going hand in hand along the roads in utter loyalty to the last ditch. But there is nothing wrong in that. It is the luck of life, and such mating is likely to last longer than those arranged in the marriage markets of the great cities. I am one of those who have found their mate, by the luck of life and God's goodness."

"And I am another," said Elsa.

She held out her hand, laughingly, and Hans von Lichtendorf clasped it tight and together they stood in the sun beyond the shadow of the poplars, while from the other side of the road came the sound of singing voices like a chorus of humming bees.

Macdonald looked from one to another, doubtfully, and as he afterwards confessed, enviously. That young man and woman looked so happy in their new-found love, in this strange Gipsy-like liberty. They had made life a fairy-tale and yet he could not believe that it would last and end happily ever afterwards.

"There was another man," said Macdonald, "the Graf von Zedlitz. What will he have to say to it?"

"He can say what he likes," said Hans von Lichtendorf carelessly. "If he says it to me I will push his teeth down his throat."

"And you a pacifist!" said Elsa.

Hans laughed and said: "I believe in peace to men of good will, but I am not a weak man, and that swine is the enemy of the German people—up to the neck in revolutionary plots. The earth would be well rid of him."

"As I am," said Elsa. "His love was for my father's gold."

Macdonald learned from them that they were on their way to a camp outside Cologne where a group of *Wandervögel* were cultivating market gardens and building their own houses. Hans von Lichtendorf was going to build a little wooden house for himself and Elsa after their marriage in Cologne. They would wander no farther than that.

As all German people know, their wanderings did not end in that little wooden home which they had built up in their dreams. Macdonald, who had told the first part of this story to Captain Prichard that day in Düsseldorf when Elsa Windt spoke to the people outside the gates of the public gardens, was the eyewitness of a scene which caused the greatest sensation in Germany some months ago. He received a letter from Elsa addressed to Krupp's private hotel in Essen, telling him that she and Hans were to be married in Cologne in the old Ursuline church on the following day, and inviting him to the wedding. She wrote hurriedly. There was happiness in all her words.

"It is to be a pretty marriage," she wrote. "Hundreds of *Wandering Birds* are making their way to Cologne to see our mating. They all love Hans because of his Siegfried look and his good nature and his nobility of soul. Some of them love me a little for my own sake, though none think I am quite good enough for Hans, and others are afraid of me because of my father's name. They think I may slip back to the great house in Essen, or to our palace in Berlin, lured by luxury after a little spell of poverty. That will never happen. I am a true convert to the simple life. Better a meal of herbs where love is . . . There is only one shadow over my joy. My father is unforgiving and very harsh. He calls me a 'street-walker' and sends me not his blessing but dreadful curses. He does not understand, poor man, and his heart is poisoned by the love of money."

Macdonald was touched by this letter and by that invitation to the wedding. Elsa Windt had, I think, stirred a sense of romance in his Celtic mind.

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I THINK I know something of psychology. "The best attracts the best." That's why when I saw your hinged cap I looked for your shaving cream to be better than any I'd ever used. And it is better, by far."

—from a recent letter

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that can't come off



On the day of the marriage he motored over from Essen and when he came within sight of the tall spire of Cologne Cathedral—the great "Dom"—he had to slow down because of crowds of *Wanderwögel* marching and singing along the roads. They too were going to the wedding of Hans and Elsa and those young men and women were garlanded with flowers and had tied sprigs of green stuff to their long sticks. The gathering place for all the Wandering Birds who came down different roads was in the great Place outside the Cathedral, in the Domhof, and there were several hundreds of them who formed up in a hollow square to await the arrival of Hans and Elsa with their bridesmaids and grooms.

It was a picturesquely pleasant scene with all those young people in their rustic clothes, with sunburned faces and look of health and joy. Something of the old spirit of Germany in pre-war days had come back again to this young crowd who had escaped from the shadow of the war and its aftermath of misery, by the faith and courage of youth. Groups of English "Tommies" watched the scene from the edge of the square, grinning in an unfriendly way, enjoying the choruses which were sung by the *Wanderwögel* while they waited for the bridal procession.

There were two little processions which on the last stroke of eleven from the deep-throated bell of the Cathedral came from opposite sides of the square. Elsa was in one group, escorted by twenty maids dressed like herself in white, with wreaths of wild flowers about their braided hair. Elsa's wreath was made of daisies woven into a circlet and she looked to Macdonald's eyes like a fairy princess in a German legend. From the other side of the square came Hans von Lichtendorf with a bodyguard of twenty young men in the white shirts and short breeches of the *Wanderwögel*. The tall Hans was bareheaded and looked a splendid figure of youth, like a young German knight of olden times.

The two processions met in the midst of the hollow square and all the *Wanderwögel* cheered and waved their sticks as Hans strode forward and taking Elsa's outstretched hands drew her to his breast and kissed her on the forehead.

It was at that moment that Macdonald was aware of a man who had driven a Benz car next to his own and sat there at the wheel watching the scene. Macdonald had only glanced at him vaguely, wondering for a moment where he had seen that face and figure before—a face of Prussian type, young, soldierly and slashed across the cheek with old ducal cuts.

It was only when suddenly he stood up in the car on the driving seat so that he could look right over the heads of the crowd that Macdonald remembered him as the Graf von Zedlitz, whom he had met once or twice at Otto Windt's great house in Essen and to whom Elsa had been engaged. "He loved me for my

father's gold!" Elsa had said that day when Macdonald had met her with Hans under the poplar trees by the wayside inn.

It seemed now that his love for Elsa had been more passionate than that, more brutal than mercenary. As he stood up on his car Macdonald could see the man's profile. His face was darkly flushed and a spasm of rage or anguish passed across it as Hans von Lichtendorf drew Elsa to his arms. Then all the color ebbed from his face so that he was dead white. He called out to Hans, as it seemed. Macdonald heard only three words. "Pacifist! Dog! Traitor!"

A moment later three revolver shots, fired rapidly, startled the crowd of *Wanderwögel* and shocked Macdonald with a sudden fear and horror. They were followed by a dreadful chorus of screams and shouts and groans. The hollow square of young men and women broke. They surged together, rushing from all sides towards the spot where Hans and Elsa had met for that salutation of love before their wedding. Suddenly there was a tense silence as though all the crowd were stricken by some fearful tragedy, and then out of that silence rose a woman's shriek, heartrending, and it was followed by another tumult of lamentation and rage.

Macdonald had not seen the shots fired. Even now he did not realize that they had come from that man who had stood on the seat of his car—the Graf von Zedlitz. He was seated again now and had started up his engine and was moving away. But he did not move far away. He was surrounded by a raging mob of *Wanderwögel*, some of whom leaped on the car. Macdonald could see their sticks rising and falling and there was the noise of human voices with that ugly note of rage when men cry out for blood. A human creature was being beaten to death.

Macdonald did not see that act of vengeance. He jumped out of his car and pushed his way through the crowd to the place where Hans von Lichtendorf had come to meet his bride. He lay on the ground, mortally wounded as it seemed at first, with his arms outstretched and one side of his white shirt deeply crimsoned. He had a smile on his face as in the moment when he had drawn Elsa towards him, a smile of great tenderness. She knelt beside him and raised his head in her arms so that her white frock was stained with his blood.

There was no wedding that day. For some time when Hans lay near death there seemed no chance of an earthly mating. But these two have now taken to the woods again, as man and wife, as I saw in the papers only a week ago. They are the acknowledged leaders of that revolt of youth which, in my judgment, is not without danger to the German folk, and yet in its idealism, and its faith in simplicity and its love of beauty, is a challenge to the gross materialism of a machine-made age, and in Germany a spiritual force which may stem the tide of black reaction.

Brimming with the wit and drama of the old West is "Captain Quid," Owen Wister's story for the September COSMOPOLITAN.

I Am in Favor of Divorce by Mutual Consent

(Continued from page 64)

the neighborhood, just as now the children's societies enter homes and remove persecuted children from brutal parents, or inspect factories to release the little slaves that greedy fathers and mothers have sold into daily bondage.

The children are generally referred to as the chief objection to easy divorce. But despite the terrific alarms of the moralists, there is no danger that the future will neglect its children. In fact, the more I read of the abominable tyrannies and oppressions that children have suffered in the past, the more I feel that children are only now coming into their rights.

The future state will be very tender with its

little ones. The "good old" home-keeping generations so much praised and so little understood hanged children for stealing a handkerchief, kept little girls of nine in solitary confinement in an English dungeon, whipped and browbeaten, fostered apprenticeship, opposed compulsory popular education and child labor laws, encouraged child marriages, sold children into slavery and into prostitution, expected many children to be still-born or blind or rickety and lost the immense majority of its infants in the first year of life by indifference or ignorance or neglect. We need not turn our eyes backward for guidance as to the protection of children.

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Did Nature fail to put roses in your cheeks?

By MME. JEANNETTE

THE first time a girl looks into her mirror with the conscious desire to see what nature has done for her skin, she is aware of her coloring! If there are roses in your cheeks there is added charm to the reflection. If you have no color, you will wisely decide to put it there!

Rouge, properly used, is recognized today as one of the important essentials to the toilette.

When you select your rouge

Pompeian Bloom is a pure, harmless rouge that beautifies with its remarkably natural tone of color. It comes in compact form, and is made in the four shades essential to the various types of American women.

It is as important to select the right tone of rouge as it is to select the right shade of powder.

The following general directions will be of assistance:

The medium tone of Pompeian Bloom can, and should, be used by the majority of women in America. This is a lovely natural rose shade most frequently found in the skin of women who are not extreme types. Generally used with Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The light tone of Pompeian Bloom

is the clear, definite pink found most frequently in the coloring of very fair-haired women. This tone of rouge may go with the Naturelle, the Flesh, and occasionally with the White Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The dark tone of Pompeian Bloom is for the warm, dark skin typical of the beauties of Spain or Italy. It is most often effective with the Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder, also with Naturelle shade.

The orange tint gives exactly the coloring essential to women who have red or bronze tones in their hair, for most frequently these tones are repeated in the skin. This rouge has been used almost exclusively by women if they live much out-of-doors.

It combines with Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder, but also looks well with Rachel when the skin is olive in tone, and with White Pompeian Beauty Powder if the skin is very white.

Note—Do not try bizarre effects with your rouge. Make it look natural, use it discreetly, and use too little rather than too much.

▼
"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"
BLOOM (the rouge) 60c per box
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The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28x7½ in. For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom(rouge), and Night Cream.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada



P
Pompeian
Bloom (a rouge)

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You Needn't Fear the Summer Sun

It is a very unwise woman who actually courts the rays of the mid-summer sun, for it has a searing effect that may prove seriously injurious to her skin. But, with care, you should be able to get out-of-doors all you want to without sacrificing the loveliness of your complexion.

The enemies of the skin that are active at this time are—the direct rays of the sun between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., and the reflected rays of sunlight from water. These rays seem to concentrate all the scorching power of the summer sun and visit its heat unspuriously; then, the wind is hot and drying—even if it is an apparently calm day, dry air will be rushed over your skin when you are riding. And all these things tend to dry—yes, to *shrivele* your skin.

A panacea for these summer dangers is the generous and consistent use of Pompeian Night Cream. The minute you come into the house, if your skin feels the least bit scorched, you should use Pompeian Night Cream. Apply it over the sunburned or wind-burned parts—it's cool, white softness will be as soothing as fresh water to a parched throat. Pompeian Night Cream contains oils that are healing and softening to a burned skin. If the burn is severe it is well to lay clean strips of gauze or cotton covered with Pompeian Night Cream over the burned parts till much of the feeling of heat has disappeared. Always keep your jar of Pompeian Night Cream in a convenient place.

All during the summer your Pompeian Night Cream will be "the best friend of your skin" if you will use it for cleansing, softening, healing. And, for a dry skin, it is the best possible powder base.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beaute

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

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2037 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for
1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the
Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade of face powder wanted? _____

Nowadays we strive to protect the children from plagues, from beatings, from ignorance, from premature toil, to give them pure milk, good teeth, good eyes, good muscles, good hands, good hearts.

Do you remember the scene in "Romeo and Juliet" where the pitiful child Juliet implores her father not to force her to marry the Count Paris? Do you remember her father's abuse of her? Do you remember how he flung off her pleading hands and left her groveling at her mother's feet for mercy? Do you remember how you hated her mother for denying Juliet even a kind word? Do you remember how the forlorn little thing took poison to escape the compulsion to marry?

Well, in the good old days there were billions of Juliefs forced into the beds of men they did not want to marry. In the good old days it was Juliet, not her mother, who was called the wicked, wanton, irreligious, undutiful, dangerous enemy of the home!

As for me, I think the father and mother of Juliet were loathsome beasts, as their own fathers and mothers had been, in their attitude toward wedlock. Yet they had the support of all the substantial moral elements.

Times change, and thank God for it!

I wonder if divorce has not something to do with cleanliness—the cleanliness which is almost a new thing in the world? Less than a hundred years ago the bathtub was regarded with as much horror, and denounced in almost the very same terms, as divorce is today. Several of our states actually passed laws making the taking of a private bath a misdemeanor. A person who bathed in secret was as vicious then as the villain who takes a drink in secret.

Personal cleanliness is, in Christian countries, almost a new virtue. It has always obtained in many pagan countries, and bathing was frequently reviled for the very fact that Greeks, Romans and Turks were addicted to it. For centuries a filthy body was a thing to boast of. Saints accounted it to their credit if they stank so horribly that approach was difficult. This seems appalling to us nowadays, but it is an immortal fact of the easiest possible proof.

A "loveless marriage" is a joke or a matter of indifference to many of the enemies of divorce, but to the people whose dreams of bliss are thwarted, the absence of love renders the union an uncleanliness.

When recently, in a public talk, I advocated divorce by mutual consent as a helpful and wholesome step of proven value, I was "flayed" in head-lines as advocating a reversion to savagery and the ruthless abandonment of faithful wives. One man anonymously wrote me that he had read of the escape from the penitentiary of three criminal maniacs and was sure that I must be one of them. One woman wrote that she was overwhelmed with sorrow at seeing the likes of me ally myself with the anarchistic and destructive elements that were destroying the American home. A preacher denounced me fiercely in his pulpit.

Yet one has only to know me to know that I am as eager for an orderly, a virtuous and a substantial home as the next one. It is because of my interest in solving the chaotic evils of marriage that I advocate divorce by mutual consent. This is no invention of mine and I claim no monopoly in its praise.

It was practised with brief interruptions for the first five centuries of the early Christian church. It was advocated by so lofty a soul as John Milton, and has recently been legalized in various countries with the effect of diminishing the number of divorces.

Furthermore, there has never been a community or a creed in which divorce by mutual consent has not been more or less practised and approved.

In our country there has been a recent whirlwind of divorce, the number increasing so rapidly that three hundred thousand men and women were parted last year, and more are being parted this year. Yet among the six states which showed a decrease of divorces, the

greatest decrease of all was in the state of New Hampshire, which has the most liberal divorce laws in the Union—fourteen grounds to New York's two.

Even in New Hampshire, of course, it is not officially permitted for couples to dissolve their civil partnership by agreement. They must at least pretend to make a conflict.

In countless forms, however, divorce by mutual consent is practised in all nations, including our own.

Twin beds are a form of divorce by mutual consent. And they created a terrific scandal when they first became the fashion in American homes, and were denounced as violently as everything new is always denounced. Indeed, few domestic revolutions have been more profound.

Separate rooms for man and wife are a form of divorce by mutual consent. They are much frequented by those who can afford them and much envied by many whose limited means compel them to continue a propinquity often more conducive to quarrels than isolation would be.

Separate homes are more conspicuous, and may be established by mutual consent or enforced by appeal to the law. In considering the ethics of divorce it is important to give these legal and informal separations their proper weight.

All the secular arguments against divorce apply equally to legal separations; for these also split the home and deprive the children of the (sometimes) desirable condition wherein they have the (occasionally dubious) advantage of two parents at once.

In England, where divorce has been kept difficult and made profane till recently, the number of separations granted from 1895 to 1908 was nearly ninety thousand. In countries where divorce is not yet permitted, separations have increased lately four-fold. When, then, one advocates, or opposes, divorce, the matter is really only a debate as to degree, not kind. Only the man who is horrified by separations has a right to be horrified by divorces.

There was great agitation in England for divorce by mutual consent, but it was pointed out that it really exists *de facto*, since, in the words of Ralph Thicknesse, "it has become the common practise, where both parties desire a divorce, for the husband to leave the wife, who writes him a letter asking him to return. He refuses. She brings suit. An order is made on the husband to return in fourteen days, which he disobeys. He lets the wife know where proof of adultery can be found, and a divorce is the result. This is not 'collusion' in law but it is what the public means by collusion, and the number of these cases was even in 1918 nearly as great as the whole number of divorces in 1857, and has been greater since."

And all this mummery and red tape and hypocrisy of circumlocution is solemnly carried on in order to cloak the infamy of divorce by mutual consent.

Among the Jews, of course, divorce by mutual consent has always been available. The Jews were God's chosen people and Moses took his regulations from Heaven, but the Christian dispensation changed almost all of the Mosaic institutions.

Yet among Christians there is an immense number who either disbelieve the authenticity of Christ's pronouncement against divorce and remarriage or who ignore nearly all of Christ's other demands, such as His prohibition of the taking of oaths under any circumstances, praying in public and giving alms in public—not to mention the general neglect of His counsel to sell all of one's goods and give to the poor.

In view of these neglects, it is discriminatory to say the least to try to enforce Christ's views on divorce.

For centuries after Christ's death, divorce was very easy and very frequent among the early Christians. The first Christian emperor, Constantine, was more severe; but then this saintly monarch, whose father divorced his mother, was compelled by his ambition to put to death his father-in-law, his brother-in-law,

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

his nephew, his own son, and finally his wife.

Theodosius Junior restored for a time the easy divorce laws, but withdrew them in 449, at which time eleven grounds for divorce were recognized by the Christians. In 497 Anastasius legalized divorce by mutual consent again. In 528 Justinian limited the power, but his successor restored it. Divorce by mutual consent was legal until the year 900.

The struggle to establish the sacramental nature of marriage as a dogma went on bitterly, but it was not until 1563 that the Council of Trent made religious benediction of marriage obligatory.

In 1653 the Puritans passed an act establishing marriage as secular, but under the dissolved Restoration the act was abolished. In America, at the Providence Plantation, in 1655 one John Coggeshall, who had separated from his wife by mutual consent, was authorized to remarry.

John Milton vainly advocated divorce not only by mutual consent but by individual choice. The great preachers Zwingli and Bucer believed in divorce for incompatibility. But in our land of the free, divorce by mutual consent is impossible.

The ancient Germans, the Greeks, the Romans, the Gauls, the Welsh and others accepted mutual consent. In China it has recently been legalized. In Japan the new code of 1896-'98 includes it among the grounds, and divorces have greatly decreased since then.

In Russia under the Tsars, divorces were practically impossible to secure. The Bolsheviks made them easy of access. Since then the number of marriages has increased by almost a hundred percent and the number of divorces by only five percent.

In Italy and Spain divorce is not permitted at all. Portugal put it under the same ban until 1910, when it was established on nine grounds, including separation by mutual consent for ten years. In Norway the very liberal divorce laws of 1909, including mutual consent as one of the many grounds, have decreased the number of divorces.

This is the always forgotten lesson of history: that liberty is not only the most precious boon of life, but the best medicine for unrest.

Who does not remember the lofty names lately attaching themselves to prophecies that if women were allowed to vote, domestic decency would come to an end?

The same arguments were advanced against all republican forms of government, against freedom of speech, press and creed, against anesthetics, the emancipation of slaves, railroads and what-not. Yet the world wags on, and love and hate continue with the same old mixture of beauty and atrocity.

Divorce by mutual consent will bring along its own train of evils, as everything does, but it will mark one further step in the slow and backsliding but irresistible march of freedom. It will force some of the fanatic meddlers with people's lives to look elsewhere for their trade.

Divorce by mutual consent implies of course the satisfaction of all claims, provision for children where there are any, and all the safeguards of any other dissoluble partnership.

The fault with so many of our repressive laws is, as somebody has said, that they make a crime of that which is not even a sin. It is a misfortune, not a sin, when a romantic marriage turns out to be a failure. It is a sin for outsiders to force the luckless couple to ruin both lives by continuing the misalliance. It is a sin for a man and woman unhappily mated not to seek other mates and found a successful and beautiful home.

Divorce by mutual consent will avoid the scandal, the cruelty, the perjury and the obscenity of much of our legal history. It will be one further encouragement toward the dignity of keeping one's hands off the lives of other people.

When it comes about, as come about it will, it will seem so decent, so sane, so humane, so natural and inevitable, that everyone will wonder at the opposition to it.



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"Oh dear! Isn't that just our luck," wailed Kitty as she put away the lunch box and camera. "Look how it's clouding over! Now we won't get any beach pictures at all."

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Lady Bluebeard

(Continued from page 55)

"There was a king of Spain who owned everything. If I were that king, do you know what I'd do?"

She didn't know.

His mouth trembled a little as he said: "For one kiss—I would give you Castile and Aragon and both Americas."

Maria Sanchez's heart flopped, turned over a couple of times and then beat very strong and high. It was wonderful to be made love to like that. And she—well, what could she do with Castile and Aragon and the two Americas? She'd have kissed him for nothing if only they'd been alone somewhere. But they weren't. No chance. Others claimed her. Don Pedro couldn't spend all his time dancing with one girl. But Maria's turn came round again—after several ages—and while she was dancing with him she looked over his shoulder and saw Dominga Rojas watching them. She had just arrived, and she stood between Don Pedro's aunt and his uncle. She looked very cold and proud; but more beautiful than a lily.

"The heat!" said Maria Sanchez suddenly. "I feel faint. Take me into the air for a moment."

The child believed that if she let him kiss her, she might be able to hold him. Nobody had ever kissed her and the thought frightened her; but she came of good family and was game.

On the way to the patio door they passed once more close to Don Junipero and his wife, and the cool, proud, watchful, beautiful lily between them.

It was dark in the patio, and the air was heavy with the smell of heliotrope and honeysuckle and lemon flowers and roses.

"I'm not that old king of Spain," said Pedro, "but—"

He was going to say something about his million acres of land and all his horses and cattle and his fine house at San Diego, and what with the wine he had drunk and the natural ardor of his disposition he was going to offer her all of these fine things and anything else he could think of. At the moment he was sincerely in love.

But while he stood facing her and feeling for phrases, they were interrupted.

Dominga Rojas had spoken to Pedro's uncle. She had said:

"If you want your nephew to marry me and not Maria Sanchez you had better follow them. She is going to let him kiss her—by force, of course—and then he will feel that he is in honor bound."

These words to the wise uncle were sufficient. And he reached the love-makers in the nick of time. "It's my turn, Maria," he said jovially. "I won't let this young dog monopolize all the pretty girls."

Don Junipero was a masterful man. She smiled in the dark and pretended that it was sweet and wonderful of him to ask her, and a moment later they were back in the dance room doing a stately *fanfango*.

Don Pedro was presented to Dominga Rojas. He was very polite; but not enthusiastic. He thought her a little cold—beautiful, yes; the most beautiful creature he had ever seen or dreamed of seeing; but not exactly human. Give him a girl like Maria Sanchez—a dark colonnade, a honeysuckle vine. But he danced with her once, and couple by couple the others broke off their own dancing to watch them. They were as beautiful as two flowers.

There was a picnic next day, and Pedro, so his aunt informed him, was to ride with Dominga Rojas.

"But, Auntie, darling," he begged, "I'm mad about that little Sanchez girl. Couldn't I please ride with her?"

"Some other time," smiled his aunt. "It's all been arranged. It wouldn't do to hurt anybody's feelings, would it? If we'd only

known last night that you were serious about Maria—but, my darling, we really thought, your uncle and I, that what with your long journey and our Monterey wine, which is a little stronger than your southern vintages—we thought—well, it doesn't matter what we thought. So be nice to Dominga, and you can ride with Maria Sanchez some other time."

There was not to be another time.

Dominga was late as usual. Some of the picnickers were impatient to be off.

"Don't wait for Dominga," said Don Junipero, and it was really a command. "Ride on ahead and start the barbecue. Pedro will wait for Dominga. Both are well mounted. She knows the way to the picnic ground. They'll be there almost as soon as you are."

So the others, Maria Sanchez among them, rode on ahead, and Pedro waited for Dominga.

It seemed that neither one had much to say to the other. But it also seemed that Dominga was in no hurry to catch up with those who had ridden ahead.

"They had an hour's start of us," said Pedro, whose mind was harping on Maria Sanchez.

"I'm taking you by a short cut," said Dominga. "That's why there's no hurry." A little later she said, "She's pretty—isn't she?"

"Like a little wild rose," said Pedro.

Dominga laughed. "When I said she, how did you know which she I had in mind?"

Pedro didn't answer. He blushed.

"It's a pretty end to our romance, isn't it?" said Dominga. "Each of us having the other pushed at us—until at last we meet, and you at least can hardly conceal your impatience to be with someone else."

The trail, if it could be called, had led them up a vast steep slope of chaparral—manzanita and wild lilac—and now had really ceased to be a trail and was leading them into a deep and rocky cañon.

"When I was first told about you," said Dominga, "the fairy prince in the south—I—children are romantic, you know—I was infatuated with the idea. I used to come up here. I had a right to even if I was a little child. It all belongs to me. I used to run away. Nobody could catch me when I was on a good horse, and I used to play that you had come up from the south and had claimed me, and that we became robbers and went to live in a cave. Would you like to see the cave?"

Without waiting for an answer, she turned her horse into a labyrinth of boulders. One of them, precariously balanced against the steep side of the cañon, partially closed the opening into a dark cavern.

"I brought all of my dolls up here," said Dominga.

"Dolls?"

"They were supposed to be our children," she explained demurely.

Don Pedro couldn't be cross forever. A smile and a touch of mischief lightened his face. "How many were there?" he asked.

"I think there were seventeen," Dominga said without a touch either of humor or embarrassment. "Want to see them?"

"I would be a heartless father," said Don Pedro, "if I didn't want to see them—after all these years."

He dismounted, and Dominga Rojas also dismounted.

"Fetch them out," she said. "I'll hold your horse. They're on a kind of a shelf—at the back. They are sitting in a row—arranged according to their ages."

For the first time she laughed.

Pedro descended good-naturedly into the cave and in the darkness began to grope for the dolls.

There was a subdued, powerful, ominous grinding, and heavy gnashing of granite against granite.

Dominga had removed a wedge, and the great boulder which half closed the entrance

to the cave, turning upon itself and sliding a little downward, so closed it that there was left barely enough aperture for a squirrel to have passed in or out.

"What happened?" said Pedro. "Are you hurt?"

"No," said Dominga. "It happened once before. I was shut up in that place for two days and a night. I had nothing but you to think about and the dolls to play with, and nothing at all to eat or drink—"

"But—"

"An Indian found me. But he had to go for help. It took four men to get the stone away. Afterward I had them put it back the way it had always been, with just one wedge of rock that a child could kick out to hold it in place. I thought it might come in handy some day. It has."

She put her face close to the opening and there came over her voice a bitter change.

"And now," she said, "you can stay in there and play with the dolls until you are ready to marry me."

She rode off then, leading his horse. She rode for a good many miles, then she turned his horse loose and lashed it until it became frightened and ran away.

She was a truthful girl. She reported that Don Pedro's horse had run away. Search parties were organized. But only the Señorita Dominga—which means Sunday—Rojas succeeded in finding Don Pedro.

She seated herself close to what remained of the mouth of the cave and told him what was in her heart. She was no longer bitter, only matter-of-fact, and a little sad.

"Years ago," she said, "when your uncle told me about you—I fell in love with you. Children are strange little animals. I prayed for you when I was awake and dreamed about you when I was asleep."

"You've a gentle, sweet, feminine way of showing your love," said Don Pedro, who had had a very bad night in the cave—a grizzly bear had tried to get in with him—and was furiously angry.

"I am an orphan with vast possessions," said Dominga sweetly, "and a certain amount of looks, and I have to be practical. But I never got over being a silly fool about you. Every day for a week I rode out on the Salinas trail hoping that each day would be the day that you would come."

"You managed to miss me."

"Not entirely. When you did come—do you remember what a sight you were for dust?—your hair and your eyelashes were white—there was a black line around your mouth. You washed yourself in a little pool of water."

Silence from the cave in which a young man who was hungry and angry enough to do murder was also dying with shame.

"I saw what you were going to do, and of course I looked away, and after a long time—when I heard you get on your horse I looked again and I knew that you were you, and—Don Pedro, please listen carefully to what I say. I knew then and there that if I didn't have you, nobody would. And I swore by my father's bones and by my mother's bones, and by the bones of all the other saints. I doubt if even his Holiness the Pope would feel at liberty to absolve me from a vow like that. Listen—"

The girl's voice became suddenly tender and beseeching.

"I love you with my whole heart and soul. Is that nothing to you?"

"If you think I'll ever marry you," said Don Pedro savagely, "you're crazy."

"I hate to make you suffer," she said, "but it's for your own good."

For the next forty-eight hours she left him severely alone. He was nearly dead then—of thirst and hunger. His pride, his will and the feeling that he had had for little Maria Sanchez were all broken.

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"Will you marry me if I let you out?" she asked in her crisp businesslike way.

"Anyone—anything," he said in a faint disheartened voice.

"Will you marry me before I let you out?"

"Yes—if you'll let me out right away after ward and for Heaven's sake give me a drink of water."

"You must be hungry too, you poor darling."

"Perhaps—I don't know. One of your dolls had a little buck-skin shirt. I have eaten that."

"You poor thing!" exclaimed Dominga. "Well, the best thing we can do is to get married as quickly as possible. Father! will you come now and marry us, there's a dear?"

Pedro realized that Dominga was not alone. The provident maiden had indeed brought a priest with her, and witnesses even; Indians who would roll back the stone immediately after they had witnessed the ceremony.

He came to love her in time with a love that never died. She wouldn't let it. And he never looked at another woman. She wouldn't let him. They had seventeen children—exactly as many as there had been dolls in the cave.

But there are really two ways of telling this story. This lame way in which I've told it, and the way little Maria Sanchez—who, by the way, never did change her name—might tell it if she were alive, and if she had the heart to try.

The Enchanted Hill

(Continued from page 63)

embarrassed in the presence of the woman by whom he was employed.

A man rose from his seat on the opposite side of the bed and silently indicated the chair he had just vacated. The man was Jake Dorts. "If you'll excuse me, ma'am, I'll be leaving you and Mr. Todd alone to discuss your business," he announced and left the room. "See you later," he called to Todd as the door closed behind him.

Todd smiled after him—a knowing smile without much humor or sympathy in it. "Jake tells me you and he have already got acquainted, Miss Ormsby," he said easily, and added parenthetically, "Jake is somewhat embarrassed."

"He isn't too pleasant to meet just now, Mr. Todd."

"Well, neither am I, for that matter. However, I think I feel better than Jake. From what he tells me he must have lost his rabbit's foot; seems like his luck has deserted him. He even tells me he's lost his job, Miss Ormsby."

Gail sat down and faced her manager. "Did he tell you why he lost it?"

Todd nodded. "Said he refused to obey your orders."

"That is true."

"I think, Miss Ormsby," Todd continued, with an odd, unexpected courtesy, "that Jake would have been glad to carry out your orders if you had given them to him yourself. Unfortunately you chose a channel he is not accustomed to and he resented that."

"If I had known he was the range boss of the Box K Ranch I would have dismissed him when he headed a mob that came up to Major Purdy's ranch at daylight today, bent on lynching the Chinaman who assaulted you. I am quite certain Mr. Dorts became impossible from that moment."

"I'm sorry, Miss Ormsby. Jake's a mighty good cowhand. I can depend on him to get things done. And I can't help regretting you didn't wait to consult me before letting Jake out. It's going to be mighty embarrassing to Jake when folks learn that you fired him."

"But I didn't dismiss him. He resigned—under duress. His authority clashed with that of my agent and adviser, in your unavoidable absence—Major Lee Purdy. The Major used him rather badly, as Mr. Dorts' face indicates."

"That was bad judgment on Purdy's part. He isn't popular with the Box K outfit and from today on I'd hate to stand in his boots."

"He appears to be a gentleman, Mr. Todd."

"He puts up a gentlemanly appearance, and I've heard he comes of a good family back East. But that let's him out. He's a black sheep and sooner or later he'll have to get out of this country. The cattlemen in these parts don't feel comfortable with Lee Purdy around."

Gail raised her fine eyebrows in polite interrogation. Todd continued.

"Would I be offending if I asked you how long you have known Purdy?"

"Certainly not. I met him at San Onofre yesterday afternoon when I alighted from the train there. He introduced himself and when you failed to appear, in accordance with your telegram, he informed me that you would not

appear—and why. So I was forced to accept his invitation to ride with him. He was very nice indeed and put me up at his own home last night. His sister lives with him and she welcomed me. They are both extremely gracious, kind and hospitable, Mr. Todd, and I'm sure I do not know what I should have done if I had not met Major Purdy."

Ira Todd waved a deprecating hand. "I admit all that, Miss Ormsby. Just the same, it won't do you any good in this country to be known as an intimate friend of the Purdys. I don't know his sister and I take it she's all right, but I do know Purdy. Under those society manners of his he's a bad, bad hombre. So is his range boss, Link Hallowell, and Tommy Scaife, his mechanic. They're all three killers and it's common knowledge Purdy headed a cattle rustling outfit along the Border for years. Nothing but the scads of money his folks spent at his trial in El Paso kept them out of the penitentiary in nineteen seventeen. They were tried twice and each time two men hung the jury. The third time the United States District Attorney dug up new evidence and would have convicted them sure, but Purdy's lawyer made a deal with the District Attorney and the Judge providing that if the United States District Attorney moved to dismiss the charges and the Judge concurred, Purdy, Hallowell and Scaife—all that was left of the gang—would join the army, get out of Texas and stay out. They were out on bail at the time, so they rode over to Fort Bliss with the Judge and enlisted. Then he dismissed the charges and released their bail."

"Are you certain of this, Mr. Todd?" Gail was inexpressibly shocked.

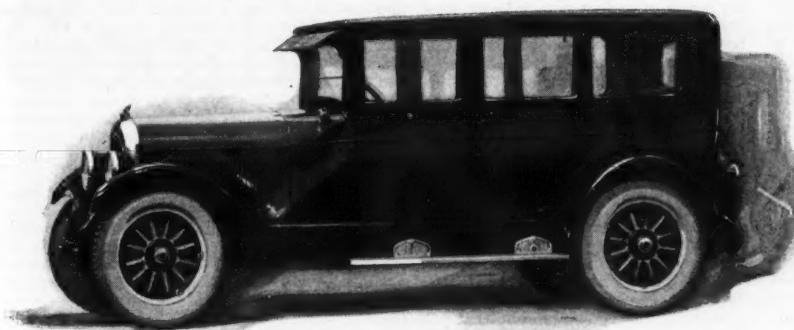
"I made a trip to El Paso to find out. The record is there in the District Court, and if you don't believe me, go down and read it yourself. You do not have to accept hearsay evidence, Miss Ormsby. I'm the last man on earth to convict a neighbor on idle gossip, but the indictments and records of both trials are there for anybody to read, and the Judge and the District Attorney will confirm my statement as to the agreement under which these three men were released. And you can see for yourself they've left Texas. They are now citizens of New Mexico!"

"Am I to infer that—"

"I ask you to infer nothing, Miss Ormsby. I merely state a condition. All I know is that there are half a dozen men along the Border who will kill Lee Purdy on sight."

Gail thought swiftly. "Was the man who tried to kill Purdy at San Onofre yesterday one of these Texas enemies?" she wondered.

"I've denounced Lee Purdy publicly ever since I went to El Paso and got the low-down on him," Todd continued sternly. "I've called him a cow-thief and a killer to his face and not once has he had the courage to resent it. I bawled him out in that Chink restaurant yesterday morning. The Chink wanted me to sit at the same table with him—the place was full up at the time and that was the only vacant seat. I had my eye on him, waiting to see if he'd have the manhood to draw his gun, when his friend



The Imperial

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The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled, Chrysler

the Chinaman put me to sleep. I was unconscious all day, and that is my excuse for failing to meet you at San Onofre, Miss Ormsby."

Gail was confused, humiliated at the position in which—provided her manager's tale was true—her acceptance of the Purdy hospitality had placed her. Again she had a vision of the wounded man at San Onofre; of Lee Purdy's agile leap to the shelter of the automobile when her footsteps startled him; of the lightning-like swiftness with which his hand had flashed to his gun. She remembered his coolness, his near-impudence, his easy-flowing conversation on all subjects save himself and his affairs. She recalled the appearance of the man in the airplane, his mysterious message, coded through the exhaust of the motor, the visit of the mob to La Cuesta Encantada to claim the Chinaman.

Could it be possible that for a long time the country-side had for good and sufficient reasons cherished animosity against Lee Purdy and those who supported him and that the attack upon Todd had been the one thing necessary to prod them into an action calculated to impress Purdy with the knowledge that here, in this country, he must behave or take the consequences?

She pictured that comfortable hacienda on the Enchanted Hill, the simple but refined furnishings of it, the easy hospitality of Purdy and his invalid sister, the undeniable atmosphere of good breeding that distinguished them both, certain indications of worldly wealth and position that were incongruous with this land of loneliness, of primitive passions and prejudices. She recalled the cool and casual manner in which Purdy had received Jake Dort and his would-be lynchers, the firm, fast manner in which he had humbled the mob, the ease with which, later, he had dismissed the incident as one of no importance whatsoever.

And there, too, were his army service, his medals and citations of which Hallie had spoken so proudly, his own evidence of good breeding in the gentle reproof he had visited upon Hallie for referring to his army record. Gail had difficulty envisioning Lee Purdy standing tamely under insult or assault. The cheerful alacrity with which he had disposed of Jake Dort at the Box K Ranch gave the lie to Todd's charge of a lack of courage.

"Major Purdy did not speak ill of you, Mr. Todd. In fact, he was rather complimentary in his references, although of course he did not scruple to admit that he disliked you intensely and that you disliked him."

"Did he say why I disliked him?"

"Yes, but for a different reason than the one you advance."

"Naturally," Todd smiled triumphantly and Gail felt humbled. But still she fought on. "I cannot conceive of Major Purdy as a man devoid of sufficient pride to defend his honor; I cannot conceive of him as a man devoid of manly courage."

"Miss Ormsby, when a man has parted with his honor he has already parted with his manly pride. His conscience, in such matters, makes a coward of him. Purdy cannot disprove the charge against him. In his heart he knows it is true that he was a mighty lucky fellow to beat the case as he did, and he hasn't the courage to do to me what an innocent man would do—and that is, pull and shoot his detractor if the said detractor did not publicly eat his words. That is the masculine code in this cattle country, Miss Ormsby, and the meanest white man will observe it or move on."

"But his army record, Mr. Todd. He has been decorated for bravery."

"I can well believe that. More than one ex-convict, unconvicted burglar and cold-blooded murderer won a Distinguished Service Cross in the late war. Nearly all men possess that kind of courage and those who have high-grade intelligence with it do bravely intelligent deeds. Purdy is no man's fool."

"What is his early history?" Gail demanded. She felt faintly nauseated.

"He comes of a fine old New England family. They're very rich and they've always had it. Lee Purdy was the black sheep and

his people gave him money to go West, lose himself and cease disgracing them close to home. The next known of him he came out of Mexico two jumps ahead of a firing squad. Old Whiskers Carranza had proscribed him as an undesirable alien. He was broke and took a job as cook on the round-up of the Pecos Land and Cattle Company. He got into trouble on the round-up and killed one of the riders in the petty quarrel."

"Oh, no!" Gail's face went white, her voice was almost a whisper.

"He roped the man, jerked him off his horse and dragged him to death. The man's name was Lon Ortega. He was a half-breed Mexican, one of the least considered riders of the outfit. Your new range boss, Pete Howe, was working on the Pecos round-up that year and saw Purdy do it."

"But—but—it—might have been done in self-defense," Gail pleaded.

"It wasn't. They'd had a couple of little run-ins at the chuck wagon, Ortega complaining of Purdy's poor cooking and poking fun at his method of using the English language. Purdy called him a mongrel pup and slapped him over an acre of ground, and Ortega ran to his bedding roll to get his gun. Purdy was unarmed, so he forked a pony belonging to Pete Howe and tried to get away. Ortega mounted, took out after Purdy and emptied his gun at him without results; Purdy counted the shots and when the sixth bullet lifted his hat off, he turned his horse, roped Ortega before he could reload and dragged him a mile as fast as Pete Howe's pony could hoof it.

"There wasn't anything done about it, but Purdy had to quit the outfit because there was no need of his killing Ortega. The man's gun was empty and he was harmless. Purdy could have beaten him up and the range boss would have fired Ortega, who would have gone away and eventually forgotten it. Ortega had never hurt anybody in all his life. He was a good boy and he hadn't meant any harm kidding Purdy. He was about the only man on the round-up that anybody could manhandle with ease, so Purdy manhandled him. Naturally Ortega lost his temper and ran for his gun. Any man that was half a man would have done the same."

"It doesn't seem possible Major Purdy can be that sort of man," Gail quavered.

"I tell you he's a bad *hombre*, Miss Ormsby. Why, he shot somebody up down at San Onofre yesterday. The man's in hospital here right now, the doctor tells me. That man Purdy's as peevish as a parrot."

"Major Purdy told me the man was a hired killer."

"I don't believe it. The man's probably one of those Texans who's been looking for Purdy ever since he got out of the army. By the way, I forgot to tell you that for a while Lee Purdy was a Texas ranger, and as a ranger he never took any chances. He killed his man first and arrested him afterward. The last poor devil he bumped off in Laredo had relatives and they swore to get Purdy so he resigned from the Rangers and disappeared. The cowardly pup!"

"I do not believe he is cowardly, Mr. Todd. I saw him handle Jake Dort and his mob as if they had been so many bad little boys."

"Any fool could do that, with Jake's men all lined up and a machine gun trained on them. He knew blamed well that all somebody had to do was to make a suggestion that they lynch him—and it would have been done. He was protecting his own skin, Miss Ormsby, and not the Chinaman's. And what sort of white man would associate with a Chinaman anyhow?"

Gail was silent, overwhelmed by this indictment which her manager had brought against her host. Todd, watching her keenly, went on.

"I told you Purdy, Link Hallowell and Tommy Scaife all joined the army together. Hallowell didn't like aviation, so he transferred to the field artillery. Scaife, who has a mechanical turn of mind but very little education, became a motor mechanic and learned to fly, but never got further than working around

an aerodrome in France. Purdy liked flying and went to France as a sergeant. He came home a major. After the war the three of them came together again. Link Hallowell is Purdy's range boss and Tommy Scaife is Purdy's motor mechanic right now at La Cuesta Encantada. Birds of a feather flock together, and the reason they do is because there's safety in numbers. Scaife or Hallowell are always with Purdy wherever he goes."

"Were they with him when you met him in the Chinaman's restaurant, Mr. Todd?"

"No, he was alone that time—for a wonder. But then it was shortly after daylight and Purdy had driven in to join his drive down to San Onofre. He wasn't expecting to meet me."

"Was he armed, Mr. Todd?"

"He's always armed. Carries his artillery in a shoulder holster under his left arm—"

"Were you armed?"

"Yes—s!"

"Where do you carry your gun?"

"On my hip, where men can see it."

"Why did you go out of your way to quarrel with Major Purdy? Suppose he is all you say he is. If he indicates a desire to behave himself—to mind his own business—why not permit him to do so in peace?"

"He accumulates cows too fast to suit me. We think he has a cute habit of claiming unbranded yearlings he finds running with cows that wear your brand and the brands of other people. We haven't been able to hang anything on him yet, but if we ever do—good night, Major Purdy!"

Again Gail was silent. Todd saw that he had impressed her. He continued: "I'm the last man in the world to quarrel with my neighbors, Miss Ormsby. I started working for the Box K Ranch, under your Uncle Alex, when I was seventeen years old—just out of high school. I was raised down in Santa Fé and I thought it would be fun to learn the cattle business. I liked it and I stuck. Your Uncle Alex liked me and trusted me, and during the last five years of his life, when your uncle wasn't well enough to take care of things himself, I ran everything. He paid me mighty well and he let me accumulate a little bunch of cattle under my own brand. I ran them on the government range and rented winter pasture from your Uncle Alex, until Purdy came along and bought the winter pasture I was renting."

"He's got some sort of pull in Washington—makes a great to-do about patrolling the Cuyamaca Reserve at his own expense—and he just naturally hogging the government range. One after the other he's managed to have the grazing permits of the small cattle-men canceled, or else he's bought them out or bluffed them out and taken over their permits. The Box K permit and mine are two he can't get, because he can't bluff me or scare me or hang on me any charge which would give the rangers cause to advocate the cancellation of my permit or that of the Box K Ranch."

"Miss Ormsby, I've been fighting your battle ever since your uncle died and left you the Box K Ranch, and that's the reason I'm here in this hospital. Purdy, profiting by my misfortune, made your acquaintance under circumstances where you found yourself forced to accept his friendly advances and the temporary hospitality of his home."

Todd sat up in bed and pointed an accusing finger at the girl. "Miss Ormsby, have Purdy and his sister asked you to stay with them while you are in this country?"

Gail nodded.

"I knew they would! They did this, of course, after showing you the Box K Ranch and pointing out the impossibility of any lady's living in such a place."

"It's terribly lonely, desolate and not very clean place, you must admit, Mr. Todd."

"And for that reason you have accepted their invitation?"

"Well, yes."

"I'm sorry you should think I would be so indifferent to your interests as to suggest your putting up—alone—at the ranch. I had arranged to have you live with Jim Presbrey

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Cosmopolitan for August, 1924



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and his wife, over at San Simeon. That's only six miles from your ranch. San Simeon is just a general store, a post-office, a blacksmith shop and the headquarters of the ranger service in the Cuyamaca Reserve. Presbrey is the supervisor in charge and his wife is a charming woman. They have a very nice room and bath for you, and I would have sent over a couple of fine three-gaited saddle horses for you and given you the ranch automobile and one of the boys to act as your chauffeur. It isn't a very fancy automobile, I'll admit, and the chauffeur wouldn't wear a uniform on a bet, but it would get you around to attend to your business."

There was a note of genuine regret in Ira Todd's deep musical voice; a shade of sadness and disappointment had settled over his face; he gazed out of the window into the distance and was silent for at least a minute.

"Well," he said finally, "what can't be cured must be endured. You have accepted their hospitality, so I suppose you can't reject it now without embarrassment. And yet it's most embarrassing to me and to your own financial interests to stay on there. We're mighty hard up as matters stand, and if the money market and the market for beef cattle don't change for the better pretty soon, Purdy will get us anyhow. But that isn't his way. He's like all killers and crooks—too nervous to play a waiting game. He's got to crowd his luck while I'm flat on my back and unable to do anything . . . Well, I'll not be here more than a week longer and when I get out we'll have a definite show-down. This last job he's tried to put over cooks his goose with me."

He shifted his sad gaze from the blue mountains visible through the hospital window and turned on her accusingly.

"Without consulting me—your own manager—the man your uncle trusted for fifteen years and made money doing it—you have let this slick crook take control of your affairs. He put you up to firing the best and most loyal range boss in all New Mexico—and you did it. He put you up to rounding up all your cattle now on the winter range and shooing them out onto the government range to drift a hundred miles or so this summer, and all on the theory that it's the only thing to do to keep the Southwestern Cattle Loan Corporation from foreclosing the mortgage they hold on the Box K cattle. And you fell for it and ordered Pete Howe to start the drive tomorrow morning. And Purdy's going to send down his cook and chuck wagon and men to help. Do you know why? Because he wants this job put over in a hurry. He knows delays are dangerous. He knows he must act while I am lying here helpless."

Gail stared at her manager, frightened, a bit abashed. Todd stormed on: "The cattle loan company will not foreclose. Of course they say they will and I don't deny that at times they feel they'd like to and say so, but they'll think better of that. If they don't, I have ways to make them. What Purdy wants you to do is to turn your cattle adrift and have them work up into the Cuyamaca Reserve a couple of weeks ahead of the official opening of the grazing season. Then his friends, the rangers, will jump us for violation of our grazing permit and this will give Purdy's pull in Washington a chance to work. They will cancel our grazing permits immediately; we will be ordered to get our cattle out of the Reserve—and that will be an expensive job."

"Meanwhile Purdy will have secured our grazing permits. Then he'll buy our equity in the cattle for just enough money to enable us to get out of the country, and he'll have the loan company in such a position that it will have to carry the paper until fall. By that time the market will be up, the cattle will be worth twenty dollars a head more than they are now and it will mean a nice profit for Mr. Purdy, and ruin for Miss Gail Ormsby and Mr. Ira Todd. After that Mr. Ira Todd can look for another job and Purdy will be able to buy the Box K range for about four dollars an acre, although it's worth ten."

"Oh, I'm sure you're wrong, Mr. Todd!" Gail protested. "I can't believe that of Major Purdy."

"I didn't think you would, Miss Ormsby. Why should you? You know him better than you know me. He's been running the Box K Ranch twelve hours and I've only been running it five years. Are you going to send your riders down on the Rio Hondo tomorrow to make that drive?"

"I—I—don't know," Gail faltered.

"You've got to know and know here and now, Miss Ormsby, because I can't get out of this bed and straddle a horse to keep you from making a fool of yourself and me. Right now I can hardly see you and my head is just one big ache; I'm a bit paralyzed down my left side; you might notice my speech is a little slow and labored and sometimes it gets thick?"

Gail nodded. She had noticed that.

"I've got myself to think of—since you won't think of me now that I'm down and out when I'd ought to be up and doing. I've got about three hundred head under my own brand on the Box K winter range and I wish you wouldn't run them in with yours. You've got to decide here and now whether Ira Todd or Lee Purdy is manager of your range, and if Purdy is dictating its policy my resignation is not only in order—you have it! What's the answer, Miss Ormsby?"

He was a powerful, forceful man and Gail realized that he had argued well and forcibly. He was not a man to be denied, and certainly he had not spent much time beating about the bush. To Gail, in her extremity, came an old maxim of the bridge-playing fraternity—"When in doubt, lead trumps!" Lee Purdy might be worth the odd trick, as the highest of a suit, but Ira Todd was certainly looming before her in all the glory of a trump. It seemed to her that she had to play him.

"You are the manager of the Box K Ranch, Mr. Todd," she decided.

"Thank you for that vote of confidence. As your manager, I do the hiring and the firing. Understood?"

Gail bent her head.

"Thank you again. Jake Dort is your range boss again, Miss Ormsby. I need him in your business and I need him tonight. He is probably sitting in the waiting room now. Will you be good enough to ask him to step up here?"

Gail's face burned, but she faced the embarrassing issue bravely. She summoned Jake Dort, who came and stood, hat in hand, beside the manager's bed.

"Jake," said Ira Todd, "you go over to the sheriff's office and tell him you want to be made a deputy sheriff. He'll swear you in. Then you get the justice of the peace to issue a writ of attachment on all of the saddle-horses of the Box K Ranch to secure a suit you're going to enter against Miss Ormsby for wages overdue. After that get somebody to motor you out to the ranch and serve that writ on Pete Howe. Then, as the deputy sheriff in charge of the attached property, camp on the job and wait until I come home and relieve you. If Purdy or any of his people come on the ranch while you are in charge, forget that you are a deputy sheriff and remember that once more you are the range boss of the Box K Ranch. Do whatever your judgment dictates. Miss Ormsby has no more orders to give you, and if she changes her mind and gives any, come and tell me."

"There won't be no drive of Box K cows tomorrow mornin', Iry," Jake promised. "I never yet seen a cowhand that was worth shucks when it come to footin' it after a wild doggie." He chuckled pleasantly, favored Gail with a malevolent and triumphant look and, still looking at her, deliberately bit a huge piece out of a plug of chewing tobacco. He continued to look at her unwinkingly as he returned the plug to his pocket. Without asking permission he removed from the bedpost where it hung Ira Todd's belt with a holster attached and a pistol in the holster.

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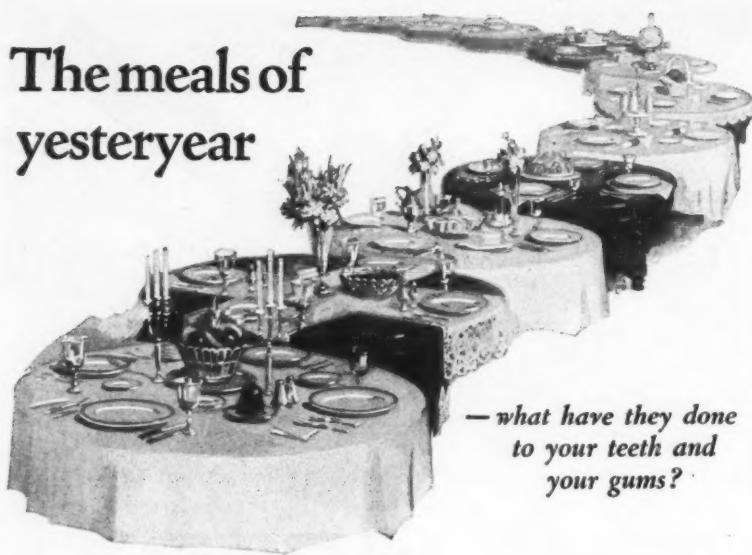
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Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

He counted the cartridges in the belt, nodded his satisfaction at the number and buckled the armament around his fat waist. "Sort o' looks like the Box K ain't quite big enough for me an' Pete Howe," he murmured musingly, and disappeared through the door.

Gail's eyes glowed with anger, her face went alternately red and white. "This is not an easy thing for me to do, Mr. Todd," she reminded her manager.

"It wouldn't be so hard if you had called to see me before committing yourself," he replied with spirit. "And up till now I haven't been having such an easy time of it myself. When will you leave the Purdy ranch?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"You are very wise. I'll have a light motor truck go out from Arguello to move your baggage. You can ride on the front seat with the driver. Tell him to take you to San Simeon, and when you get there introduce yourself to Jim Presbrey and his wife. They'll make you very comfortable. In the meantime, just so you won't worry, I have some news for you. That's my coat in the closet yonder. There's a telegram in the inside breast pocket. Read it."

Gail obeyed. The telegram was signed by the Southwestern Cattle Loan Corporation, dated that day from Santa Fé, and informed Ira Todd that the board of directors had agreed to extend the note of the estate of Alex Garnett until November first.

"Now, don't get the idea in your head that I'm not fighting for your interests, Miss Ormsby," Todd advised her smilingly. "As I told you, these money lenders get frightened sometimes and get wild notions in their heads. They had me frightened a week ago, but when I got my nerve back I ran over to Santa Fé and made them agree to reconsider. They wired me today that they had reconsidered, so now, you see, there isn't the slightest necessity for playing into the hands of the foxy Major Purdy."

Gail was indeed tremendously relieved. However, she had other worries.

"I am given to understand, Mr. Todd, that the ranch account in the local bank is overdrawn and that the hands at the ranch have not had any wages for three months."

"That is true," he admitted. "Life hasn't been very easy for us cow men for quite a while back. But while I was in Santa Fé the day before yesterday I raised a personal loan at the bank there. I had the money in my pocket for the pay-roll when that Chink hit me. Jake has it in his pocket now and the hands will be paid tomorrow."

Gail was overwhelmed. "Forgive me, Mr. Todd, if I have seemed to doubt you," she pleaded. "I am not a business woman, I was bewildered. I had to have advice from somebody that knew and I so wanted to trust somebody. So I trusted your enemy. Please forgive me!"

"Oh, nonsense, Miss Ormsby! There's nothing to forgive, and if there was you've corrected your mistake. Hereafter, when you want to trust somebody, please trust me. I'm used to it." He smiled archly at her and held out his hand; this time his handclasp was more cordial.

He continued: "I promised your Uncle Alex as he lay dying that I'd stick by you and get you out of the woods. He knew it wasn't going to be any easy job to do and he was worried."

"I'll not make your task harder for you, Mr. Todd. And I'm glad I came in to see you. Our discussion has been very illuminating."

"You are very kind to say that. I thought it had been very distressing. But I had to expose Purdy. As a usual thing I do not like to dig up any man's buried past, and I wouldn't in Purdy's case if I thought the scoundrel had reformed. But he hasn't. By the way, I have carbon copies of all the testimony, the indictment and in fact all of the records in those two trials of Purdy, Hallowell and Scaife, together with a letter from the United States

District Attorney at El Paso transmitting the documents to me. I'll send them over to Jim Presbery's for you to read at your leisure."

"Thank you. May I have this telegram?"

"What do you want it for?"

"To show to Major Purdy as a reason for calling off the arrangements he has made to assist Pete Howe in that drive tomorrow morning."

"I reckon it will help to let you down easy," Todd agreed, with ready wit. "Let me have it again, for the ranch files, when it has served its purpose. How are you going to get back to La Cuesta Encantada?"

"I'm going to fly back with Tommy Scaife."

"Good luck to you, Miss Ormsby. Good afternoon, and thank you for calling. I feel a lot better now."

"So do I, Mr. Todd. Good afternoon."

Gail tucked the telegram in her hand-bag and left the room. Straight down the hall she went until she met a nurse, to whom she confided her desire to see Major Lee Purdy. Purdy was accordingly summoned from Bud Shannon's room, where he had been sitting watching the killer beat back to life.

"This is a very pleasant surprise, Miss Ormsby, although Tommy was in and told me I might expect you. You have been calling on Ira Todd, I take it." He led her into the deserted reception room.

"I have," Gail replied.

At the sound of her voice Purdy's eyes widened a little and their gaze became focused on hers. In her tone his alert intuition had detected a change in her mental attitude toward him. "Well?" he queried finally. Then: "Won't you be seated?"

Gail accepted the chair he offered her. "We had a long talk, Major," she replied, "and as a result of our conference I have concluded to retain Mr. Todd as my manager—for the present at least."

Purdy inclined his head in acquiescence, but his questioning eyes never ceased their questioning. "This telegram will explain the situation now existing," she continued, and handed him the message. He read it and handed it back. "Of course," Gail continued, a little eagerly, as if she desired to terminate the conversation at the earliest possible moment, "this attitude on the part of the Southwestern Cattle Loan Corporation renders unnecessary the premature movement of my cattle onto the forest reserve, so I have agreed with Mr. Todd that we will keep them where they are until the official opening of the grazing season."

"I see. Well, it's nice to have such comforting assurance in writing," Purdy replied gravely. "I suppose you desire me to understand that I am relieved of my office as your adviser?"

Gail flushed but met his cool glance bravely. "Yes," she replied.

Followed an awkward silence. Gail was entirely at a loss for words to break it tactfully. She realized that she must present some reason for her unexpected call upon him; she realized also from his polite but stubborn silence that he expected her to present an explanation and was patiently awaiting it. In all her life she had never been placed in such an embarrassing predicament. Purdy saw that she was suffering, however, and he had not the hardihood to permit that.

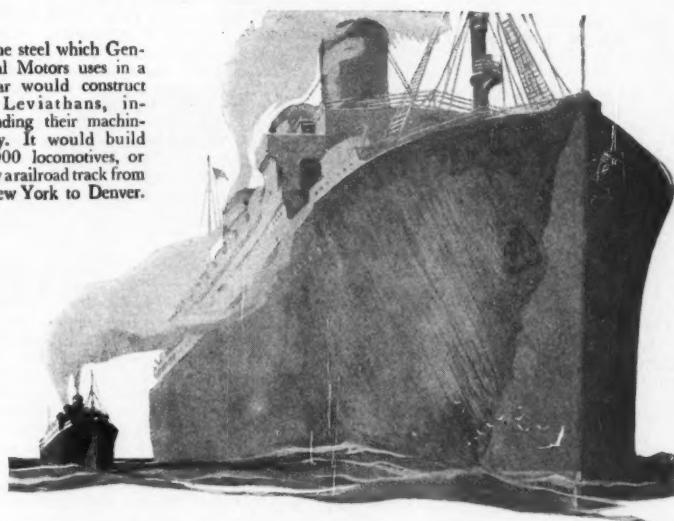
"Tommy is waiting for you over by the ship, and I think you had better be running along, Miss Ormsby, so he can make his landing on the Enchanted Hill before dark. Please explain to Hallie that I am detained here on business and tell Tommy it will not be necessary for Joaquin and the riders to go down on the Hondo tomorrow morning."

She was grateful to him for the avenue of escape he offered her, but she was not the kind to retreat ignominiously. Her glance faltered and fell before the inquiry that shone still in his cool blue eyes.

"I suppose Todd told you all about me?" he shot at her then.

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"He confirmed your own admission to me this morning that you had a past," she replied, with increasing embarrassment.

"I suppose he painted a lurid picture."

"I'm so sorry, Major, but the things he told me, if true—"

"What did he tell you?"

"He said you were the black sheep of your family and—"

"I am."

"That formerly you were a member of the Texas Rangers and had a habit of killing men before arresting them."

"I did that once, Miss Ormsby."

"He said you had quarreled with a cowboy named Ortega in Texas, lassoed him and dragged him to death."

"That is quite true, Miss Ormsby."

"He said you had been the leader of a gang of cattle thieves along the Mexican border for years."

"That's how I got my start in the cattle business, Miss Ormsby—stealing cattle from the Mexicans."

"He told me that you, a Mr. Hallowell and Tommy Scaife had been tried twice in El Paso for your crimes, and that your father's money was all that saved you from the penitentiary."

"That is true."

"He said two men hung the jury at each trial and the assumption was that they hung it for hire."

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to admit that, because that would be fastening a crime on somebody else, but I will admit that on both occasions those jurors got on that jury for the sole purpose of hanging it, whether they were paid for it or not."

"They would have tried you a third time if you hadn't made a deal whereby all three of you agreed to enlist and get out of Texas."

"We accepted the program, Miss Ormsby, and agreed to leave Texas."

"Have you altered your mode of life since those days, Major Purdy?"

He smiled wistfully. "I'm still operating under the same old code of morals, if that's what you mean."

"It's what I mean and I'm very sorry. You could be such a splendid man if you cared to be." Her voice faltered, tears welled into her eyes and trembled on her lashes.

"Please do not weep," he pleaded. "No man is quite worth that."

"It's smashed—all of what promised to be a fine friendship—and Hallie—"

"She'll get over it, Miss Ormsby."

Gail had opened her bag to get her handkerchief and dry the tears that were coming so much faster now. The mouth of the bag yawned open, disclosing the telegram she had showed him a moment before. Quite deliberately Purdy abstracted it and tucked it in his trousers pocket; all the while he was saying:

"I suppose this means you have made up your mind to leave La Cuesta Encantada."

"I can't—can't—help feeling badly," Gail wailed. "You and Hallie have been wonderful to me—and it's so embarrassing and terrible to have to tell her—and I loathe hurting you. It seems like such a gratuitous slap in the face in return for your wonderful hospitality, but—I—"

"Well, Hallie is all right," he defended stoutly. "I'm the kill-joy of the family. It's much too bad. However, do not bother to tell Hallie. Go away tomorrow morning before my sister arises. Then you'll not have to say sad good-bys and make embarrassing explanations. Leave all that to me. I'm used to explaining things," he added bitterly.

"You—you make—make it all the harder. You're such a—good—sport—for a—bad man. I'm sure—everything could be explained—

if people would only—understand—and have some charity. I—"

"You're very sweet to say that and I shall be eternally grateful to you for it. Now dry your eyes and run along. Tommy is waiting and the light is fading fast."

She held out her little brown hand and he bent and kissed it reverently. "Good-by," she barely whispered.

"*Au revoir*," he murmured, slurring the words as he had learned to slur them during the one period of his life when he had turned himself from his evil ways to honorable service. "When you need some nine-minute eggs to do something for you, send for Lee Purdy, Link Hallowell and Tommy Scaife. We'll come a-running, Miss Ormsby. And that's a promise."

Gail stumbled blindly out of the hospital and across to the field where Tommy Scaife sat in the fuselage of Purdy's two-seater, smoking cigarettes. He hopped out now to give the girl a hand up and, her composure having in a measure returned, she took keen notice of Tommy Scaife for the first time.

He was a small, sturdy man, weighing about a hundred and forty pounds. He was slightly bow-legged—that degree of bow-leggedness which comes of a lifetime in the saddle; his hair was red and his eyes a buttermilk blue. He was freckled to a point where a frontier wit had once declared that Tommy's features reminded him of nothing so much as a nickel's worth of ginger snaps. He had a pug nose and a wide, generous, humorous mouth; there was that about him which gave Gail an impression that here was a little boy who had grown old much too quickly.

"Tommy Scaife," the girl demanded, acting on a sudden impulse, "what do you think of Major Purdy?"

"He'll go!" the little man replied promptly. "I ought to know. I've gone with him."

"And what do you think of Mr. Ira Todd?"

"He's all right, I guess—in his way. It don't happen to be my way. When a man don't like another man he ain't qualified to pass judgment on him. I reckon your manager is like the rest of us—a little bit spotted."

"Have you ever been a cow thief, Tommy?"

Tommy's buttermilk eyes flashed upon her a glance that made her quail. In all her life Gail had never seen anything so bleak as those eyes. "I see you've been discussing me with Todd," he parried. "Well, that makes just one more indictment against that *hombre*."

"I just wanted to know," Gail explained. "I had heard that about you and yet you seem so honest and fair-minded I couldn't help thinking it wasn't true."

"I'll tell you something about that manager of yours," the little red man remarked evenly. "The Major never carries a gun. Todd knows he doesn't, so yesterday morning when he met the Major alone in the restaurant he felt free to abuse him; until the Chinaman took care of Ira Todd. But when Todd gets well you're going to have to hunt a new manager, miss. He tried to provoke the Major into striking him; then he would have killed the Major—and the restaurant filled with Todd's witnesses to prove self-defense. The Major, for his little sister's sake, had to sit tight and listen to things said about Miss Hallie. Todd got that low a-tryin' to provoke a killin'."

His bleak eyes roved over her.

"Well, he provoked a killin', all right," he continued. "I'll kill him as sure as death an' taxes—an' that the first time we meet. Tell him. Tell him to heel himself and get his killers together. He's got me an' Link Hallowell to reckon with. Tell your manager I shook dice with Link for Ira Todd, I won him fair an' square an' I play for keeps. I warned

him to lay off the Major. So did Link. He wouldn't. Now nothin' but paralysis, complete an' total, can keep me off'n him. You tell him that, miss, an' watch his face get white. He's afeared to die."

Gail realized that this fear was one that could never, by any possibility, come to Tommy Scaife. Whatever his faults he was one of the valiant few to whom the preservation of a code meant more than life, with private and secret dishonor. The girl looked once more into his bleak eyes and knew that, whatever the issue was to be, this man would decide it.

CHAPTER XI

ARRIVED at the hacienda, Gail was fortunate in being able to proceed directly to her room without encountering Hallie. Here she bathed her eyes and composed herself until Conchita appeared to announce dinner, when she joined Hallie in the dining room and delivered to her her brother's message. The little invalid, observing that her guest was somewhat distract, forebore to comment on it. She monopolized the conversation during dinner and immediately after dinner busied herself at the radio. Seemingly she was engrossed with the problem of catching a concert from a New York broadcasting station, and eventually she succeeded. For an hour the two girls sat listening, and when the concert was over came Conchita to bear her little mistress off to bed.

"Good night," Hallie said—and then, impulsively, she evaded Conchita and came straight to Gail's side. "I'm sorry you are unhappy tonight. I know you have your worries, but you mustn't permit them to distress you. Leave them to my brother. He and worry have more than a nodding acquaintance and—may I call you Gail? I want you to call me Hallie."

It was such a frank appeal to Gail for her friendship—for the comfort of her society. A great sympathy welled up in Gail's heart for the frail little thing, striving so gallantly to be loyal to her amazingly likable scalawag of a brother.

"You poor dear," she said, took Hallie in her arms and kissed her wan cheeks.

Hallie, on her part, drew Gail's brown head down on her shoulder—she was taller than Gail—and whispered: "Now, cry all you want. You've been wanting to all evening, you know."

And Gail wept. When she had got control of herself again she felt better and Hallie queried timidly, "Do you mind telling me what it's all about, Gail?"

"It's because I'm going to leave La Cuesta Encantada in the morning, Hallie."

"Must you go? I'm so sorry."

"It appears that rooms have been engaged for me at the Presbry home in San Simeon. I'll be close to my ranch then. It will be more convenient for me to confer with my manager, Mr. Todd."

"I understand," said Hallie. "He and Lee do not like each other, and of course that would make it awkward for you. But you'll come and see me frequently, won't you? Tom or Lee will fly over for you any time you call up. You can get us over the Forest service line. Ring two bells—one long and one short. I'd go over to visit you, but Mrs. Presbry has children and she's horribly afraid of tubercular people. Good night, dear."

She retired to her room, convoyed by the massive Conchita, and Gail, lonelier and more desolate than she could remember ever having been in all her life, sat down on the divan before the huge log fire and gave herself up to her melancholy thoughts.

(To be Continued.)

Was it an echo, or were two shots fired? You'll want to know the answer to that question in an intriguing mystery story—next month by J. S. Fletcher, the celebrated English writer.



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When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make

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A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a

towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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The Last Summer of Rose

(Continued from page 89)

under some other name than Kid Rose and Hershel's only answer is to tell Isaac to cut himself a slice of pie.

When Mr. Winter bows out, Hershel Rosenberg, now Kid Rose again, resigns from the cabinet at the St. Moe to take up his annual summer tour around the country, clicking off pennies on his brother's fame as a boxer. Hazel, who heard the whole story, thought this was a scream and pointed out that the money-mad Hershel at least had a sense of humor, because he'd send her a telegram every time Ike won a fight saying, "I win again, kid!" The fact that Hershel's wire might come from Chicago and the battle had taken place in New Orleans made no difference whatever to the jovial Hershel Rosenberg. He was just a nice boy.

Well, both Ike and Hershel were conspicuous by their absence from my ken for quite a few weeks. I guess I would have forgotten about them if Jerry Murphy and Pete Kift didn't keep them alive in my memory with anecdotes of the fox passes Hershel pulled while a bellhop at the dear old St. Moe. Then one day friend Isaac's bulky form suddenly looms up at the switchboard. Honestly, the boy is a photograph of gloom. He looked fearfully low.

"Greetings!" I says pleasantly. "Long time no see—how come?"

"Maybe you seen that lowlife brother of mine, hey?" says Ike mournfully.

"No, I haven't seen Hershel either," I says, telling the truth. "But I read in the paper the other day where Kid Rose was knocked out in one round by somebody or other in Boston. Which one of you boys was that Kid Rose?"

"That vos Hershel," wails Ike. "I ain't worked in a couple of months on account from that bum! I couldn't get no fights 'till he keeps gettin' himself knocked stiff and the promoters think it's me. Honest, for vot I think about that feller they could send me back to Russia! Ven I tell 'em about my brother, they chuckle at me. I would give a t'ousand dollars—well, maybe five hundred dollars—for a idea to make Hershel quit bein' Kid Rose."

I thought this one over for a few minutes while I'm plugging in wrong numbers and Ike tells his troubles to Pete Kift, who happened to saunter along.

"Hello," says Pete to Isaac. "I see where you got slapped for a bath-house again the other night. Lay you like a carpet, don't they?"

"Shut up!" Ike howls, covering his scalloped ears with his hands. "That vos my brother, not me! Oy, should I get my hands on Hershel, I'll——"

"Hold everything!" I interrupt. "Listen, are you really in earnest about paying five hundred dollars for a way to make your brother stop advertising himself as Kid Rose?"

"In earnest?" says Ike. "Say, I must of been insane! You got a idea?"

"Positivel!" I says. I speak several languages.

"Vell, I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, should it be good," says Ike after a minute. "But I wouldn't pay another nickel if you cry all over the place!"

That burnt me up.

"Look here, young feller me lad" I says, "I simply cannot do any heavy thinking for such a piffling sum as a hundred dollars. Really, that thrills me about as much as it thrills a deep-sea diver to step into a bath tub. But for five hundred——"

Ike pulls a roll of bills from his pocket.

"Here, take the three hundred," he says. "It ain't nice to argue vit a lady. Vot's your scheme?"

"Five hundred dollars or I don't turn a wheel!" I says firmly.

"Oy, vot a woman!" moans Ike, handing over the other two hundred on the verge of tears. "How vos everybody in Moscow ven you left 'em?"

Well, my suggestion to Isaac was simply that he and Hershel meet in the ring for the right to wear the much coveted title, "Kid Rose." Ike had told me that he and his brother were both the same weight, except that Hershel was a little heavier above the ears. The winner could continue to say it with uppercuts as Kid Rose, while the loser would have to bear up and be content with the label pasted on him by his fond parents. I pointed out to the skeptical Ike that this scheme had plenty to recommend it, apart from offering a permanent solution to his problem. For instance, with proper publicity, a fight between two brothers each claiming the same ring name would be sure to draw a record crowd, especially as the alias at stake was so well-known. I presented other arguments, equally strong if not stronger, but why take up your time with them? Let it be enough to say that I finally got Ike sold on the idea that my plan was a good thought and he departed to proposition Hershel.

So that you won't perish from curiosity, I'll come right out pointblank and tell you that the boys fought as per my re:ipe and Ike was returned the winner, with the right to call himself Kid Rose forever and a day. I say they fought, but really, that's a rather reckless use of the verb. Before a howling mob that jammed the Manslaughter A. C. in Jersey City, Isaac put his affectionate brother down and out with one enthusiastic punch on the jaw about two seconds after the start of the first—and last—round. Honestly, I felt terrible about it and something more than sorry for Hershel, but Hazel laughed herself sick. Jerry Murphy and Pete Kift, who escorted us over to the catastrophe, sneered that both Ike and Hershel were false alarms and Jerry declared he wouldn't be afraid to choose either of them. Pete remarked airily that he'd like to take them both on at once; but neither of these heroes yelled loud enough for the Rosenberg boys to hear.

The mere fact that his brother had knocked him from under his former cognomen didn't appear to disturb Hershel's activities as a boxer. As plain Hershel Rosenberg now he continued to browse around the country, collecting various and sundry amounts for giving an uncannily correct imitation of a punching bag. I kept in touch with him by scanning the sport pages. Thus:

Milwaukee, July 6. 28-Punch McWagon knocked out Hershel Rosenberg in the second round of a scheduled twelve-round bout here last night. The men are middleweights.

The reports were always the same, except for the name of the town where the crime took place and the pugilist who assaulted our boy friend. Really, Hershel didn't seem able to cope with any of them!

A couple of months came and went, as months will, before I had the extreme pleasure of gazing upon Hershel's battered features again. However, he strolled into the lobby one day, swapped a few lies with Pete and Jerry and then roamed over to me.

"Vell, how's all the telephone numbares today, eh?" is his greeting.

"Busy," I says. "How's our champion?"

"Not so good!" says Hershel. "Ven I lost that name Kid Rose I lost plenty! I couldn't fight no more vitout it. Y' know, all this time I been used to bein' introduced to the customers as Kid Rose. Vell, now the announcer says, 'Over here, we have Hershel Rosenberg, the Divin' Venus!' and that kind of upsets my, now, stomach. I ain't used my real name for so long that I couldn't even get knocked out properly vit it."

"How's Ike?" I asked him.

"I should care!" growls Hershel. "There's a brother! You seen vot he done in that fight we had in Joisey City. He's afraid to take a chance vit me in a long fight, so he goes to

work and knocks me out in the, now, foist round. Honest, he vos scared stiff!"

"But you were knocked stiff!" I gently reminded him. "Hershel, why don't you give up boxing and stick to bellhopping? It's less wearing on the features and it certainly don't look like you're ever going to get anywhere in the ring, now does it?"

"Vell, maybe you're right," sighs Hershel. "I got to fight One-Feint Heehaw, middle-weight champeen of Baffin's Bay, in Madison Square next week. If I lose, I'm through! No more boxin' in the summairie time—"

"It'll be the last summer of Rose, eh?" I couldn't resist butting in.

"Absolutely!" says Hershel. "I'm com-mencin' to get sick and tired of dustin' off the canvas vit my, now, shoulder-blades. But vit proper handlin' I could positively beat this One-Feint Heehaw. Up to date I ain't had nothin' in my cornaire but a bunch of lowlife kidders, which all the advice they could give me between rounds is to tell me how rotten I am. Vot do I need seconds to tell me that for—don't I know it?"

"Why don't you get your brother to be your second in this bout with One-Feint Heehaw?" I asked him, struck by a sudden thought. "He knows a lot about boxing and being your brother you'd have confidence in him. If—"

"Say—you're a vondaire!" Hershel cuts me off excitedly. "That's just vot I'll do. I'll get Ike he should go behind me and I'll knock this feller Heehaw for ghoul! I neaire seen nobody like you for, now, schemes. You got more ideas than Edison!"

Honestly, if Mons. Hershel Rosenberg had had the faintest idea as to what would be the result of that clever suggestion, I'm satisfied Hershel would have murdered me right then and there in hot blood. Warm puppy! Get this!

Hershel managed to talk his brother into seconding him and then the fighting bellhop went in training for his petting party with One-Feint Heehaw. Hershel's idea of getting in shape for this bout was to have his nails manicured and I think he got shaved—I'm not sure about that. Anyhow, when the night of the big fight rolled around, Hershel got his first setback. He was just one pound overweight and the laughing manager of One-Feint Heehaw collected his five-hundred-dollar forfeit. Gnashing his pearly teeth, Hershel remarked that all the Shylocks are not Jewish. Really, that untoward pay-off was poison to Hershel, who was so tight he wouldn't even harbor a fear.

Our party at the shambles consisted of Hazel, Pete, Jerry and your correspondent and we had to wade through a crowd that would make you think there was nobody at the Dempsey-Firpo scuffle but the reporters. Hershel was the first to enter the ring—his body cocoa-buttered, face vaselined to prevent cuts, as Jerry explained it, and a grim look on his slightly irregular profile. He was greeted with mingled cheers and jeers and politely acknowledged both. Hazel, the money addict, had bet heavily on Hershel for some reason known only to herself and she cheered him loud and lustily. Hershel immediately arose and bowed solemnly to the opposite side of the ring from where Hazel was sitting.

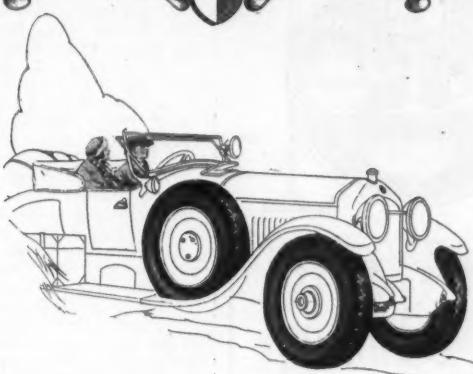
"At's the tip-off!" says Jerry disgustedly. "At big tomato don't know what it's all about. He won't last a round with this guy Heehaw. I seen 'at baby go—he's as tough as a year in the pen."

"Leave my fighter alone, stupid!" says Hazel irritably. "What do you know about boxing?"

"I know enough not to do it," says Jerry. "At's more than 'at maniac does!"

Further discussion and possibly violence was prevented by the entrance of One-Feint Heehaw, a villainous-looking, bullet-headed facsimile of a gorilla. He was welcomed with riotous applause and tried out a smile on the admiring mob. Honestly, the result was so horrifying that Hazel and me shuddered and

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hid behind Jerry's broad back. The crowd breaks into an excited buzz of incoherent conversation as the men are called to the center of the ring for the referee's instructions. One-Feint Heehaw looks Hershel up and down sneeringly and then turns to the referee.

"Do I walk to the ropes and wait for the count every time I knock this chump down?" he asks the grinning official.

"Oy!" gasps Hershel to Ike. "Vot a rough vun I picked for myself tonight!"

"Sshh!" says Ike. "Don't let him kid you. They ain't none of 'em rough ven they're on the floor."

"Maybe," agrees Hershel. "But the thing is—how d'ye get 'em there?"

"Are you guys gonna night or do a act?" asks the referee. "This is a ring, not no theather!"

The next minute the panic was on!

The instant the bell rang, One-Feint Heehaw sprang from his corner and hit Hershel with a terrible blow right on the nose. The only witty retort Hershel could think of was to sink slowly to the canvas with a rather reproachful expression on his face. "Knock him dead, Heehaw!" howls the mob and a patron in back of us, slightly under the influence of Volstead antidote, added sleepily, "Go on, you tramps, knock each other out!" Hershel arose as the referee reached "seven" and his brother Ike immediately yelled, "Bore in, Hershel, bore in!" One-Feint Heehaw had other plans for Hershel, however, and drove him across the ring with a volley of punches that kept poor Hershel plenty busy trying to keep from being exterminated. In the midst of this furious mix-up, some comedian in the gallery convulsed the crowd by bawling, "Hey, Hershel, you're wanted on the phone!"

So far it was just a case of guffaws with nobody hurt—except Hershel. Above the roar of the mob Ike's voice rose hysterically in what soon became a chant, "Bore in, you sap, bore in!" Hershel tried manfully to follow his brother's instructions, but really, it wasn't Hershel's night. One-Feint Heehaw, who figured it was more blessed to give than to receive, was simply making a chopping block out of him. Honestly, it was pitiful. Hazel was on the verge of tears. For Hershel? Be yourself. For the dimes she was losing on him!

Suddenly Hershel, with a despairing effort, woke up and began to take an active interest in his assassination. For a full minute these cavemen stood toe to toe and exchanged blows that would have killed anybody else but them. The crowd was now just twenty thousand lunatics and the noise awoke our friend behind us, Mr. Intoxicated. This hard-boiled young man blinked his eyes, looked up at the two panting, wildly punching warriors whose efforts

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

had the mob in a frenzy and remarked loudly: "They're just a couple of stallin' bums. Make 'em fight or throw 'em out!"

"My Gawd!" gasps Hazel. "You'd find fault with a lynching!"

But our critical friend was asleep again.

When Hershel came staggering to his corner at the end of the first round, honestly, he was as weak as a cup of boarding-house tea. He had hit the floor either five or thirty-six times and looked every inch of it. Ike disgustedly waved a towel in front of his brother's bruised face while the other seconds sponged off his bleeding and heaving body.

"If you'd bore in there like I tell you, you'd put this feller away!" says Ike to Hershel. "Vot's the matter from you—couldn't you hear me? This tremp don't like it—bore in there and stay close vit him!"

"Huh?" says Hershel, rolling his eyes glassily.

The bell cut off Ike's peevish oath.

Hershel gamely got to his feet and rushed to the center of the ring just in time to keep an engagement with One-Feint Heehaw's left glove. After carelessly ejecting a couple of teeth that were of no further use to him, Hershel looked wildly to his corner at Ike. "Bore in!" howls Ike. Instead, Hershel led with his chin to the point of Heehaw's right glove and then sat down quickly on the floor to think things over. He reached some sort of a hasty decision with regard to his future and was up at "nine," about as steady as a flagpole in a hurricane. One-Feint Heehaw sprayed him with punches and Hershel ran frantically backwards all around the ring. Ike seemed to be on the verge of a fit. "Oy!" he hollers. "Vot a fightaire—bore in, I tell you, bore in!"

For the first time that evening the good-natured Hershel got irritated.

"Say, leave me alone!" he pants. "How could I bore in vit a buzz-saw like this feller? You should bore in vit him!"

This innocent answer seemed to get Ike red-headed. Before anybody had the faintest idea of what was in his mind, Ike jumped into the ring and caught Hershel with a terrible uppercut right on the jaw. Hershel went down as cold as a glass of a glass eye!

"That's the vay to bore in!" yells Ike hoarsely; and while the dumfounded crowd is still going crazy at this amazing turn of affairs, a punch that One-Feint Heehaw had started for the inert Hershel caught Ike flush on the chin. Isaac flapped almost on top of his brother, a total loss. Mr. Pandemonium immediately took charge, Jerry and Pete hustled Hazel and me out with the aid of some hysterical coppers and that's the last I saw of the two Roses from that day to this.

Now you tell one.

The Surprised Party

(Continued from page 75)

because they don't want me," went on Butch, determined to make his admissions whether or no. "They kep' shovin' me out of the way every time I tried to do anythin'. They kep' sayin' all the things I did was out of fashion."

He fetched a soughing, long-drawn sigh. Job and Jeremiah; they both were in it. After a short pause he essayed again.

"That was a mighty funny old clown I saw right here," he stated, with the air now of a person who would summon up the effigy of at least one treasured pleasantness out of an otherwise barren and dismal past. "Johnny Lolo his name was. He stood right across there and he sang 'Over the Garden Wall.' He—"

"Whut you talkin' about?" demanded Juney. "There wasn't any clown singin'. You couldn't 'a' heard him if he had; the tent was too big. Why, one time there must 'a' been mighty near thirty or forty clowns, all cuttin' up their diodes all at once. Yes, you better say mighty near fifty or a hundred of 'em. I almost got cross-eyed tryin' to look ever' place

at once. And that there clown brass band that was marchin' round playin' a crazy tune and the one that was dressed up like a woman and kep' losin' his underclothes—gee, I like to died!"

"Well," persisted the mournful Butch, "that old Johnny Lolo was awful comical—ever' thing he did. I don't ever 'spect to see a much funnier clown than what he was, not with the John Robinson shows, anyhow. And I remember that other time when Sells Brothers' came—or maybe it was Adams Forepaugh's?—anyhow, I was settin' right over there and—"

"Say, lissen." Juney was getting irritated and showed it. "What's the good of talkin' and talkin' and talkin' about the John Robinson show and draggin' in those other shows when a whole lot bigger and better one, like P. T. Barnum's, has just now been here? How many elephants did John Robinson's have last year? Four, that's all! And how many did P. T. Barnum's have yestiddy? Twelve, 'cause I counted 'em and I guess I ought to know."

"But the John Robin——"

"Say, I ain't feelin' very well. You want to make me plum' sick at my stomach? If you want to talk about a circus whut's the matter with talkin' about that one yistiddy? Wasn't it the Greatest Show on Earth just like the 'nouncements said?"

"I don't know ef it was or ef it wasn't."

"What's the reason you don't know? Got eyes in your head, ain't you?"

Sorrow's bridegroom raised his face. "I wasn't here," he confessed bleakly.

"Wasn't here? How come you wasn't here?"

"My father wouldn't let me, tha's why."

"Gee!" said Juney. The other's transgressions must indeed have been of a great enormity. "What'd you been doin' fur him not to let you come?"

"Nothin' a-tall. That wasn't why he wouldn't let me."

"Well, then, who's been sick or dead up at your house?"

"Nobody." Suddenly the smoldering light in his eyes was fanned to a flame. "That daggone old preacher!" He delivered this last as a curse.

"Say," snarled Juney, "what you sittin' here mumblin' about now? Whut's a preacher got to do with P. T. Barnum's circus, I'd like to know?"

"Well, you know the Rev'n' Hemingway is the minister at our church, don't you?"

"'Course I do. Wasn't you and me both along that day last fall when we egged on and sicked on Barber Ferguson while he pounded up that sneaky four-eyed kid of his? Whut's that old preacher got to do with your not bein' here yistiddy?"

"Ever'thing. He went and preached last Sunday mornin' ag'inst circuses. Said they was sinks of vileness. Said they was traps to ketch decent people and drag 'em down into sin. I heard him—my mother made me stay after Sunday school for church. Took and pointed out of the church door to those billboards that're across the street and said it was a crime that there had to be pictures of shameless women with not enough clothes on lookin' right into a church. Said circuses oughten to be allowed—whole lot more like that. And my father he believes that ever'thing the Rev'n' Hemingway says is just the Gospel truth. So he wouldn't take me to the circus yistiddy. He watched me, too, so I couldn't slip out and go by myself—I had the money fur a ticket—or go with anybody else. I even had to see the grand free street parade on the sly."

"Gee gosh!" It was an exclamation which Juney saved up for occasions calling for the expression of tremendous emotions. He had felt no deep degree of commiseration for the Lacey boy on learning just now that the latter had not patronized the circus. With boys, sympathy is as charity should be, so we are told, with all of us—begins at home and generally it stays there. Any time a boy wishes to pity somebody he can furnish his own raw materials. Besides, there was mental sustenance to be extracted from gloating over another boy who had not been present. But the hideous thing which this officious preacher had done—this was a blow at the citadel of the rights of boyhood! It made the perpetrator an enemy to the whole race.

"Well, what you goin' do about 'it'?" he asked.

"Whut kin I do—ain't he our minister?"

"Well, anyhow, I guess you could lay him hard to ketch."

Butch shook his bent poll. "I been thinking some about that," he said; "but it's his old daddy I'd like to git even with the most. Him standin' up there in a pulpit wavin' his arms and shootin' off his mouth and keepin' me frum goin' to the circus. And now he's fixin' to have a s'prise party given to him this very evenin' at ha' past four o'clock!"

"What's a s'prise party?" inquired Juney. The phrase awakened a beclouded memory. He had heard it somewhere before, but for the moment the definition eluded him.



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"Why, he'll be settin' there all dressed up at his house—him and Mizz Hemingway and that kid of his too, I reckin—and then party soon ever'body that belongs to the congregation comes walkin' in bringin' 'em donations—stuff to eat and clothes and all like that. But they have to be makin' out like they wasn't lookin' fur company or 'spectin' anything to happen. That's what a s'prise party is."

"Makin' out like? Do they know beforehand that all those people are comin'?"

"'Course they know it. Popper said at dinner-time today to mommer that it wouldn't be a reglar s'prise party without you knew about it about two weeks ahead of time so's you could git all fixed up fur it and git in practise actin' s'prised. Packin' that old Rev'n Hemingway good things to eat! I wisht somebody would bring 'em something that would make him sick ez a dawg. I wisht he'd have to stay sick a whole month."

The game of wishing evil upon the Hemingway household appealed to Juney. He took a hand in it. "I wisht somebody would take and hold his nose fur him and make him swaller down a whole plug of this here Cup Greenville—" He broke off, gagging slightly. "Well, anyway, I wisht he had the yellow janders or the mumps or somethin'."

"Or the smallpox," suggested Butch, his doleful spirit reviving at the idea of plaguing ailments for his clerical foe. "I reckin it would be best of all if he had the smallpox 'cause then I know good and well there wouldn't nobody be takin' him presents this evenin'. Instead of that they'd be breakin' their necks to stay away frum him like ever'body did frum around the pest-house out back of Eden's hill last spring when we had the smallpox ep'demic, and all the people round this town was skeered mighty near to death. Remember, Juney?"

"I sh'd say!"

Juney said this, but seemed scarcely to be aware he was saying it. The languor of his convalescence was lifting and dissolving from him as though a tonic wind blew away the last shreds of a fog. He stood up and the blot of his shadow trickled out into an elongated and forked scrawl. He looked into space, his lips moving. Thus Columbus must have looked, one fancies, and Balboa and all those other born discoverers.

The moving lips produced words. "We'll have to find Earl Lake somewhere first," he was saying. "He ain't here. It's funny he ain't here. But I reckin I know where I kin find him without much bother. His house is on the way we'll be goin', anyhow." He looked reflectively toward the disporting actors in the next ring, then made a decision. "No, I reckin we better not let those fool kids go along; there'd be too many of them, and if we have a whole mob somebody would be sure to start sniggerin' and maybe give the whole thing away. Just me and you and Earl Lake will be plenty."

"But where're you fixin' fur us to go to, Juney?" asked Butch. "And whut makes you think you need Earl Lake along?"

Juney, intently weaving his web, disregarded the first question; to the second he gave a cryptic answer. "We got to have Earl Lake; anyhow, we got to get into his house. His father used to be the county health officer—still is, I reckin. The things that was left over frum that time must still be up in the attic. They was there two-three weeks ago when a crowd of us was up there playin'."

"Whose attic. Whut things?"

"Earl Lake's father's attic, of course." He spoke shortly; these interruptions evidently annoyed him.

"But whut things?"

"The flags and the signs and all. Say, lemme 'lone a minute, can't you? Don't you see how busy I am, thinkin'?" Aloud, he continued his speculations: "Natchelly we don't want nobody spyin' on me while I'm up there on the roof. Well, that ain't goin' to be so very hard. It's lucky the house is the way it is."

"Whose house—Earl's?"

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"Aw, shut up! . . . I remember one time last year me and Wiggy Erwin climbed up in the steeple to hook some pairs of young pigeons out of the nests that are up there, and when we was startin' down we saw how a feller could climb down off the main roof onto the roof of the Sunday school room and from there hop down onto the roof of their kitchen, because they're mighty near touching. And so afterwards I kin climb back the same way and come on down the steps from the steeple. All I got to do is pick a time when there ain't nobody goin' past. Well, that needn't be much trouble. The street ends just a little way down on the other side; 'tain't like ez if it was a street that run all the way through, like Locust or Walnut, and so natchelly not many people go by. There's only one house next door and that's away over clean on the other side and nobody lives there but old Mrs. Plowden. And across on the other side it's only that vacant lot and all those bill-boards and no houses a-tall."

"But you ain't even said whut steeple and all you mean."

Petulantly, as a horse flinches its hide to shake off flies, Juney shrugged at his listener for silence. The ground-plan was platted and plotted. He consolidated the outlying strands of his fabric.

"And those bill-boards will make a mighty good place fur us to hide behind 'em and keep a watch-out. We'll only have to watch in one direction, too. And when people come along that look like they're goin' there—they'll be carryin' bundles and things so that's how we'll know 'em—we'll just step out and stop 'em. No, I reckon we better stop ever'body that comes along; that'll be the best. And we'll say to 'em, we'll say—" He checked to frame his speech, then rehearsed it. "We'll say somethin' like this: 'Yessuh, we don't know fur sure yit, but we think prob'ly it must be the whole family. Nome, we don't know which one of 'em got taken down with it first, because of course nobody kin go in there now to see 'em. It must of broke out all of a sudden sometime today. Yessum, they're still there. They haven't come to take 'em away yit and after that prob'ly they'll make ever'body stay out of the neighborhood till after they've fume—fume—fumigated the house."

He turned to the thwarted Butch. "I'll teach you whut to say. You two kids just listen at me the first time while I'm sayin' it and then you'll know how. But all along I spect you'd better lemme do most of the talkin'."

"Talkin' 'bout whut? I don't even know yit whut you're talkin' about, Juney."

"Well, why ain't you been payin' a little attention, then? I s'pose you want me to go all through the whole thing ag'in. Here, git this into your old mind—you said, didn't you, just a little while ago, that that there old preacher of yours was goin' to have a s'prise party this evenin'? Well, he's goin' to have one all right, but it ain't goin' to be a lot of church people that'll give it to him. No shreebob!"

"Well, then, who is goin' to give it to him if they ain't?"

"Just you and me and Earl Lake—lunk-head!"

Sultry hours have passed. The hour is six-forty-five. One of those gentle little breezes that come in the cool of the evening—when, in this climate, there is any cool of the evening—is trying to spring up. From the open front door of his parsonage, where it nestles under the overhang of his church, there emerges the Reverend Mr. Hemingway. He wears the costume reserved by him for high days and holy days—the flowing black alpaca coat, the stately high collar, shorn away in front to give the Adam's apple freer play before the world, the narrow string tie of white lawn. He is accompanied by Mrs. Hemingway and their orderly son, Master Hemingway, both of these also being attired as for some fête. His cast of countenance betokens a great

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

bewilderment, a great vexation. Their faces too are perturbed.

A stride in advance of them, the husband and father paces the walk leading to and from his front gate. As he walks he speaks. It is in his best ministerial voice that he speaks. Indeed, scoffing persons of other faiths than his have gone so far as to claim that he has no other speaking voice than this. It is as though he addressed a vast concourse instead of an attentive audience of but two. He speaks as follows:

"I am chagrined, I am pained, I am distressed—nay, more, I am shocked. I state it without reservation or equivocation, that I am shocked. My wound is very sore and I know not where to seek for balm. From sources deemed by me to be authoritative, a friendly whispered intimation comes that upon this very day, at a given hour, the members of my fold contemplate a descent in force upon this, our simple cottage home, bearing with them many praiseworthy gifts and thank-offerings. I insist that I cannot have fallen into error regarding the date or the time. To make such mistakes is a thing entirely foreign to my nature.

"So the shepherd makes ready to greet his flock. Our household is made ready; we don our gala apparel; the cot is swept and garnished. A light collation—lemonade, iced tea and drop cakes, to enumerate—is prepared by this dear good woman here. I myself prepare remarks suitable for the gathering in of such a multitude—an invocation for blessings from on high to be delivered when all have convened, then a few well chosen words of welcome. The prospect is beautiful, yea, I say it is very, very beautiful, very touching.

"And what happens? Beloved ones, I ask you what happens? The appointed hour draws nigh. I station myself at yon lintel, ready with smiles and hearty handclasps to bid all and sundry enter in and be of good cheer. My wife here bustles to and fro, intent on her housewifely offices. My son stations himself in our front window. Time passes. And no one comes.

"And no one comes!

"We continue to wait, summoning up such patience as we may. And still we behold no affectionate face of some devoted brother or sister beaming upon us; still we see no familiar form approaching with eager step. This peaceful thoroughfare is untraversed, in fact, well-nigh deserted. But a few individuals appear—and they practically are strangers who pass with hurried step upon the opposite side of the way. The dragging minutes go by; they grow into an hour, into two hours, into more than two hours. And still we are unvisited. It is as though of a sudden this had become a place shunned, neglected, proscribed, accursed.

"I do not understand it. With disappointment and sorrow in my heart, I await an explanation. There is no explanation. A proper sense of dignity requires that I shall not venture forth to seek for causes and reasons, nor can I in propriety delegate such a task to this, my child, least of all to my trusted helper, the wife of my bosom. Had we a telephone, as has been promised us but not yet installed owing to I know not what delay, I might have recourse to that convenient instrument, now attaining a justified vogue in our thriving and progressive little city, in order to make discreet inquiry in some responsible quarter. But there is no telephone. It was, as I have just said, promised. But it is not installed.

"So we are rendered, as it were, dumb prisoners. Again I say I am pained and I am perplexed. Again I repeat that I do not understand it!"

He turns about so that he faces his domicile. He has reached the gate and is about to start the return half of his fifth round trip. As though seeking from the skies the answer to his grievous puzzle, he raised his head, stretching forth both arms, then freezes there, his eyes goggling.

From his gable, rippling softly, depends a

large flag of that saffron shade which the world over advertises the pestilence and proclaims the quarantine. It is the center piece for a decorative frieze which follows the angled line of the eaves—a frieze composed of square placards of the same warning color as the flag. And upon each of these placards, in large plain black letters, is printed a single word:

S M A L L P O X

My Visit to Haiti's Haunted Palace

(Continued from page 77)

The Marines are always ready. Patrols of these versatile sea-soldiers on horseback scour the country of the north, while others spend their days at pistol, rifle and machine gun practise.

Telephones and field radio keeps the regiment at the Cape in touch with developments.

Airplanes carry mail and supplies to the isolated posts, and a special hospital plane is kept to bring sick or wounded men out of the jungle.

The Marines were first sent to Haiti to protect American interests there, and also to protect Haiti against herself. For years the country had been at the mercy of one revolutionary party after another; in a single century twenty-six kings, emperors and presidents rose to power and were assassinated or overthrown. It is the way of all Latin-American countries that the party in power is always a minority simply because there are not enough political jobs to satisfy everybody; then the disgruntled try again.

The support of the government that is given by the Marines has lent stability to Haitian politics; but the conquest of the Cacos was a long and a laborious process. Armies of these bandits had for many years terrorized the country, attacking and pillaging villages, towns and cities, and pressing all the quiet peasantry into service under penalty of death. Horrible tales are told of them, for they were the most desperate of savages; human sacrifice and all the voodoo rites—even cannibalism—have been laid at their door.

From their jungle strongholds the Cacos would swoop down upon any habitation that refused to pay for immunity, and destroy it absolutely. Then, in the night, they would withdraw to their rings of camps, stopping here a day, there a week, elusive and deadly. Then to strike again.

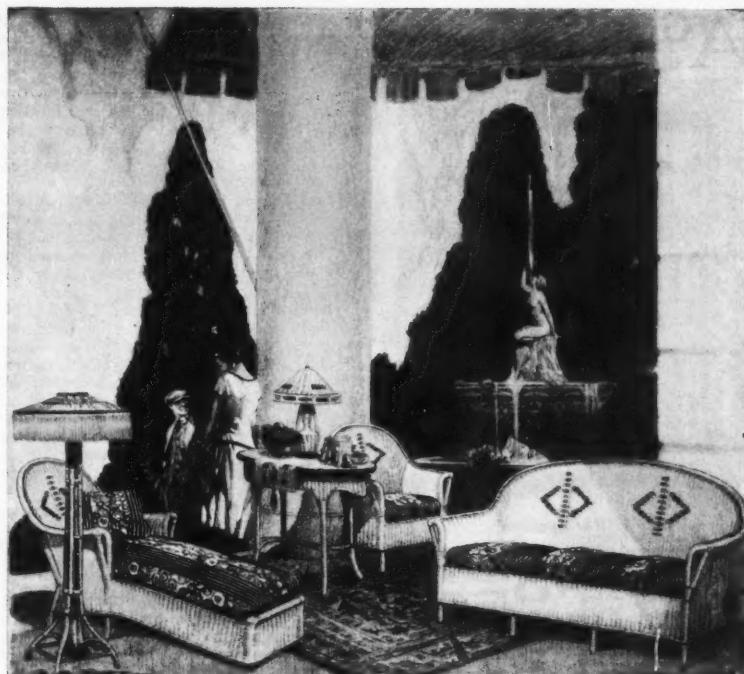
Not a native hut could be seen from the main trails when the Marines came; all the population had fled to the hills.

It was Hanneken, Marine sergeant and officer in the Marine-organized gendarmerie, who killed Charlemagne, last of the Cacos. That was about four years ago.

Hanneken is a lieutenant of Marines now. The great bandit chief Charlemagne was operating in Hanneken's district with about twenty thousand men. Hanneken and another American, Corporal Button, were ordered to stop him; they commanded a handful of negro gendarmes. But with their tiny garrison they were never able to locate the Caco army, or to force an engagement.

Finally Hanneken decided on a little strategy. He spent his own savings to procure the aid of an educated native, who went to Charlemagne alone and enlisted with the Cacos. Eventually this Haitian was given a small command, and connived with Hanneken to stage some fake battles in which the forces of law and order had to retreat; so he won honor among the thieves.

Charlemagne now trusted him, and when



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he reported that Cap Haitien would be more or less defenseless on a certain night, the chief decided to attack in force. That same night Hanneken and Button, with five negro sergents, blacked their faces, donned native clothes, and set out for the reported location of the bandit stronghold with no idea that they should ever return. Each carried a pistol, and the Americans had under their rags an automatic machine rifle.

Three lines of Caco outposts let them pass up the mountainside. A fourth sentry made as if to search one of the gendarmes; but he, lest his pistol be discovered, pretended to slip, and threw himself backward over the cliff. The others were allowed to go on.

They found Charlemagne and several of his marshals seated about the fire in the center of the bandits who remained. Immediately the invaders opened up with the machine rifle; a Caco, one of Charlemagne's lieutenants, fell at once across the fire, and absolute darkness descended. Hanneken and Button emptied their weapons to frighten away those who were still alive, for automatic fire at night sounds like a regiment of rifles. Then they sat down and waited for morning.

Dawn showed them the bodies of Charlemagne and many of his leaders; they loaded the chief in a sack on a donkey and started for Cap Haitien. Soon they met the stragglers of the Caco raiding party, which had been ambushed and badly defeated. Right on the narrow mountain trail they unshipped the machine rifle and mowed the bandit army down by the hundred. That was the end of the Caco power in Haiti.

Straight up from our house on the rocky cape rose the terraces of the palace of Pauline, Napoleon's own sister. Like most Haitian buildings, it was mostly entrance, with magnificent stairs all the way up the hill, a stone-floored ballroom and a few smaller rooms. It was evidently built in 1801, when General Leclerc, her husband, came to suppress the uprisen slaves. Now only the outlines of the walls remain, and in the rear under an ancient tree the stone cascades of Pauline's bath.

Negro women pound their clothes on the rocks of the inlet where the General had his yacht; a native family lives in the stables at the back; and their pigs and chickens forage among the ruins of the palace.

Across the shimmering blue of the bay lies the sandy promontory of Petit Anse, where Columbus was wrecked on Christmas Eve, 1492, on his first voyage to the new world. A little town, built around a cemetery of nameless graves, has grown up on the site where he was received by the Carib chieftains, and marks the spot where his garrison of thirty-nine men was abandoned to an unknown fate.

When Columbus returned four years later not a trace of them was found.

Cap Haitien has a melancholy air. Its glory, once so great and now so little, is lessening yet. Many evenings we sat with members of the dwindling native aristocracy on the porch of the Haitian Club, watching the tropical night collapse about our ears. The moon in the south is three times as big as the northern one, and drips with mystery. Perhaps it was that influence that led them to tell me the history of the Empire of the North, of voodoo and human sacrifice and many things that have never been written.

The early history of the island is an amazing one. On Columbus's second voyage he established the city of Santo Domingo, on the east coast, and built the church where his body lies today. The Spanish, eager for gold, overran the whole island, seizing every property and making the native Indians, the Caribs, work the mines. Seven years later this magnificent race had been exterminated by the brutal Conquistadores, and not a flake of gold remained.

In 1503 a great bishop suggested the importation of African negroes to work the sugar plantations, which were becoming important; these were the first slaves in the western

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

hemisphere. By the end of the seventeenth century half a million blacks had turned the island into a garden, and in our Colonial days, when the French had acquired Haiti, the city of the Cape rivaled Paris in its splendor and its follies.

Twenty-five thousand negroes live there now; and I believe less than a thousand own a change of clothes.

Ruins of chateaux dot the jungle for miles; great irrigation systems, their reservoirs and tanks undisturbed save by lizards and tarantulas, lie decaying in the desert. I wandered over the whole plain of the north, in the mornings and evenings when it was cool enough to move, finding mills and ruined mansions that no one knew existed. Often the tiny jungle trail, walled with giant cactus, opened suddenly on to a boulevard fifty yards wide, lined with gateways and sentry-boxes. Once I found a carved stone fountain, high as a house, lost on a mountainside. Again, I discovered a native family living in the dungeon of another ruin; a ball and chain served them to tether their donkey; the whipping-post lay prone beside the well.

Mute evidence of tragedy. For in 1791 the crash came. The slaves, enraged at their treatment and maddened by hatred of the free mulattoes, escaped by thousands to the mountains and waited there, gathering numbers and strength. Then they struck. Simultaneously over all the north the hordes of the slaves attacked their French masters and massacred them. Every white, every mulatto was slaughtered. The terrible warfare, in which whole French armies were annihilated and every possible trace of the whites destroyed, lasted for years. Houses, even bridges, were torn down in the frenzy.

In the end a highly civilized country was overrun, controlled and owned by blacks only one degree removed from their African savagery.

Then there arose on the bloody horizon the mighty figure of Christophe, Emperor of the North.

"If you are going to spend the night at the Citadel," said the Major, "you'd better take a Bible, a bottle and a gun. You never know what might happen."

Now, this was a soldier of great reputation, a man of mighty deeds, so his words were a trifle unsettling.

"Why, you don't believe all that voodoo stuff, do you?" I asked.

"Oh, absolutely not!" he said, reaching for the quinine. "Not when I'm down here! But don't jump over the cliff in your hurry to get home!"

Exactly what was the nature of the curse on the place nobody knew, except that it was dark and lusty. Natives don't dare go near the Citadel after sunset, and even in time of the greatest need for ammunition in a century of warfare, the tons of gunpowder in the magazines were never touched.

In the dawn the Citadel loomed vast and threatening on the tallest of the mountains of the southern horizon. Four of us had breakfast—of eggs—and set out across the desert plain of the North. We had another government car, tied together with bits of string, which we had to push through the sand of the ancient boulevards; but over a horse trail it was a marvel. Once the radiator became detached when a string burnt through, and all the water poured over the engine. We had to fill it from our water-bottles, which left us dry for the rest of the day.

The high cactus hedges of the boulevards disappeared and we found ourselves under the first range of the mountains, in the rain belt. Occasional farmers' huts appeared, surrounded by fences of growing trees. The natives merely poke a row of sticks a few inches into the ground, and in a year they are rooted and blooming.

Perhaps that is the curse of the tropics, that life is too easy.

The sun was well over the proverbial

yard-arm when we came to the town of Millot, where the black Emperor Christophe had built his Palace of Pleasure, Sans-Souci. Horses had been sent on the day before and were waiting when we drove the car up the quarter-mile of stairway, through the five gates and past the long empty sentry-boxes.

The structure is modeled on the European Sans-Souci, and is nearly as large as Windsor Castle. Wings extend hundreds of yards into the jungle; terraces, fountains, baths, stables, all are—or were—magnificent. Our progress was halted by a marble statue of one of the emperor's white harem; it had two faces, so we deduced the damsel had not been single-minded in her affections.

The ballroom was half as big as a football field; here, according to legend, old Christophe held his glittering black court. Here he created his Dukes of Limonade and Marmalade, and the lesser nobles who strutted about him in red coats. Here he kept his women, danced, drank and swaggered. Here he was a king; in the Citadel above he was a warrior.

From the Sans-Souci to the Citadel on the mountain runs according to a native legend a secret passage in the rock. But there is nothing legendary about the fact that old Christophe took the precaution of assassinating his architect, engineers and workmen so nobody but himself would know of certain rooms and dungeons. We had trouble enough going up on horseback along the narrow trail. After we had made half the eight miles of rocky path my horse lay down and went to sleep, so I continued on foot.

Every brick and every gun had had to be dragged up that trail by Christophe's army of twenty thousand. A hundred men would be assigned to each cannon, and if they faltered or gave up the emperor would order every tenth man to be shot, and the others would try it again under threat of the same penalty.

The Citadel is still impregnable. It is built on the famous star redoubt plan, with towers at the four corners, so that any approaching force could be fired upon from three directions. Cliffs, in places more than a thousand feet high, guard three of the walls, and on one side the foundations rise for seven hundred feet from the top of the mountain.

Literally hundreds of Spanish, English and Peruvian cannon, each with its name and history carved upon it, peer out from the gloomy ports; behind each one lies its cavernous magazine, stacked with round shot, shell and rotted casks of powder. We discovered, or rather fell into, an armory where flintlocks, bayonets and chevaux-de-frise lay two feet deep on the floor.

For five hours we wandered through the galleries, often lost completely, and never twice in the same place except when we found that floors had fallen through to dungeons hundreds of feet below, so that we had to retrace our steps. At the foot of one dismal shaft, chill and silent but for the fluttering of bats far above, my companion touched me on the arm.

"I'd hang on to that cigaret if I were you," he said casually. "I think this is gunpowder we're standing on."

Woof! I'd have swallowed the thing before I let a single ash fall! There must have been a good ton of the stuff there, wet in spots, but mostly quite up to its work, as we found by experimenting later. We eased out softly as ghosts, I with the cigaret clenched in my hand, and never felt it burn me.

From the upper battlements, cracked and shaken by earthquake, we looked out over the whole northern half of Haiti. Christophe, seven feet tall and powerful as a bull, stood here and dreamed his lonely dreams of power. The mountains of Santo Domingo faded away toward the east, and the silent slopes of green stretched to the fertile south; first one, then the other would have fallen to his hand. Here he stood as Hannibal, the other great man out of Africa, stood and stared across the sea toward Rome. In the cañon far below lie the bones of a company of men whom he



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Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

marched to their deaths, two by two, just to show a visitor the discipline in his ranks.

The Palace of Pleasure, the Tree of Justice, were hidden by a bend in the valley; but beyond lay the little town of Millot and the white roof of the church where Cristophe was stricken from his high place. There, surrounded by his nobles, he was conducting a service when he was seized with a creeping paralysis. He was carried alone to the Citadel, and his court never saw him again.

For days he lay in his mountain fastness, drinking rum mixed with red pepper to stimulate his dying nerves. Then, lest he should be stripped of his power in his weakness, he shot himself with a golden bullet.

But the horror of him still lived. The palace was deserted, the Citadel abandoned and the army scattered to the winds. The body of the giant was hurled into the deepest dungeon and covered with blocks of granite; not for years was it exhumed and placed in a tomb in the central court.

The sun was setting as we crossed the flags of the quiet court, past the graves of the emperor and two of his wives. Whatever was the curse, it lay here. Those graves have never been disturbed.

Down at the foot of the wall we four faced one another. The horses were whinnying on their picket-lines and it was growing dark. We had intended to spend the night, but—

"I say," somebody said, "out of the gloom, do you suppose the old boy ever walks?"

There was a distinct pause. Then a voice muttered that we hadn't any water, and that anyhow we'd seen the whole place. We'd had an eyeful, so to speak. With a certain celerity we leaped on our horses and went hence.

Somebody sometime may see the ghost of the black emperor, marching the spirits of his company over the cliff to show his discipline. But it will not be I.

Half the officers in the regiment at the Cape drove in a variety of ruined cars to see me over

A story of gold-rush days, the wickedest street in Seattle, and of a lovely girl who came to it, all innocence, and asked for help—by Belle Burns Gromer in a coming COSMOPOLITAN.

The Girl Who Wasn't a Lady

(Continued from page 69)

one quite dared frame the plan until it was certain that Patricia was not to consider herself included. H. Cary wanted to go off for all September and most of October on somebody's yacht; all men.

"I'll stay in the Oyster Bay house. Heavens! I'm almost twenty-three," suggested Patricia, good-naturedly smiling.

"Don't keep shouting that. You'll not, of course," said her mother sharply.

"Then I'll stay here." They were in the big city house for a few hot days.

"Nonsense! You're too young. We'll find something wonderful for you to do," said her father.

"There are a thousand things that she could do," her mother said fretfully. "Miss Randall is making up a perfectly marvelous group of girls to spend the winter in Paris."

"Girls of seventeen and eighteen. Girls not out," said Patricia.

"Well, since you're so sure you're out," Mrs. Davis remarked rather stingly, "it's a great pity you aren't paying all sorts of visits and giving house parties, as Dorothy did!"

"Mama, you know how I hate all that," Patricia protested, lazily melting a large lump of butter in a crisp yet crushed popover.

Gordon chuckled. Mrs. Davis sighed and shrugged gracefully. H. Cary glanced at his wife and then again at his daughter. Patricia did not return the glance, for she was serenely finishing her breakfast.

"Mama wants to go up to Newport, and Gordy goes with her," said H. Cary then,

the border into Santo Domingo. It was a fancy procession. The road was one of those marked "Military Road" on maps, and was obviously intended to be used only in time of war—if then—but in places we were able to go fast enough to raise a dust. It seems to be the irony of fate that the only country I know of where there are no speed laws should have no place to speed.

The customs officials were too dazed by the quantity of rank in the party to do more than bow repeatedly. We drove right into the middle of the Massacre River, the boundary line and the place where the revolution of the slaves began, and there I was transferred to a car from Santo Domingo city, three hundred miles away. The dignified aide-de-camp in the tonneau was greeted with cheers. But we had to stay there in the water, between the borders of the two countries, for Marines attached to one are not permitted to enter the other.

With great formality the Major presented a paper which the aide signed and returned. It is on file now in the official records of the Marine Corps. It reads:

To: The Officer in command of the Second Regiment, Cap. Haitian, Haiti.

1. The undersigned herewith acknowledges receipt of the body of one Alan Rinehart, civilian; the same is in good condition.

2. The undersigned agrees to accept full responsibility for all actions of the said Rinehart while in the Dominican Republic.

3. The undersigned guarantees to return all clothing marked with other than the initials "A. R."

Haiti faded away to the west. The Citadel blurred against the distant sky and disappeared in the fantastic haze of noon. And the body of one civilian, received in good condition, was on its way through Santo Domingo, to be returned later, considerably damaged by fever, to its original consignees.

struck with her bigness, her placidity, her pathetic dependence upon persons who should have adored her and did not even like her. "You stay here with me for a few days, Pat. I'll take you to some summer shows and together this is only August. There's plenty of time for plans."

"There's nobody here now. Miss Field left yesterday—has gone abroad, you know, Horry," said mama. Miss Field was a mild little combination of secretary and companion who had just left her. "I don't know whether Patricia would be safe here with just the servants and you."

"What an optimist you are, mater!" said Gordon, laughing. Mama laughed too. Patricia saw nothing funny, but she smiled. Her father reflected with some little comfort that the poor kid was not sensitive anyway. She never seemed to get hurt feelings.

However, when he had gone downtown, and mama and Gordon had gone off in the car, Patricia sat for some little time at the breakfast table, thinking hard, moving the saltcellar back and forth, back and forth. Rose O'Conner peeped in through the swinging door now and then, but was helpless. It was forbidden to carry the coffee and the butter and the cold rolls away while anyone remained at the table. Rose could only wait.

After a while she saw Miss Patricia put her curly head down on the table. Rose's own sleek black hair was saucily bobbed, and her hands were in much prettier shape than were

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"I wish—to God—I could!" Patricia said, half aloud. And she left the breakfast room and went through the skilfully cooled, skilfully darkened big house to her own room.

Miss Field's room was next to Patricia's; Miss Field had been a human, cheery little soul. Patricia missed her. She had only been with mama three months; now she had gone back to old Mrs. Beattie, and back also to her beloved Italy. Often last spring, alone in the house, the two young women had had their dinner sociably together.

Patricia wandered into the neat, blank room now. Somebody had put it all in order. There were two wire hairpins, one safety-pin, one penny and an open letter laid carefully and neatly on the dressing-table. Whoever had swept the room had arranged these discoveries there.

The letter opened in Patricia's hand and she read it. It was a girl's letter to another girl.

Dearest Mag, if you can get anyone to play for the dancing Fri. night, ma says she will gladly pay \$5. Just jazz and two-steps—and maybe singing. I know you are busy about going away, but do phone ma—Morningside coop, if you can get anyone. We are certainly going to have one grand time. Anne and Katherine are coming over to decorate, and the ice-cream will be from Boole's. If you get anyone, tell them that we are easy people to get along with and will make her as welcome as the sun.

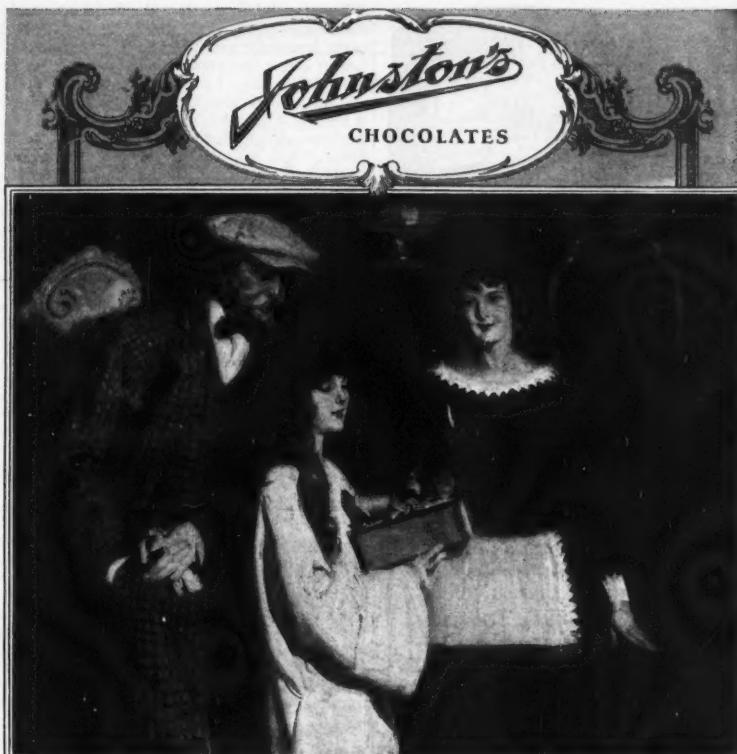
It was signed "Jule." Patricia read it more than once, twisted it in her hands. Then she walked slowly to the telephone.

At midnight Patricia Davis pushed the curly disordered hair from her wet forehead and laughed. She wiped her flushed hot face with her somewhat sodden handkerchief and wheeled about on the piano stool. Her small bright eyes were twinkling with pleasure, and if she looked somewhat wilted and untidy in her beaded white evening gown, so did everybody else in the room.

All the windows of the Wilson apartment were open to the breathless black summer night; stringy curtains fanned idly to and fro when the dancers raised a languid current of air. The chairs were pushed back to the walls and the center floors of the dining room and the parlor were cleared for dancing. There was a back bedroom connecting with the parlor by folding doors, and this had been cleared too, and the doors were wide open. Between the parlor and the narrow long neck of the hall were jingling portières of cut reeds and beads, and these rattled furiously when some running girl escaped through them, and when her own especial swain went after her in hilarious pursuit.

There were sixteen girls at the Wilsons' party, including the strange plump Miss Davis, who played for the dancing, and there were twenty-one men. The girls were all cheerful, young, noisy and enthusiastic, and the men admired them and abetted them heartily. Patricia saw draggled chiffon skirts of shades she had never dreamed existed before; crushed artificial flowers held by crushed satin sashes, dingy gilt and pink and yellow slippers, spangled bandeaux that had bled away fully one-half of their original brilliance. She saw walls papered in blood-red, woodwork painted an uncertain black, she saw for the first time in her life a gas-log, an enlarged crayon portrait, plated spoons, a folding bed and imitation pearls.

She squeezed through the narrow hall, joyously pressed before and behind by the



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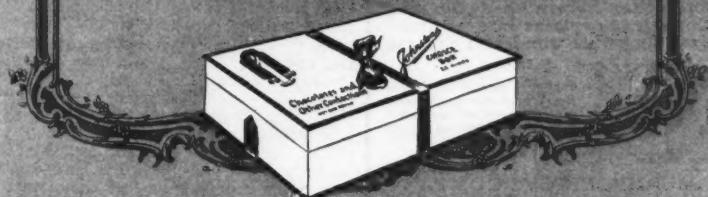
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Thousands of happy housewives who own Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges now do all their canning in the oven—quickly, easily, cheaply, and with unequalled results. The filled jars are sterilized in the oven of a gas range equipped with the

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Wherever gas is used you'll find agents who'll gladly demonstrate the marvelous achievements of Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges—Oven Canning, cooking a Whole Meal in the oven while you're miles away, and baking without ever a failure.

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Wilsons and their guests. She drank lemonade from a sticky glass upon which a large "W" had been fancifully etched, and she partook of brown bread and cream cheese sandwiches so damp that they left her fingers wet, fluffy coconut cake so fragile that Ma Wilson helped it frankly with a spoon, pickles, boxed wafers, sardines, olives, salted nuts and assorted "hard chews."

She had begun by smiling, had warmed to laughter; she was now what was affectionately described as the life of the party. Jim Wilson said to Davy Leonard that she was a cut-up, Mrs. Wilson that she was a holy terror, and more than one admiring male voice met her salutes with "Atta girl!"

Patricia had never seen such people before, never known that they existed. They laughed, they talked, they danced and flirted with a vigor that excited, amazed and enchanted her. She had only to be herself, to let herself go quite deliberately and with a delicious sort of intoxication, and she was one of them. They liked what she said, they liked her music and they liked her.

In the first place, Mrs. Wilson, after a little motherly eying of this strange girl that Margaret Field had sent them, had quite taken Patricia to her heart. The girl was shy, simple and friendly—that was enough for Ma Wilson. "Now, girls, you see that she has a real good time," she said to Julia and Mary, and Julia and Mary had been only too glad to obey. They had taken Miss Davis in to powder her nose in the incredibly jumbled back bedroom where the sewing-machine had been shoved for the night, with the ironing-board and the wireless and various incumbrances like the umbrella pipe and the canary and the laundry basket.

Here they had informed her as to the histories of some of the expected guests, and—in a sudden rush—Julia had confided to her the news of her engagement, and Mary, with fast filling eyes, had told her about their brother Hugh, who had died of spinal meningitis the year before.

Coming in the middle of this, Mrs. Wilson, despite her cramps and her best gown and the general festivity that filled the flat, had wept and had gone into her own room to find Hugh's pictures and one of his letters to show Miss Davis. After this Mrs. Wilson had said with a sort of solemn triumph that grandma would go crazy over Miss Davis, and she must run up some afternoon and see grandma, banished tonight to the flat of the oldest Wilson daughter, who was married and lived up-stairs, but a saint if there ever was one, and inclined to be delighted when a young girl came to see her.

Then they all had gone into the kitchen to estimate cake and lemons, and then somebody had straightened out the rugs for the last time, and somebody else had arranged the music on the piano and put out one light and lighted another, and the door-bell had rung for the first guest.

That was at nine. And at midnight, when they all streamered out for supper, it had become quite the fashion to say what a sweet dear girl Miss Davis was; even so early in the affair it had also become natural to add, perhaps in an undertone, "Get on to Billy."

Yes, it was even so. The thing that had not happened in the exquisite Davis drawing room, or down among the elms and the velvet lawns and the perfumed Italian gardens of Oyster Bay, the thing that no steamer-deck friendship had brought about, and no managing, and no hints, had happened to Patricia.

A certain tall, mahogany-haired, creamy-skinned, rough, shy, gentle man of perhaps twenty-seven had been among the guests tonight, and after a little while of watching he had made his way to the piano and watched Patricia's clever hands playing "Bananas" and "The Sheik." He had not looked at her directly, nor had she looked at him. But for one whole hour Patricia had known that he was there; a big, loosely built man in a chocolate-brown sack suit and with pink cuffs showing at his hairy big wrists.

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

Whatever changes had swept through the sweltering, shouting, happy, perspiring, churning and whirling room had not affected him. Once a girl had come up to him with a laughing challenge to dance, and while she had been talking, Patricia's heart had choked her like a lump of iron, and her spine had gone cold, and her wet finger-tips had slipped on the keys.

But the girl had gone away again, as of course Patricia knew she must. And he was still there, lounging against the upright piano, with his chocolate-brown coat and his big wrists. Patricia had never felt anything like this before, but she knew every move of it, she felt every emotion with a delicious familiarity and yet with an almost terrifying thrill.

She was holding him there. He was there because he was a young man and she was a young woman. Billy—Billy Anderson, somebody had said. Mrs. Billy Anderson. The girl he married would be Mrs. Billy Anderson.

"That looks like magic to me—the way you do it." He was mumbling in pitiful confusion, the poor boy. "I mean your fingers. It looks like magic to me."

Patricia had shot him her first over-the-shoulder glance, but she shot it with a world-old ease.

"You don't play the piano?" she had asked, still keeping the time evenly.

"Oh, my Lord, no!" He had said it fervently, under his breath. He had clever long gray eyes, the sort that ought to go with reddish hair. His skin was clean and his face lean and lined. He was almost homely—and that was well. "You've—you've had lessons, all right!" he had said humbly.

In Paris, in London, in the most fashionable of schools and from the most expensive masters. But he needn't know that.

"Some." She had wheeled about laughing as the dancers had stormed applause, had given them an encore good-naturedly.

"I didn't get your name. I guess Jule said it."

"Davis. El—Ellen Davis."

"Ellen don't seem to fit you, somehow," the man had said, flushing.

"I was named for my grandmother. And they used to call her Nellie."

"That's more like it."

He was silent again, and she had thought that she had lost him. Now he would go away—

He did not go away, but after a while Jule had come to drag him off to open ginger ale. Patricia had played on, her head swimming, her senses all in one blind whirl. Oh, dear—if it were only time to go home now, when she had this unbroken impression of his admiration! Now it would all crumble away, they would have supper and he would attach himself to some other girl, and she—Patricia—would feel all elbows and awkwardness and superfluosity again! And in this mood midnight and supper had found her.

She was squeezed at supper between Mrs. Wilson, who was stout, and an amiable blond boy who was later, it appeared, to do some card tricks. The little dining room was jammed with screaming young folk, and it was with difficulty that Patricia freed her elbows to reach for the food that was gallantly offered her by all the men in turn. Her lap was full of it, her hands were full of it, when to her agitation she saw Billy Anderson before her, bodily pulling the blond boy from his seat.

"Get out of there, Art. That place's mine! Listen, Jule, I was opening the ginger ale and Art worked himself in here—"

Art was jerked away. Billy Anderson was next her upon this embarrassingly intimate couch. She was all but in his arms, and he was straightening out her edibles with his big hands, and ranging them upon the arm of the davenport and upon a convenient pillow in a sort of design.

They did not talk very much, even when he was settled. Patricia's heart was suffocating her; perhaps Billy's was suffocating him. The girl was conscious of but one terrible fear—that she would lose her man. She had never

Do You Cook With Affection?

I HAD a letter a few days ago from a young lady. She lives in, what the confirmed Easterner would refer to as, "the far West." Meaning anywhere the far side of Buffalo.

She had sent for one of the "Luncheon Is Served" booklets just because she enjoyed fussing around in her kit-chennette after a day at the office. She didn't have much time for cooking so she wanted meals that were as easy to get as they were to eat. That is the kind of meal I'm trying to plan.

Well, she tried out several of the luncheons. Only she used them for dinner menus. She tried them on some of the girls from the office, just as a theatrical manager shows a play in the small towns before opening on Broadway. Then came the grand climax, and here's her letter about it:

"Dear Caroline Carter: I have just had such a thrilling experience with your little booklet, 'Luncheon Is Served,' that I do want to tell you all about it. Also, please send on the rest of the series because I am going to take a six weeks intensive course in learning to play new tunes on my little gas range. Then a plain gold ring and a trip to the Fort, with my newly made Captain husband, where I expect to live happily ever after.

"He, the man I am going to marry, called up about five o'clock on the rainiest, meanest, blowiest Saturday afternoon that even Chicago can produce. He had three days leave and had just reached town. 'Come on out to dinner,' I said, just as if I had a real cook and a real kitchen. Honestly, I had been in my tiny apartment just one half hour myself. Overtime work at the office does usually land on Saturday afternoon. Ever notice it?

"Did he accept? So quick it took my breath away! That's what three months of army food, even Officers' Mess, will do to a man's manners.

"I grabbed my hat and my rain coat and started for the door—and the delicatessen. Then I stopped. Because I hadn't the ghost of an idea what I was going to buy when I got there. I couldn't offer a hungry man a glass case meal and yet I did have to have time to curl my hair and put on a little glow of health. I thought of your luncheon booklet and started going through it like mad. The one with the shad roe and bacon sort of seemed nice, just to read about. So I decided on that one. It sounded so easy too—even to an amateur cook like me.

"At six-thirty he arrived and I opened the door with a smile on my face and a wave in my hair—just as all the women's magazines tell you to do. The gate leg table was set in the living room, the rose colored candles were lit, there was a bowl of freesias and larkspur, the chair cushions were all plumped up. And what do you suppose he did?

"He lifted his nose high in the air and he said, 'Gosh, but something smells good! What are you making?'

"When we were finishing the last of the chocolate

marshmallow cake, and I wasn't stingy with the chopped nuts, either, he leaned across the table and said, 'Where did you learn to cook like this?' I didn't say a word.

"'I know,' he said, 'You cook with affection. That makes all the difference in the world.'

"And I knew that I had combined it with intelligence. But I didn't tell him so. Men hate that word. Just as most women hate the word 'efficient.' Still they are both good words.

"That meal was largely of canned and package goods. Yet it tasted home made. It looked home made. But I wasn't on the verge of nervous prostration in getting it, even on short notice. And all the little seasonings and finishing touches I had 'cooked with affection.'

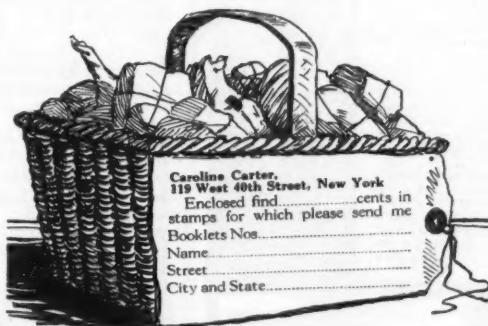
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seen him before tonight, but she knew him as she had never known any other man in the world before.

"Will you have it?" It was a deviled ham sandwich.

"Don't you want it, honest?"

"Oh, I couldn't."

"You're not eating anything."

"I'm"—she had never said it before; it had never been true before—"I'm not hungry."

Then a peaceful silence between them again while they listened to the others, laughed at the easy wit, choked and strangled and grew scarlet and averted their eyes with delicious embarrassment when innocent, sweet Katherine Leddy, asked if she had finished her filet embroidery, answered unsuspectingly, "No, I've only got about one leg done."

They had paper caps, and Patricia pulled hers with Billy and he with her, and when she fitted his on his mahogany cap of rich waves her eyes fell and she could not meet his level steady look, and when he helped her with hers she felt his big hands tremble.

When the others began to drift out of the dining room, they sat on. Patricia had slid against him, such was the treacherous softness of the davenport. But she dared not move. That would have been to show herself conscious of it. Their eyes, burning with great things, were not seven inches apart.

They did not have to talk, and they knew it. As well talk in a cyclone, in an earthquake, in a tornado. They exchanged occasional monosyllables only for the sake of the possible onlooker—not but what every other girl and man was busily and absorbedly playing the same game.

"What is your business, Mr. Anderson?"

"Well, I guess I'm a sort of engineer."

"Machinery?"

"Well, it was. But I'm sorter—doing de-signing now."

"Isn't that pretty important work?"

"Well, not very. That is, I'm only helping. That is, they don't give me any of the important stuff yet. I help a man named Keats."

"Is he clever?"

"He's a king."

"No more—nothing—thank you—no more!" said Patricia, handing up empty plates. She wiped her mouth upon her handkerchief, rolled her paper napkin into a wad and dropped it into the melting ice-cream in her saucer, and settled back again contentedly.

"I'm getting fifty," said Billy modestly.

"Fifty dollars a—month?"

"A week." Poor kid, she probably got about fifty a month, if that! "I'll get sixty if I go to Los Angeles with Keats," the man added.

Patricia thought of Beverley Hills.

"But can you live on that?"

"I can rent a six-room, plaster, tile-roofed Spanish bungalow for forty Keats says."

A hideous desolation seized her.

"Shall you go?"

"Nothing to keep me," he said, staring ahead. "I've not got any folks."

Patricia trembled. She did not know what to say. The old horrible helplessness and inarticulateness, familiar to her through so many stupid years of girlhood and young womanhood, began to engulf her again. She couldn't say anything. The minute was flying. She couldn't say anything.

"Well, come on," said Billy, with an awkward harsh laugh. They went back to the crowded parlor. Patricia took her place at the piano and played. Her mouth tasted dry and she was sick with life.

And then—how did it happen? From paying no attention to her whatsoever, from devoting himself to the obnoxious girl in the dark red satin indeed, he had come back to her, he was leaning on the piano again. Only there was a deeper significance about it all now; she had lost him, and she had found him. Patricia dared not look up, she played steadily and evenly. She felt beauty, youth, love pulse through her; her slipper on the pedal, her warm round young arms moving slightly as her hands moved. She felt his eyes like a

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

caress upon the soft curly top of her hair. Then some of the guests had gone and the half-dozen who remained, herself among them, were all settled down under lessened lights, just laughing and talking. Patricia hardly spoke; her left hand was locked tightly and firmly in Billy's right.

It was two o'clock, and they were all in the kitchen, getting drinks at the sink. Then it appeared that Billy was to take Patricia home; Mrs. Wilson kissed her good night and said she felt to her like one of her own girls, and Patricia clung to her. The girls kissed her too, and Patricia, who had entirely forgotten her excuse for being here, was astonished, after Mary's kiss, to find five crushed one-dollar bills in her hand.

She and Billy walked silently, under a waning summer moon. The streets were so quiet now that as they passed the shabby apartment houses they could hear now and then the thin high wailing of some hot and restless child.

"Let's blow ourselves to the bus," said Billy. Patricia scrambled up ahead of him, and upon the rocking little wooden seat he put his big arm bracingly about her shoulders.

Overhead was a warm, blue-gray sky packed with stars. The Avenue shone with long lines of lights. Occasionally a taxi rocketed by, turned a corner and was gone.

"I'd like to be on the top of a building," said Billy, with a great yearning in his voice. "I'd love to be watching over Brooklyn way for the sun to come up."

"Did you ever do that?" Patricia asked longingly.

"I never wanted to before," Billy said. "Don't it strike you that it's wonderful—all the people," he said dreamily. "People in all the houses, and going about, and planning for Sunday—"

"It is wonderful," Patricia agreed solemnly, struck. "I'd like—I'd like to be—all of them," she added, with a sort of aching yet ecstatic expansion at her heart.

"That's the thing I was thinking," Billy agreed. "Are you off Thursdays?" he asked suddenly.

"Off?" Patricia was puzzled.

"Well, you're a sort of companion, aren't you? Isn't that a sort of grown-up nurse?" the man asked.

"Oh—oh yes—oh, of course!" Patricia stammered. "Oh yes! of course I'm off—off Thursday."

"I'm off at five," Billy said briskly. "Where'll you meet me?"

"For—what?"

"Oh, talk! We'll get some of the others—we'll do something."

Should she say at the Ritz? The Plaza? A protecting Providence inspired Patricia merely to be still.

"How's the Library?"

The library? Her father's sacred room—You know, at Forty-second," he was prompting.

"Oh, the—the Public Library? Oh, of course! And we can go to have tea somewhere—and maybe to a movie—"

"You won't get into any trouble about being late?" he said anxiously as they approached the side basement doorway of the big Davis mansion, where there was always a pin-prick of light.

"Oh, no!"

And she did not. Bates admitted her, scandalized but impassive. "Mrs. Rogers had to go on, Bates," said Patricia smoothly, flying upstairs. She turned back in the neat, dimly lighted, incredibly clean service hall. "Is my father in?"

"Not yet, miss."

So that was that. Patricia leaped out of her clothes and into her beautiful thin nightgown, and—the night being still warm—sat at her wide open window motionless until dawn did actually begin to stain the sky above Brooklyn. There was a light in her eyes that had never shone there before, electricity ran in her veins, her soft mop of curly unfashionably light brown hair fell over her shoulders.

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She was not dreaming, she was thinking. Her face was sober, now and then she bit her lower lip, and once or twice she sighed.

Exactly two weeks later, only a few days before her father hoped to get off on his yachting trip, Patricia called upon him. She surprised him, coming quietly into the sacred fastnesses of his down-town office, with a hitherto unsuspected likeness to his mother. Cary had idolized his mother; he thought now for the first time that Patricia really looked like her grandmother—might come some day to be that same old-fashioned, gracious, full-built type.

The girl looked lovely today—really lovely. H. Cary wished that her critical mother might have seen her. The dull skin looked clear and bright, the uninteresting eyes glowed and the child was certainly holding herself better—she looked oddly younger, oddly older, oddly different.

"Dad dear," she said, almost without preamble, "I've come to ask you if I may get married."

H. Cary looked at her and sensed the unusual. He hated the unusual where a woman of his race was concerned. He thought "Riding master—dancing master—some long-haired bird-brain that has heard of her money—"

Aloud he said, "What's his name?"

"That," said Patricia, "I'll not tell you. He's twenty-seven, he's alone in the world, he doesn't drink, he's getting sixty a week—or will."

"Who are you talking about?" Cary asked abruptly, after a pause.

"The man I want to marry."

"Where did you meet him?"

"I can't tell you that either, dad."

"Well," said H. Cary unpleasantly, after measuring her with a cold disapproving eye for a long minute, "then I guess you'd better forget it."

"I love him," Patricia offered, unruffled, in a silence.

"Oh, Lawd!" responded her father.

Patricia appeared to reflect. "What am I to do if you go off with Mr. Platt day after tomorrow?" she presently asked.

"I don't know," H. Cary said briefly, annoyed. "This isn't the time to discuss it. Have you heard from your mother?"

"No," said the girl. And was still.

This manner of hers was quite new. Her father shot a glance at her.

"What makes you think you are in love with this man?" he asked fretfully.

His daughter gave him a level look, and the corners of her mouth faintly twitched and her eyes faintly narrowed. It was the look of all human passion, the look of Anna Karenina, of Duse, of Mona Lisa dreaming of fresh conquests to come. Even as he looked, stupefied and thrilled to the core of his sophisticated soul, Patricia averted her eyes, got to her feet and went to the window.

She stood there, a broadly built, sturdy, tall young thing, with her curly hair fuzzing up against the knowing simplicity of a dark blue straw hat.

"How often have you seen him, Pat?"

"Eight times."

"My heavens, and do you mean to tell me you think that is enough?"

She sent him that effective shoulder glance.

"I know it is."

"I suppose," H. Cary offered presently in airy sarcasm, "you would let me meet him before the ceremony?"

"Only on condition," Patricia answered, "that he should never know who I am."

"Nev— I beg pardon?"

"Only," the girl repeated deliberately and quietly, "on that condition. He is not to know my name."

"What," her father inquired with an elaborately polite air, "does he *think* is your name?"

"Ellen Davis. My first name is Ellen, for grandmother," said Patricia.

"Does he know where you live?"

"Yes, but he thinks I'm a kind of secretary."



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have adored him—he went through high school, he's read and thought and studied more in a month than—Dorothy's husband, for instance—

"Your father," suggested H. Cary mildly. "Than most men in our set have done in their lives," Patricia substituted.

"And what's your plan?" the man asked presently, after thought.

"We want to get married tomorrow. We're to be at Saint Margaret's at four. This—this wonderful Mrs. Wilson will be there, and her son for best man, and her daughters—for bridesmaids, I suppose. I've bought myself a forty-dollar trunk and tons of dresses and shoes and things—about—oh, I don't know how much they all cost, but I told him a hundred dollars, and he'll never know the difference! And besides, he thinks I have 'something' in the bank. And we're to leave on the train for Chicago at half past five."

"Listen," pleaded H. Cary, "I'm only a man. Let me get in touch with your mother."

"And in ten years I'll be a nice, fat old maid," Patricia predicted passionately, flushed and choking with disappointment, "able at last to have my own apartment, and travel, without disgracing the family!"

It was true. He felt with a great rush of pity and affection that this was the best they were all hoping and expecting for Pat. One of those plain, rich, superfluous women, with a dashing brother and a much discussed, and beautiful sister—

H. Cary meditated.

"Dear little girl," he said tenderly, "will you write your dad?"

They were standing now, and suddenly—almost for the first time in their lives—father and daughter.

"I'll sit down under my student lamp—Bill says he's been longing all his life for a student lamp," Patricia promised, laughing and crying, "and write you every Sunday night! 'H. C. Davis, my father's elderly cousin in New York,' won't look suspicious to him!"

"And I'm not to see him, dear?"

The girl—again in new, composed daughter fashion—drew him by his notably tailored sleeve toward the great Broadway window.

"There," she said, pointing down at the street, "that tall one, with the reddish hair. He's waiting for me down there. I told him I had to deliver a message for my employer in this building. Doesn't he look nice? He's—he's wonderful! And you can see us tomorrow at Saint Margaret's at four, if you will. Only you must sneak in and not look as if you knew me!"

Mrs. Wilson was a stout, dowdy woman in wilted taupe satin, with an outrageous hat. The girls were just modern office girls, with bobbed hair fluffing under their smart "cloches," and "French nude" stockings. The best man was all sunburn and wrinkled clothes and grin. The afternoon was hot, gritty; the hour, when summer-time smites New York, the least attractive of the twenty-four.

Even the bride was not impressive, laughing and crying in her new pongee, with her pretty

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

hat all pushed and twisted awry, and the groom was pale, nervous, big, reverent almost to the point of absurdity. He looked, his father-in-law thought, watching from a dim back pew, not unkindly, like a red-headed Lincoln in a twentieth century fifty-dollar suit.

But the bride gave this casual onlooker a significant look as she came back from the altar, and made him a loving little expression, coaxing, warning, merry. And Cary saw the strength of the arm her husband had about her shoulders, and the look in the man's eyes.

And he was content. They were gone when he came out into the burning, sinking heat of the dirty street in the dirty afternoon. Life had swallowed them up.

H. Cary walked slowly toward the Avenue, looking for a taxicab. Jim Pendleton flying by chance up the wide street hailed him instead from his own low-slung roadster; Jim was his best friend and had been Patricia's godfather twenty-three years ago.

"Lift?" asked Jim. And Cary nodded and got in.

"You're going with us on Platt's yachting party tomorrow?" asked Jim.

H. Cary nodded.

"What's Betsy doing?"

"She and the boy may go over for a few months. Dorothy's in Paris."

"Good work. And the little girl? School, hey?"

"Maybe." Cary felt his heart beginning to hammer. He had let himself in for a lot of this. "She may spend the winter abroad too," he began, clearing his throat.

"Seen this Pete brought me?" Jim had taken an odd little cigaret case from his pocket with his right hand, his left guiding the car through the traffic.

He was no longer thinking of Patricia; Cary appreciated suddenly that he had never thought of her at all—that nobody had. Any excuse would do them, or none.

Some day Jim would be saying of him, "Hear that poor Cary Davis is gone?" And the man to whom he spoke would perhaps show him a new cigaret case.

"Corking sunset," said Jim, jerking his head westward.

Cary looked at it; across the shining stretch of the river, across the Palisades, cut by the rising outlines of great buildings, the sky smoked with all the opal lights of summer. And going into it, toward wifehood, motherhood, life, service, joy and suffering was Ellen Davis, wife of Bill Anderson, only one of a million obscure and busy women . . .

"Corking world," Jim said contentedly, thinking of tomorrow and the big yacht.

H. Cary sat back. He still felt dazed. Patricia's mother got home tonight, and there would be a spirited discussion in the library of the Davis house. But he could manage Betsy. She had a horror of anything like family breaks—of publicity—of being laughed at. She would fall into line. And she would sail in three days—and he himself in less—and anybody, nobody was concerned and nobody was interested.

"It's a knock-out!" he agreed fervently.

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The Meteor

(Continued from page 101)

sort of person you could not be in a room with without sensing her sheer physical allure. Inch by inch he had reenforced the weak spots in her physical armor until now she was as well as anybody, stronger than most and certainly more attractive.

The Little Doctor had never had any pets before and Mac and Kay Dee satisfied the tolerantly protective instinct which is in every man. The business of living had hitherto been such a serious matter that he had never taken the time to play.

Now he had to. Because Kay Dee would come into the office when the last patient had gone and, finding him drowned in pipe smoke and about to gorge himself on a fat volume dealing with medical messes and how to make them, would interrupt him thus:

"Would you be willing to go out and make a semi-professional call on an old friend of mine, Mrs. Pippin, who lives just outside of town near Hackett's place?"

"Mrs. Pippin?" Suspiciously.

"Yes, she's raising quite a large family of children in the orchards down by the creek."

"What makes you think I would possibly be interested? You know what effect an apple a day has on a doctor."

"Yes, but apple-blossoms needn't keep you away. Besides, I—well, I sort of half promised that you'd come."

"Promised? Who?"

"Mac. He's outside now waiting with his metronome all wound up ready to wag the minute you say yes."

The Little Doctor had to go, of course. Besides, maybe he wanted to.

It was nice out and even a rather consciously grouchy man would have to admit that the orchards were delicately painted.

"Two million pink and white moths that have gone to roost forever," Kay Dee described the blossoms.

"All huddled up together to keep warm," the Little Doctor supplemented.

In anyone else he would have recognized a symptom like that and would have prescribed a diet that excluded all mush of any sort whatsoever, but he never guessed how badly off he was. Perhaps Kay Dee did. Anyway, she looked up first in a startled sort of way and then smiled a rich, warm, curly smile that encouraged him to think up more foolish things to say.

But he didn't. Instead he tripped Mac's four feet out from under him and wrestled with him there on the grass, which made Mac laugh because he knew that all three of them were inexplicably happy.

However, a man can't go on forever subconsciously thinking perfectly scandalous intimate things about a woman and finding more wonderful words to describe her every day without eventually bursting the dam of his reticence. So finally the Little Doctor made up his mind to tell Kay Dee of the perfectly astounding discovery that he had made, namely and to wit: that she was the only thing in life that really mattered.

He thought she was strong enough now to stand the shock of the truth—to learn that the lover she had been waiting for would never return—and to take up the course of existence on a new basis.

It would be necessary to explain the whole trick about King first. He knew Kay Dee well enough to be sure that so long as King lived she would feel herself bound to him. Too many other men had sought out Kay Dee, only to be gently rebuffed, for him to have any hope of taking any but second place in her heart and then only if she were certain that death had released her.

The time had come to speak—to find out one way or the other if Heaven was a place only to be attained to after the termination of a virtuous life.

"Kay Dee," he said slowly when she came

in that morning, "there is something quite serious that I must talk to you about."

"Yes?" The girl paused in the midst of arranging papers on his desk. "What have I done now?"

"No. The question is, what are you going to do now?"

Kay Dee was interested and signified same by courteous silence. The Little Doctor was slightly appalled at the step he had taken and wondered if it were too late to go back. Kay Dee was very lovely, very vivid and very necessary to him.

"In the first place," he began, "it will be necessary to tell you about King."

"No, it won't"—she broke in with a little laugh—"because, you see, I got a telegram from him too this morning."

"A telegram?" The Little Doctor had sent no telegram—at least not recently.

"Yes, I was just going to show it to you when you spoke about it yourself. I suppose yours is about the same as mine." She handed over the yellow form.

MISS KATHERINE D. LANG

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WILL BE HOME THURSDAY LOVE KING

The Little Doctor was stunned—inarticulate. He held the telegram in his hand, read it over twice and then kept looking at it without seeing it except as a yellow blur.

What about that freight wreck two years before, the overturned, burning cars? Surely he had not dreamed all that.

"Are you surprised?" Kay Dee was asking him. "Didn't you know he was coming? Wasn't that what you wanted to talk to me about?"

"Yes, I knew he was coming, but I didn't expect him quite so soon."

The Little Doctor heard his own voice far away as if it were that of a man testifying from a witness stand at the far end of a hall. It was strange that finding that King was alive had shocked him so. It was the thing he had prayed for ever since he had discovered how much Kay Dee needed him.

But the reality made him feel strangely unreal himself. That was curious.

For one thing he was very thankful—that he had not been allowed to tell Kay Dee of his own sentiment toward her.

"I wonder," he was saying while his mind was out on another errand, "I wonder if your old wedding dress will still be in style."

"Sh!" Kay Dee warned. "There may not be any question of a wedding. We don't know that he will still want me. You know, I've always had my private suspicion that it was me he ran away from."

"He'll want you all right." The Little Doctor tweaked her ear with a familiarity that he did not ordinarily assume. But today he felt quite elderly. "No man could fail to fall for you as you are now."

"I wondered if even you had noticed that I had grown better looking."

Had he noticed? Didn't she know that he had devoted almost his entire time to bringing about that improvement?

"Better looking?" he repeated vaguely. "Have you, now? Let's see."

She stepped a little closer to him and he looked earnestly at her vivid little face that actually seemed to be pleading with him for approval. Doubtless she wanted to give herself a little practise run on the track before the main event, he reasoned.

"I don't just see what makes you think you're so handsome. Your nose isn't very large and your eyes may be all right for seeing, but there are lots of diamonds that are just as shiny and you can buy peaches for fifty cents a basket with the same kind of skin as yours. While your lips are—"

"Are what?" she insisted when he paused.

"Are probably the right shape to fit a straw in a glass of lemonade. Now run along. If you think I'm going to waste a busy morning handing you bouquets you're mistaken. Work goes on no matter whether Lochinvar arrives on the east-bound limited or not. Go out and dust off the patients who have doubtless been waiting so long in the office that they are covered with cobwebs."

It just happened that there really was a patient. She had a bad case of lumbago, but the Doctor was so preoccupied that he gave her a set of pills ordinarily intended for jaundice. They effected a complete and permanent cure inside of twenty-four hours. And Doctor Whiteside lost another of his regular flock.

While they were down at the station to meet the noon train—meaning by "they" all three of them, Kay Dee, Mac and the Little Doctor—King arrived. But not by train at all. Instead he drove up in the street behind the station in a perfectly huge enclosed car with a chauffeur and every other conceivable automobile accessory.

That was rather like King—to do the thing splendidly and unexpectedly. It was a sort of a gesture of royalty.

King got out of his car with all the eager alacrity of a boy and kissed all three of them. Mac, after one sniff, nearly went frantic with joy and danced all around him on two legs.

The returned prodigal most certainly more than justified any hopes that even his most ardent well-wishers might have had for him. The restless spirit of adventure, the desire to live at a faster pace which had seemed a silly, selfish pose in the boy who had left town, became now a mantle of romance on the shoulders of the man who came back.

King Congdon was keen and fit. Nothing had dulled him yet, not even the consciousness of success. All he wanted was to tell his friends about it and then to make them share its rewards with him.

"I'm going to make you the staff doctor at one of the big mines I'm going to be superintendent of," he told his old chum, "and we'll be together just as we used to whenever I'm in that neighborhood."

Later that evening for dinner they sat around a table at the New Victoryville Hotel and King began to tell them where he had been since the night the freight had been wrecked and he had run off into the woods for fear the train crew would hold him in some way responsible for their disaster.

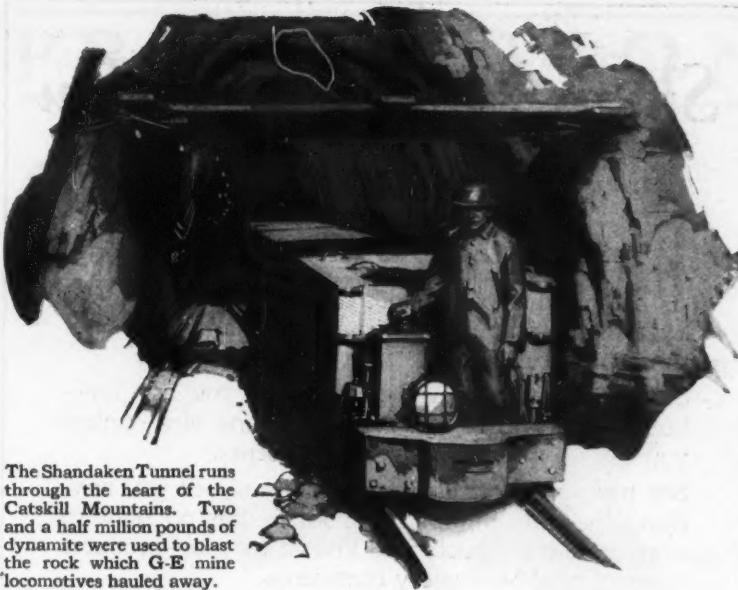
"I went to Frisco and shipped on a tanker to Australia. Had a fight with one of the other stokers—shovels at two paces—he got me there on the knuckles—that white line is the scar. A chap in Sydney took me on for some prospecting. Found a little gold, but he got into trouble there in the bush. Somebody shot him and I carried him to town to find a doctor. He thought I saved his life. It was only bull strength. I went on to Africa—kind of wanted to see that country—but I used to write to Ellis—that was his name—because he was in the hospital—couldn't seem to get quite cured of that gunshot wound."

"Africa was too quiet. The diamond mines are all just commercial propositions run on a Dutch efficiency basis. Trotted along to South America. Pretty much like Africa except there's more Spanish atmosphere. No revolutions to amount to anything. A hot-headed *hombre* in Rio shot at me a couple of times. Took me for somebody else who had whispered 'manana' or some other passionate word in his sweetheart's ear. But he apologized when he found out it was me and we split a magnum of champagne to seal our friendship."

"Didn't he hit you when he shot at you?" inquired Kay Dee breathlessly.

"Scarcely any. Just one bullet through the upper part of the arm. I didn't even bleed much."

"What was his sweetheart like?"



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And so forth.

You think she is expressing the opinion of the store because there is nothing to indicate that she really represents the maker of a competitive product of the one you have called for.

If you knew she was paid to sell a certain brand of goods, you would not be deceived.

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"Like a ripe peach, all tawny golden yellow with red lips that—well, I'm no good at description. Besides, I only saw her a few times."

"How many?"
King laughed. "Not many. I told you I was not the one who tried to steal her away."

"Oh, but I thought that probably you were anyway!"

"Thanks. My taste doesn't run much to señoritas."

"What kind of girls do you like?"
"The same kind I always have ever since I was a kid. I like them even better since they've grown up."

Kay Dee changed the line of questions in some confusion. "What happened after South America?"

"I started for the South Seas but only got to Honolulu. While I was there I got into a crap game and won some money and a man's ticket to China. I thought I might as well use it up so I took the next boat. I happened to be in Japan during the earthquake and helped a family of Americans get away. The head of the family was a big mining man in the States and out of a mistaken sense of gratitude he offered me a good job in his company. That's about all, I guess, except that Ellis, that chap I knew in Australia, died and left me all his coin. It was quite a lot. That's what I'm spending now while I'm deciding to go to work for this American mining company."

The Little Doctor, sitting watching, listening, was acutely conscious of the gray monotone of his own life.

Later that night, after he had taken Kay Dee home, King came back to the Doctor's office for a smoke talk.

"She wouldn't let me kiss her good night," he mused, while the Little Doctor's heart jumped with a foolish emotion akin to joy and approval. "Shy," I suppose. That'll wear off by tomorrow."

"I'm glad you're back," contributed his friend, not caring to dwell longer on the future relations of King and Kay Dee.

"So am I. Do you know, one of the reasons I haven't returned earlier was because I was afraid that Kay might have some foolish idea of holding me to our kid engagement? I didn't know what a wonderful girl she had become or I wouldn't have worried. I don't suppose you can realize the change in her, seeing her every day the way you have. But say, boy, she's got 'em all hanging onto the ropes waiting for the bell to save 'em. I thought that Jane in South America was something special, but not compared to Kay."

"I thought you said you didn't know her very well."

King slowly drew down his left eyelid. "Well, I knew her well enough so that when I'm married to Kay Dee I won't have any vain regrets about Felipa."

A lot of nice things that the Little Doctor had always thought about life suddenly turned sour. Not that he had thought the world was a planet ruled strictly and entirely by the Ten Commandments. But in his mind nothing that would soil her had ever been thought of in the same breath with Kay Dee's name.

King was apparently not governed by any such delicacy. "Kay is a wonder. I've never seen anyone with a better shape anywhere in the world. And her skin—*oo la, la!* Nothing like it outside of a creamery. When she dolls up in the clothes she can buy with my money she'll make everybody sit up and gasp. There's just one objection to having Kay such a looker. It will knock my career with Esmeralda Copper Corporation into a cocked hat."

"Why?" the Little Doctor asked listlessly.

"Mrs. Esmeralda Bunsen, who just between you and me was the one that made old man President Bunsen offer me the job, is going to take one look at Kay and be so jealous she'll want to kill her and me both. Woof! Trouble looming ahead. I told her I was going to marry a little country girl who wouldn't interfere in the least. But Kay Dee is worth

a dozen jobs. Isn't she, old stick in the mud?" He nudged his old friend in the ribs. "How you've lived near her all these years without noticing it I can't imagine."

The Little Doctor was glad when his telephone summoned him to the bedside of a cranky baby.

What in Heaven's name should a man who loved a girl as a father, mother, guardian and brother as well as every other way, do in a case like that? It must be that fathers let their daughters go to men they know are vile, but why don't they kill themselves first?

And King was his friend—a changed friend. It is true, outwardly more polished though spiritually rotting, but still his friend. The Little Doctor himself, when he could discount the other's attitude toward the girl, could not resist the sheer animal charm of King nor the glamour of his sleek life of freedom. Kay Dee had hung on his words as if they were Gospel. He could not blame women for being fascinated.

But women in general and Kay Dee in particular were something entirely different.

King had modern ideas about entertaining his old friends and about wooing back his sweetheart. He became acquainted with the best local bootlegger and wanted to stage a week-end party in Chicago doing the theaters and cabarets. That being impracticable and tacitly postponed until after the long-deferred marriage should be consummated, he suggested running over to Omaha some evening for dinner and dancing. It was only a two-hour ride in King's car.

The Little Doctor went once.

He danced a few times with Kay Dee, too, because he was a good sport, but there wasn't much fun in it for him, especially after observing how wonderfully well she and King appeared on the floor together. There was awakened in Kay Dee a new and disquieting physical alertness. To observe her vivid eager interest in everything, life especially, made it seem highly probable that she would emit sparks if you touched her. But the Little Doctor schooled himself rigidly not to think of her as anything but a protégée.

The next time they went on a party he pleaded a professional engagement.

Kay Dee wrinkled her forehead.

"If you need me I'll stay, too."

"Of course I don't need you."

"Never?"

The Little Doctor thought a moment. Perhaps this was the time to release her from her sense of obligation if she had any. "Well," he told her finally, "I can get along all right if you're not here all the time. You'll be going away some day and I'll have to get used to it."

"Oh, I'll never go away from you!"

The Little Doctor wondered how many times girls blossoming into womanhood and vaguely disturbed by the approaching necessity for flight from the home nest have tried to reassure their parents and themselves by that formula, "I'll never leave you."

That very night after they had come home King came to the Little Doctor's quarters more than ordinarily jubilant.

"I kissed her for the first time since I've been home. Oy, oy, but that girl is there! I don't suppose you ever kissed her?"

His friend shook his head. His throat was too dry for a verbal denial.

"I didn't think you had. Kay is like that. Didn't even want me to touch her, but I roughed her up a little and made her like it. When I get her trained there isn't going to be any home wrecker who can lure me from my own fireside—not for the first year anyway."

The next morning, in the office, Kay Dee acted as if she wanted to tell the Little Doctor about it too, but she lost her courage and didn't. It hurt him to see her change her mind. They were growing apart.

One day King came to the office bristling with serious conversation. The Little Doctor diagnosed it first as a hang-over. There was

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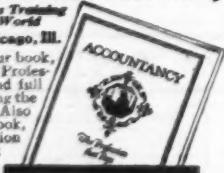
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some evidence of it in the circumambient air. But King carried liquor well.

"We're going to drive to Omaha this afternoon. Can you come along?"

"I don't believe I can."

"I'd like to have you."

"You'll get along all right without me. You usually do."

"This trip is a little different. We're not coming back."

The Doctor did not say anything. After all, what was there to say?

So King continued, "Kay Dee has been stalling long enough about getting married so I've had to frame her—"

"Frame her?"

"Yes. Make up her mind for her. She says we'll probably be married sometime but keeps putting it off. Darned if I know what she's waiting for. Probably doesn't know herself. Women are like that, I guess. But I can't stand this old burg any longer—not steady, anyway. So I've got the license and there's a parson waiting for us in Council Bluffs and I'm going to stop on the way and put it up to Kay Dee right from the shoulder. If she doesn't have too much time to think about it she'll agree all right. My idea was to have you be one of the witnesses. It might make it easier if you were there."

The Little Doctor tried to think for a minute with a badly paralyzed piece of apparatus. What King proposed was doubtless the best solution of a situation which for some time had seemed to be hanging fire. For him to go along would make it easier for Kay, that was probably true. He was about the only semblance of a family she had left.

"All right, King. I'd do anything in the world for you two."

"Thanks. I thought so."

But when the big car, with King driving, and Mac and Kay Dee sitting beside him, stopped at the office he was busy answering the telephone. A farmers' picnic up at the fair grounds had turned into a ptomaine party and both of the village physicians were needed at once to administer antidotes and stomach pumps. The Little Doctor grabbed his case and passed them with flying apologies.

They were sorry, but the Little Doctor was glad—glad, that is, that he couldn't go and that he would be too busy to harbor the uneasy thoughts that might disturb him as time dragged Kay Dee up to the crisis of her life.

When he did get home he found himself wishing that something else might happen, something to take him away from the especially lonesome shack which would now be his undisturbed tenure for the rest of his days.

The screen door banged.

What the deuce could that be? Mac had always used to ask to come in that way. But Mac had gone on the wedding party.

The Little Doctor went to see.

It was Mac. Why?

He came in through the opened door, whimpering a little.

"What's the matter, old fellow?"

The dog tried to lead him out the door. The Little Doctor noticed for the first time that his paws were muddy; more than that, his legs were caked in it nearly up to his body. It was not raining outside and there were no bad mud-holes in the neighborhood.

All the time Mac was imploring him in dog talk to hurry.

The Little Doctor knew the direction in which King had been headed. All he could do was to go the same way and hope to get there in time to be of some use. What the danger was he could not imagine. That very uncertainty lent wings to his motor.

There was only one good road to Omaha. Good isn't exactly the word, but by that is meant that it was good by comparison with the others. The Little Doctor was a demon flivver pilot when he had to be.

Eighteen miles or forty-five minutes out he came upon the scene of the trouble, or at least the scene of some sort of trouble. A score of lanterns were clustered in one group and half a

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

dozen cars were parked by the mudside.

But King's car was not among them—they were all blood-brothers of his own roadster. The men with the lanterns were farmers.

"What's the matter?" the Little Doctor demanded. "I'm a physician. Is anybody hurt?"

"There's been a hold-up," one of the group volunteered, anxious to retell the story. "Bandit halted a big car with a fellow and a girl in it right here. They had a fight and the robber got away. We're waiting for the sheriff to come now and then we're going after him."

"Where's the man who was held up?"

"The way he tells it, Doctor," offers another of the awaiting posse, "this bandit was pretty slick. He stops the car saying he is a Prohibition officer and makes a search just like he really meant it. Then when the guy has his back turned trying to make his dog be quiet he slams him on the back of the head with the butt of his gun or something. That made it all pie except for the girl. His idea, apparently, was to take her along with him in the car. But she puts up a fight and that gives her beau a chance to come to life, which the same he does, not much the worse for wear, and they have a riot that you could hear from here to Omaha. Anyways I heard the girl screaming over at my farm and so did my neighbors and we come on the run. Before we arrive the son of a gun manages to get away heading due north for lord knows where because the roads in that direction ain't fit for a jack-rabbit to make any time on. That's why we think we'll catch him."

"But the girl," the Little Doctor demanded. "Was she hurt?"

"She was knocked out, I guess. That's what seemed to worry the other fellow more than the loss of the car. Anyway, he beats it back to Victoryville with the girl to find a doctor."

The Little Doctor groaned. He had missed them somewhere on the road. Here he was eighteen miles away and Kay Dee needed him.

He turned his car around and went home in thirty-five minutes. King was waiting outside of Doctor Whiteside's office.

"Thank Heaven you're here! She's been calling for you every minute since she got hurt."

Without ceremony and certainly without observing the niceties of professional etiquette the Little Doctor brushed by his friend and entered his rival's office. Kay Dee, white and disheveled, lay with staring eyes on a couch.

"Doctor Gene," she whimpered. "Doctor Gene, don't let him hurt me. You wouldn't let anybody hurt me, would you?"

Doctor Whiteside bent over her, put his hand on her head.

"No, no!" she cried, pushing his hand away. "You're not the Little Doctor. I want my Doctor Gene."

The older man stood aside muttering something about a "fool girl."

The Little Doctor took his place by her side. "Here I am, Kay Dee."

But she wouldn't be comforted. "You're only trying to fool me again. I want my Doctor Gene."

The Little Doctor stood nonplussed for a moment. Then, inspired by the genius that makes some people natural nurses and physicians, he reached in the pocket of his old coat and took out his pipe, which he placed in her groping hand. The fingers clasped it uncomprehendingly for a minute and then she lifted it to her face and cuddled it to her cheek with a sigh of relief.

"Please, Little Doctor, take me home," she whispered. "Kay Dee is very tired."

King, who had followed into the office at a respectful distance, came forward. "I'll carry her over if you think it's safe to move her."

The Little Doctor stopped him with a hand on his arm. "I'll carry her." And then he explained lamely, "I can do it without hurting her easier than you can."

It didn't matter that he wasn't very big or that sometimes he was inexplicably tired. He

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picked up the girl as if she had been a newborn baby and carried her gently through the door and down the street to his office.

"She said she wanted to go home," King objected.

"This is what she meant," the Little Doctor insisted as he crossed the threshold of his own quarters. "Turn down the bed there and then go and see if you can get one of the neighbor women to help me."

Kay Dee became coherently conscious in the morning. She looked up at the tired Little Doctor and smiled. She handed him his pipe; it had been clasped in her hand all night.

"Do you want to see King?" he asked.

She knit her brows as if she did not quite comprehend and then shook her head. "No, I only want to see you." Apparently she was still slightly delirious. For she continued: "Are we married? I dreamed that we were, but I didn't expect to wake up and find it true."

"No, you're not married yet, but you can be today if you're well enough. King is waiting just outside."

She let him go to find King although she did not seem to understand exactly what the Little Doctor was talking about. But King was not in the outer office where he had been waiting most of the night. There was a note from him, though.

I was mad perhaps last night, perhaps only drunk. Anyway, this time I shall never come back. Kay will tell you the whole story.

King

The Little Doctor read the scrap of paper incredulously, uncomprehendingly, over and over again. Then he went back to Kay Dee, who greeted him with that rich, warm, curly smile that she had always had for him in the days before King, meteor-like, had traversed the atmosphere of their lives.

"Don't go away again," she whispered. "I need you." She did not seem vastly surprised when he bent over and kissed her lips gently. As a matter of fact he almost thought that she had started him towards her by a slight invitational pull.

King was wrong. Kay Dee never told the Little Doctor or anyone what happened on the night of the hold-up. She never mentioned King's name or any of the things that occurred after he had returned to Victoryville. It was as if her mind had been swept blank of every fact in connection with that month of her life.

Once, a long time later, when the Little Doctor, forgetting a little his rigid resolve to be gentle always, had kissed her with passionate vehemence, he had immediately apologized for his roughness.

And she had smiled. "I adored it. Don't you know that a woman loves to be mauled sometimes—if it is her own man who does it? Kiss me again that way."

Sir Philip Gibbs is brilliantly equipped to present the dramatic incidents arising from the chaos of post-war life. Next month he tells the story of an elderly Englishman, a Conservative and a gentleman of the old school, who returns to his country after an absence of twenty-nine years on the eve of the Labor victory. There is pathos in Francis Easton's effort to adjust himself to a strange and hostile civilization and in his search for familiar places and for an old love.

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"



Once upon a time there was a girl who got married because she cooked with Affection. This, of course, wasn't the only reason, but it had a lot to do with it. Good Cooking, like Art, must have Texture.

See Page 145

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Please send me free copy of the
Feminine Hygiene Booklet.

The Needle's Eye

(Continued from page 84)

a note of patronage which she felt but did not recognize beneath the punctiliousness of his manner. Why were he and his friends not in costume too? She asked Ranny.

"Oh, that bunch wouldn't take the trouble to dress up!" he replied shortly. "They're much too hot stuff in their own opinion. Why, that fat fellow with the double chin and pink eyes owns seventeen theaters! Come on, let's have a turn or two."

"I don't know how," she protested with delicious perturbation.

"Bunk!" he answered, grabbing her.

She abandoned herself to him and found herself dancing without an effort. A Zulu in a lion skin and carrying a great spear, which he managed dexterously, caught sight of her and showed his teeth in a fierce grin; and a young man dressed like a jockey and somewhat the worse for liquor insisted on trailing them half-way across the room. More people—a flock of girls straight from the "Follies"—came pouring out of the elevator, and the uproar grew ever louder. They reached the "bar," and Ranny offered her champagne, but did not press it upon her, although he drank several glasses himself.

She noticed that behind the shadows of the flower-decorated ironwork of the skeleton half-story at the end of the terrace a number of couples were having private little parties of their own—several of them standing quite motionless in each other's arms. They stopped a second time in the crush before the refreshment booth and a devil with a forked tail and horns passed a quart bottle of champagne out over the heads of the crowd to Ranny, who was instantly surrounded by thirsty ladies with glasses in their hands. In the ensuing confusion Lucie was thrust outside the circle and for a moment found herself alone. The young man dressed like a jockey sighted her and to her embarrassment tacked toward her.

"Whoa there, filly!" he hiccupped. "I'll back you—hundred to one! What do you say to a canter?"

She dodged behind the crowd to avoid him, and to her relief encountered Ranny again. His face was flushed, and he was talking excitedly to a girl Lucie had not seen before and who looked as though she had forgotten to finish dressing.

"No, Lolita, I can't, I tell you!" she heard him say. "I've got my hands full tomorrow!"

Flushed, his voice unnaturally loud, he looked straight at Lucie yet did not seem to see her. The girl, whoever she was, leaned toward him and whispered something in his ear. He shook his head.

"No, I can't!" he repeated regretfully. "I'm sorry."

The girl's face was within an inch or two of his own, and he bent quickly and kissed her upon the mouth.

To Lucie it was as if she had been struck in the face. Who was this half naked creature with whom Ranny was on such terms of intimacy that he must appear her importunities with a public caress? He must be in love with her! Lucie shrank back, shocked, heartbroken and bewildered, into the crowd. Ranny had deliberately deceived her. Had he not kissed her openly in the station—upon the lips? Even if he had been fibbing about her being his wife, she knew from what she had seen in the movies that a man did not kiss a girl on the lips unless he meant to marry her. He could not intend to marry both of them! Could he have been deceiving her all along—about everything? Was it all—including the morning at the studio—a trick to get her to the city and do something terrible to her? Fear wrapped her in a clammy sheet. She felt an alien in a heartless, indifferent world.

That very look of timidity made her all the more alluring to the elder McLane, who at that instant approached, looking for a glass of champagne. Where did Ranny find them?



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"Lonesome, my dear?" he asked, putting his arm about her. "Then come right along with daddy." He felt her tremble. So she was new at the game! "Where did Ranny get you? He has so many girls! I don't know why you all fall for that young devil."

"Let go of me!"

She was pushing him violently away from her, disgust and disillusion on her face. He let her go.

"Am I as bad as all that?" he inquired more gently. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

She was puzzled. Perhaps she had been unjust—rude—to him. Anyhow, here was an opportunity to find out how things stood.

"All right," she said. "I will excuse you. Please tell me, is Ranny engaged to be married to 'nybody'?"

The elder McLane burst out laughing.

"Why do you want to know? Want to vamp him? Take a tip and don't try! He's a wild bird." He stepped nearer and peered down into her face. "What's your game, kid?"

Poor Lucie hung her head.

"Look here!" he said, leading her into the shadow of a pillar. "Listen to me. I don't know who you are from Adam—or Eve, I suppose I should say; but the fact that Ranny brought you—What I'm driving at is, you'd find me a heap better friend. We old fellows who know the world are a darned sight more thoughtful." He had been speaking rapidly in a detached tone. Unexpectedly he turned to her and said passionately: "Honestly—child. I think—you're—wonderful!"

Into his eyes came a look that she had never before seen in those of anyone, and it terrified her.

"What say? Shall we be friends?"

This time he seized and squeezed her boldly. She wrenched herself free and ran toward the exit, her cheeks aflame, tears blurring the lights.

McLane looked after her ironically, shrugged and walked back to his corner.

Lucie hurried to the dressing-room, where she tore off her costume, handed it to the astonished maid, and seizing her hat ran for the elevator. She was still too bewildered and hurt to know what she was going to do. Her only thought was to get away from that terrible place and those loathsome people. The elevator man eyed her cynically. He had seen a lot of rough stuff in his day, but he had little sympathy with girls who deliberately put themselves in the way of it.

Almost frantic with shame and fright, Lucie could hardly wait for him to open the elevator door, at the bottom, and when he did so, bolted out into the arcade at top speed.

"Lucie!" The voice was a familiar one, and she stopped and looked back. Thony stood by the open door of the elevator gazing after her in astonishment.

"Lucie! What on earth—Where have you been?"

She shrank against the wall and he hurried to her.

"Lucie, dear! What's the matter?"

"Oh, Thony!" she sobbed.

He put his arms around her. "It's all right, Lucie!" he said. "I'll look after you!"

They walked slowly along Broadway with the midnight crowd while Lucie gave him an account of her trip to the city. She was deadly tired, for she had had no real sleep for over thirty-six hours and had been constantly upon her feet since the preceding evening.

"If I'd known you were coming to New York I could have picked you up and brought you along in my motor," he commented. "I've just come through the Adirondacks on my way down from Montreal."

She handed him the slip of paper bearing the address of the Elysium and they walked to it. It was a shabby place, frequented by fly-by-night theatrical troupes and "ladies not living with their husbands," where the counter was nothing but a cigar case and where the plaster of the lobby was only partially concealed by fragments of marble veneer. A criminal-looking clerk was smoking in a cubicle behind the house telephone, reading a pink



The Good Advice

Which dentists the world over give today

Leading dentists of some 50 nations are advising a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions have adopted it. The results are seen in every circle—in the glistening teeth you see.

This offers you a ten-day test. Accept it. Learn how much it means to you and yours for all the years to come.

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Film is the great tooth enemy—that viscous film you feel. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So few have escaped tooth troubles, and beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Soon that clinging film discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth look cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Few had pretty teeth, few escaped tooth troubles, when the film was left.

Dental science has in late years found effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

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These combined results have brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning. We urge you to learn how much they mean to you.

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there was something cynical and repugnant to him in the idea of putting a squad of official vice-hunters on the scent of his own brother, particularly if in the event of success they must become deaf, dumb and blind. A great "story" that would make for the papers if it ever "broke"! "Graham's own sleuths catch younger brother!" He shuddered. If only old Tom were not in his slouch hat and laced boots!

Somebody ought to comb every hotel and boarding-house in the city, but in such a way that no suspicion would be aroused. A scandal would be infinitely worse than a marriage. But all that would take days perhaps; and "time was of the essence." Casting about desperately he thought of Hartwell, got him upon the telephone, and in less than five minutes, with old Tom safely concealed from public gaze inside a closed taxicab, was on his way to the Criminal Courts Building. His own presence there would excite no comment in view of his official connection with the Grand Jury, and Tom could remain in the taxi while the conference was on.

The District Attorney greeted him warmly. When John confided to him his errand Hartwell made no attempt to conceal his concern.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "It does seem as if you had enough on your mind without having anything like this! Of course the whole thing is how to keep it out of the papers while at the same time doing everything possible—You can hardly sick Finnegan on the case! What a story that would make for somebody—our friend Gideon, for instance! The private detective agencies are useless. A majority of 'em are blackmailing concerns at that. The police are the only ones who could really help and you simply can't—no, you simply couldn't!—give them the facts. It would be taking entirely too much of a chance. You say the girl is beautiful?"

"Very."

Hartwell pondered.

"Of course we can cover the morgue and the hospitals through the Bureau of Missing Persons at Police Headquarters—all the public institutions. But she isn't in a public institution. What you need is a public alarm both for her and for him."

"Exactly!" answered John, mopping his forehead. "And a public alarm would mean the disgrace of my family. Do you know, Hartwell, not until today did I ever realize the significance of that verse in the Bible that says a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

"You have both."

"I have at this moment, but who knows—"

He got up and commenced walking about.

"There's another danger," said the District Attorney. "This old grandfather, if left to himself, may and very probably will get talking. These old people are usually garrulous. Some reporter might spot him for a picturesque character, give him a shot of hootch, and get a front page story out of him. You've got to can him somehow. If necessary get him drunk himself and lock him up in the cellar. No, we're rather up against it. But in a sense no news is good news; for any news would be bad news. The girl may have gone to some of the film studios. I'll put a trustworthy man on that. We may get something that way, but it seems to me the most likely bet is on your brother. There must be a lot of places where he hangs out—usually. Have you tried the Harvard Club?"

"No," said John, "I haven't tried anything yet. I came right to you."

"Where does he get his theater tickets?"

"Manson's."

"Well, that's worth a shot. Where does he eat?"

"I don't know."

"Has he got any intimate friends?"

"Yes," replied John. "He has one very intimate friend."

"Who?"

"Randolph McLane, Junior."

"Well, you ought to run him down at once."

He glanced suddenly at John. "By the way, where does your brother sleep?"

"At home—when he's in New York."

"Have you looked for him there?" asked Hartwell.

"He's not there. I slept there myself last night. There's only a caretaker in the house."

"How do you know he didn't sleep there?"

"Because I do know. His room is right below mine. I'd have seen him. And I'd have seen his things—his bag—his hat in the hall. The caretaker would have spoken of his being there."

"Did you see her before you went out this morning?"

John thought.

"No," he said finally, "I didn't. But you may be sure that my brother did not sleep at Forty-seven last night."

Hartwell picked up his desk telephone.

"What's your number?"

"Murray Hill 9081."

"Name of caretaker?"

"Welles."

In a moment he had secured the connection.

"Hello!" he said in a casual tone. "Is Mr. Thornton Graham there? Speaking? Hold on a minute!" He handed the instrument to John with a grin—"There he is!"

The gay tones of Thomy's voice over the wire sounded in John's ears sweeter than the far-famed bells of Shannon. There were tears in his eyes as he put down the receiver. Still weak from the shock his nervous system had received, the relief at finding his brother safe at home and that all was well unnerved him for the moment. Lucie and he had both slept at Forty-seven, the boy said. Mrs. Welles had fixed them up in great shape and had even got their breakfast for them. Lucie was fine; at that particular moment up in the Harlem studios. She would receive word about the "stills" that evening. He would wait for John at the house and they could have luncheon together somewhere.

Hartwell patted John on the back.

"Take my advice, old man, and ship this piece of flaming pulchritude back to Saranac on the first train," said he. "And don't let the old boy, her granddad, far out of your sight either. Congratulations! You're lucky this particular vice hunt ended where it did!"

Old Tom insisted, however, on going at once to Lucie; and, acting on Hartwell's hint, John for precautionary reasons decided to accompany him, stopping en route for Thomy. Accordingly all three journeyed to Harlem in the taxi and were deposited at the studio, where Tom was at once taken for some celebrated screen star in costume. Thomy explained that Mrs. Brady had let them in at the area door the night before, which accounted for John's failure to see any of their paraphernalia in the front hall, and they had both slept until long after he had left the house for Wall Street in the morning.

They found Lucie in the studio standing beneath a tangle of ropes and pulleys, listening with a group of female extras to the great Mr. Byron Robbins, a rosy-faced little Santa Claus of a man in shell-rimmed spectacles, who paced nervously up and down a narrow strip of neutral territory between a coconut island and a snow-bound Siberian village.

"Remember now," he implored them, "that you're going to be eaten by wolves. Get that? Eaten by wolves! Horrible!"

Lucie, looking even lovelier than when John had last seen her, instantly rushed to her grandfather. The old man said nothing but held her tight for several seconds. Then he released her with a "Thank God!"

"Now don't forget you're going to be eaten by wolves!" again adjured the director. Then catching sight of Tom he added: "Hello! I've been looking everywhere for a coonskin cap man. Do you mind stepping over to the number five studio?"

Old Tom gaped at him. "Say, mister, I ain't no play-actor," he protested.

"I'm not looking for an actor," retorted Mr. Robbins. "I'm looking for a feller who can



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wear a fur cap and carry a gun—for ten dollars a day. You see that wigwam over there? Well, you're a scout, see? Go in behind that and ask for Mr. Runny—he'll tell you what to do." He turned genially to John as Lucie led her grandfather away. "You're friends of Miss Bevin?" She has screen quality—naturalness—beauty—lovely figure—photographs to perfection. Of course I'll have to try her first in small parts, but if she has any intelligence and can act the least little bit she ought to be a knock-out. The trouble is that most of these girls are morons. I don't think she is. I've signed her up at a hundred dollars a week for six months, but that of course is only a beginning."

Mr. Robbins nodded and walked briskly away.

"Now!" he called, clapping his hands. "Are you all ready to shoot that dying mother? Where's Miss Cummock? That woman's never on time! She thinks because she's featured—" He vanished amid the properties lamenting the dilatory nature of Miss Cummock.

Thorny was enraptured.

"Gee!" he burst out. "I just wish I could wear a coonskin cap up here for ten dollars a day—or ten cents. I'd do it for nothing—I'd pay to do it! I say, John, wouldn't it be fun to buy an interest in a moving picture concern?"

Tom and Lucie reappeared picking their way amid the *membra disiecta* of a Moorish castle.

"Grandfather's got a steady job at fifty-five a week!" she exclaimed, beaming.

Thorny poked the old guide in the ribs through his ragged shooting coat.

"I say, Tom, let me in on this, will you? The Bevin Pictures, Incorporated. Super-specials only! It won't be more than a year or two before the Bevins will be able to buy out the Grahams and make the Rockefellers and all the rest of them look like thirty cents."

Mr. Robbins, who had given up all hope of Miss Cummock, rejoined them.

"I've a good mind to substitute Bern for her!" he growled, pulling Lucie around in front of them. "Isn't she a beautiful child?" he commented, laying his palm along her cheek. "Wonderful bone structure! Marvelous for half-tones—the nuances—you get me? Look at those contours!" He put his finger under her chin and tilted back her head. "Did you ever see anything finer than that nose? Straight as a ruler. Look at the curve of that nostril! Give me that kid for a year or two and I'll make a star of her!"

"There's still big money in the moving picture business," he affirmed as he lighted a short black pipe. "Fifty years ago the great thing was railroad building—today it's the screen. And they're making millions now as against thousands then."

"Yes," answered John, "the old order changeth! And the movie business it is still in the era of production."

"Not a bit of it," responded Mr. Robbins. "Believe me, it's quite the opposite—the real money is not in production; we're in the era of distribution."

CHAPTER XXIV

HIS mother's unexpected opposition obliterated for the time being the significance of any misunderstanding between Rhoda and John. He loved his mother, her disapproval saddened and depressed him; yet it also aroused his obstinacy. Yet rather strangely, while her attitude did, as he had told her, impel him all the more strongly toward Rhoda, she had succeeded in impressing her point of view with startling definition on his mind. Wasn't there any phase of life in which he could escape the numbing influence of his wealth?

Puffing at his pipe alone in his room at Forty-seven, he stared hard at Johnny the Bear as if hoping to find help—or at least comfort—in the latter's ursine philosophy. When you came

right down to it, they were both more or less in the same pickle—Johnny the Bear hooked helplessly by his middle to the chandelier, and Johnny Myself equally in the air and, for the moment at least, equally helpless.

He blew a cloud of smoke at the woolly brute, who swayed and began slowly to revolve. Anyhow, he'd not be like that—a weather-cock, turning in a new direction with every fresh breath of opinion. How silly to abandon or even question the principles by which American progress had been achieved and American civilization safeguarded. What did Rhoda know about it? She was prejudiced by her own personal experience; but she was too sweet and reasonable not to understand. He surely, with half a chance, could make the difficulty of his position plain to her.

But the next morning the papers carried stories of increasing disorders in the bituminous coal regions. A mine guard in the employ of another company had been killed while dispersing a meeting on corporation property. There were, to be sure, the usual two sides to it, but it had an ominous sound, and throughout the directors' meetings that he subsequently attended that day there was an undercurrent of anxiety in John's thoughts.

Since his father's death he had done his best to inform himself on the coal situation by reading a couple of hours each night before going to bed. But the more he studied, the more confused he became. If government commission after government commission composed of wise and experienced business men, laying all their other affairs aside and devoting themselves solely to the consideration of that one question, taking the testimony of hundreds of witnesses upon every aspect of it and assisted by experts from the various government departments, especially the United States Geological Survey, could make little or nothing of it, how could he be expected to do any better?

The more he read the less he understood. Any phase of the coal industry, he perceived, would demand years of study. And every night after turning off the light and getting into bed he lay there tossing from side to side with his head awhirl, unable to sleep and picturing in his mind mountains of coal and multitudes of men vainly struggling with one another for its possession.

One morning, a few days after his talk with his mother, he found in the "personal" box a letter bearing the postmark "Bitumen." The sight of Rhoda's sprawling handwriting sent a warm wave chasing throughout his body. She loved him, else she would not be writing to him. She must know in her heart that what she had demanded of him was impossible. But as he read, his hope changed to disappointment:

Dear John, I hardly know how to write to you. Your telegram saying that you would do the best that you could fill me with discouragement. For of course you are in a position to do everything. Now that you are at the head of the Mid-West Coal Company, you alone are responsible for its policy and the illegal acts of its officers.

Yesterday I, with the president of Local 87, Mr. Sid Halloran, took the train to Graham. When we stepped on the platform, two men with holsters and cartridge belts accosted us and rather roughly inquired our business. Mr. Halloran replied that he wished to hold a public meeting. At that one of the men said:

"We know you. You can't hold any meeting on this property."

"I'm not going to hold it on your property," said Mr. Halloran. "I'm going to hold it on the public highway in front of the post-office."

"You can't do that—the post-office belongs to us and is on company property," answered the man. "There is no place here for you to hold it, and you won't hold it!"

"I want—"

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Is it anything that money can buy?



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"I will unless I am prevented by force," replied Mr. H.

We left the platform and as we walked along the road these men fell in on either side of us. You can't imagine how humiliated and angry I was, John. When we reached the post-office Mr. Halloran stopped.

"Keep moving!" ordered one of the men. "We are not going to have any disorder here!" (Disorder! It made me sick, John.)

Mr. Halloran said, "I shall stay here as long as I see fit."

At that the man told him that he was under arrest and took him to the jail. Why they didn't take me too I don't know. After an hour's delay he was brought before a justice of the peace, who is not only the postmaster but also employed in the company store of the Mid-West Coal Company. Mr. Halloran was fined three dollars, but sentence was suspended on condition that he get out of town.

"I want a trial," he said. "I won't get out of town, and I won't pay the three dollars."

"Well, you don't have to; it's all over," said the judge-postmaster-storekeeper.

"I won't take a verdict of guilty," repeated Mr. H.

"Then you're not guilty"—and the judge looked around the room and everybody began to laugh.

Then they adjourned court and the first thing I knew there was a crowd of men about us and we were being hustled toward the station. I was nearly out of my mind with shame. If I had not gone they would have dragged me. And on that court-house floated the Stars and Stripes!"

John clenched his fists and saw red. He would stop that sort of thing whether it was in line with the company's policy or not. They had only voted not to confer, and no policy that involved lawlessness could bind anybody. He, as president of the Mid-West Coal Company, had a right to assume that nothing of an illegal character was permitted or sanctioned on the property. To prevent free access to a public highway was illegal and involved assault and false imprisonment. Rhoda should see that he was her ally for justice and freedom. It would bind them the closer.

Within half an hour, without consulting any of the officers or directors, John sent two telegrams. The first was to Warren, the vice-president in charge of operations:

Instruct company police to offer no interference to citizens desiring access to public highway or the other places not company property for all legal uses, including the holding of public meetings. This company must stand for due observance of the law.

John Graham, President

The other telegram was to Rhoda, quoting the first. Before five o'clock that afternoon he had received replies from both of them—Rhoda thanking and congratulating him on his stand; Warren asking him to hold the matter in abeyance until he reached New York the following morning. The first cheered, the latter angered him. However, Warren had been fifteen years with the company and was entitled to a hearing. John wired him to come.

He found him a quiet, unassuming little man who took the wind entirely out of John's sails by professing the most intense sympathy with the men and concern for their welfare. He had been a miner himself, had belonged to the union, had in time saved enough to go into business for himself, and knew the game from heading to tipple, but he assured John not only that to yield a fraction of an inch in their no-conference policy would spell disaster, but that to permit union sympathizers upon the Mid-West Company's property or the highway adjacent to it would precipitate not only a strike but inevitable violence and bloodshed. They were pursuing the only practical policy.

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John, stumped by the little man's quiet conviction, told him to sit down and offered him a cigar.

"Look here, Mr. Warren," he said, "what I've got on my mind is something like this. My great-uncles Shiras and Levi and myself have got thirty-odd millions invested out in Bitumen. Shiras is eighty-two, Levi is seventy-nine. They're each worth at least fifty millions and they don't do anything much but sit around and try to be comfortable. Well, heaven knows, I don't need any more money!"

"But, as against this thirty millions of dollars, there are over three thousand men out in Bitumen giving their lives to getting out coal that neither Shiras nor Levi nor I particularly want. They claim they have grievances enough to make them willing to go out on strike and risk losing their jobs and their savings, and we say: 'We won't even discuss it with you. If you don't like the way we run things you can get out.' I'd want to be awfully sure they haven't got a just grievance before I said that, Mr. Warren."

The vice-president nodded sympathetically. John went on:

"Of course, I know they aren't interested in costs. Why should they be? They're only interested in wages. But here are three thousand men with their backs to us, and here are two old men and a young man with their backs to the men. I want all of us to turn around. I want to reach those men out in No Man's Land somehow. I want to get across to them if I can. I want them to get all that's coming to them. What's the sense of great-uncle Levi's giving a community house to Esopus Center, New York, if he has to get the money by cutting down on some miner's buddy out in West Virginia?"

"To negotiate with those fellows would be tantamount to recognizing the union," said Mr. Warren.

"There's no more reason that I can see for refusing to listen to a coal-miner who says his job isn't safe," retorted John, "than for refusing to listen to your stenographer who says her machine is broken."

Mr. Warren listened with courtesy and apparent interest. "That's all right," he replied quietly, "but there's one element you've left out entirely."

"What is that?"

"The fact that they're trying to force the closed shop on you."

"They haven't as yet."

"They will."

"Well," said John, "I'll cross the bridge when I get to it."

Warren shrugged his shoulders. "If you do—you'll be lucky!" he declared. He laid down his cigar. "However, as you say, Mr. Graham, we haven't reached that bridge as yet. But we'll be there precious quick if I have to carry out your order."

"It is going to be carried out, Mr. Warren. Either by you or somebody in your place," said John with decision.

Mr. Warren seemed unperturbed. "What you object to, as I understand it," he replied, "is that we are doing something illegal in keeping these organizers off our property."

"Off the property of the public—the county highway," corrected John.

"All right," said Mr. Warren. "It ain't necessary. Our lawyers got busy right off and fixed that up." He pulled out from his pocket two sheets of paper. "I got our local board to pass an ordinance right off like what they have over in Pango—it's been held constitutional—providing that nobody can hold a public meeting inside the limits of the town of Graham without an order from the mayor. And then our lawyers went to Judge Monks and got an injunction from him prohibiting Halloran and all other union officials or organizers, their agents or attorneys, from attempting by public meeting or otherwise to induce any miner to break his contract with us by which he has agreed not to join a labor union."

"Do we actually have that sort of a contract?" asked John.

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

"Sure, we have to. It goes fifty-fifty. We on our side agree not to employ any member of a labor organization."

The heir to the Graham millions swung his chair so that he faced in the opposite direction, and Mr. Warren thought that he heard something like profanity.

"So now," concluded the manager, "we've got 'em coming and going, and it's absolutely legal. The only way they can get on our property is by an airplane, and then they can't light. If any of those fellows try it, they'll go to jail, and we can call on the United States Government to help keep them there." He looked across at John as if to say, "Pretty good, eh?"

John arose and walked over to the window. "Suppose I should order you to tear up that ordinance and the requisition?" he asked after a long pause.

"Then I'd resign, Mr. Graham, as I said. I'd have to. I couldn't be responsible for the company any longer, and expect it to pay dividends. But," he added, "I don't think you would have any right to give me any such order. What I have done is in accord with our established policy. And when that policy ceases to be the policy of the board of directors of the Mid-West Coal Company, John Warren ceases to be its 'vice-president in charge of operations.'

CHAPTER XXV

WASHINGTON SQUARE was still flooded with the afternoon sunlight as John turned into the Mews, through the iron gateway that marked the beginning of the row of stuccoed studios.

Rhoda had returned to New York without letting him know. She had not replied to his letters trying to explain that what perhaps had seemed like a reversal of his position was in reality something different, or at any rate was something over which he had no control. John had called a meeting of the board of directors of the Mid-West, who, having listened to what both he and Mr. Warren had to say, had passed a resolution by a vote of fifteen to two commanding the latter's acts in the interest of "legality" and reapproving its ancient policy. He had telephoned a full account of this to Rhoda expressing his disappointment, but had received no answer, and he had heard nothing from her until, learning accidentally that she was in the city, he had caught her on the telephone at the studio.

The voice in which she replied to his passionate inquiries as to what was the matter was as cold and detached as his own philanthropies. She was very busy, she said, and really had no time to see anybody. He insisted, and it was at length arranged that he might call that afternoon. But the world was changed for him. He was sick at the thought of what she might say to him, for she was obviously of the opinion that he had played her false and that the telegram he had sent to Warren had been merely a trick.

An Italian steering a shop-worn monkey by means of a cord fastened to its waist was playing "The Irish Washerwoman" on a toothless barrel-organ in front of the Dana House. The Italian was young and ingratiating, the monkey middle-aged and sophisticated, and the organ senile; but because Rhoda had come back and he was going to see her, the smile of the young organ-grinder aroused a sympathetic feeling in John's heart, and he fumbled in his pocket for a piece of change.

But with his hand in his pocket John was annoyed by the realization that he was about to commit a social wrong. Street begging—something absolutely to be frowned upon. He ought not to encourage it.

The Italian was grinning affectionately, the monkey was already tipping his diminutive cap and chattering expectantly. John wanted to give him something just because his master was such a happy looking rascal—almost as cheerful as his melodies were disconsolate. He grinned confidently at John, communicating a

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"Oh, thunder!" muttered John, defiantly dropping the dime into the monkey's cap, and in so doing experienced an unwanted sense of independence. Yet the fact that he was violating the basic principle of philanthropy clouded what would otherwise have been an emotional satisfaction.

A further disappointment greeted him, for he found the studio full of people. He had assumed that Rhoda would receive him alone, and the discovery that she apparently wished to avoid doing so was the severest blow his pride had yet received. Her manner as she greeted him was the same as usual, but she instantly rejoined the group about the tea-table and sought to draw him into the conversation. Of all things in the world he most loathed a tea-party, and his annoyance at this one was heightened by the fact that Professor Schirmer, the protagonist of the Vortex School incident, was there "with bells on." Rhoda's attitude toward him struck John as one of unnecessary deference, almost of reverence.

Once his eyes had got used to the subdued light he saw that there were not so many there after all: Cecily Coutant; Degoutet, to whom he nodded; a kittenish middle-aged woman, in whom he recognized Miss Antoinette Smythe, a salaried settlement worker; and a sleek, sallow youth in soft shirt and shell-rimmed spectacles, who evidently was a friend of Professor Schirmer's.

John was physically repelled by this youth's slightly bald, filbert-shaped head, his protuberant, translucent ears, his sharp, shifting eyes, flat nose and fledgling neck, irritated by his air of intellectual condescension. Mr. Lefkowitz was cocksure, omniscient and glib, with a technical vocabulary wholly unintelligible to poor John, who could not for the life of him understand why, without the slightest desire to be controversial and anything but polite, he found himself forced somehow into an attitude of apology for his own existence.

John's feeble attempt at cheerful conversation died on his lips. The trivialities of social intercourse had obviously no place in a gathering honored by such intellects as those of Messrs. Schirmer and Lefkowitz. The atmosphere seemed charged with a vague resentment. John could not make out at first what it was they were all so resentful about. Even Miss Smythe radiated short wave-lengths of it. Degoutet watched them sardonically from behind a screen of cigaret smoke.

"Well," Schirmer said, "how do you feel about the coal situation now?"

John smiled darkly at him. "I know so little about it," he replied, "that I can hardly form an opinion. I wish—"

"I suppose there are people on the operators' side who are sufficiently interested to know something about it?" ventured Schirmer.

His tone put John on edge. By what right did these men take it upon themselves to assume this attitude of hostile criticism? It was his first scent of the "class struggle" by virtue of which Professor Schirmer, Mr. Lefkowitz and also, to a certain extent, Miss Smythe earned a fair good living, drawing sustenance from both sides and participating in the spoils of victory without taking actual part in the combat or sharing any of its risks.

John strove to keep his temper. "I suppose there are," he replied dryly.

Mr. Lefkowitz made a whistling sound through his teeth and glanced around the circle.

"That's illuminating!" he scoffed. "Are conditions ever going to be changed when the people owning the mines take that attitude?"

"Oh, Mr. Lefkowitz!" protested Miss Smythe, who was embarrassed, since she drew her salary from an organization supported in large part by the Grahams while at the same time arraying herself on the side of the "socially wronged." "I'm sure Mr. Graham did not mean to imply that he took no interest in the conflict between the miners and the operators. He only, as I understood him, did not wish to express an opinion on a subject concerning



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which he did not feel himself sufficiently informed."

"That's rather an easy way to pass the buck, isn't it?" retorted Schirmer. "There's got to be some responsibility taken somewhere."

"For what?" demanded John indignantly. "You gentlemen are apparently trying to pick a quarrel with me. I came in for a pleasant half-hour over a cup of tea. I didn't know you were here; if I had, perhaps I shouldn't have come. I've been working like a dog down town all day, trying to arrange for enough freight-cars to bring our coal to New York and to comply with the requirements of the Fuel Administrator. This coal strike is no immediate concern of mine, although it considerably heightens my difficulties. These men needn't have struck in the first place. They could go back to work today if they wanted to. I can't say I have a great deal of sympathy for their distress when they brought it on themselves, and they needn't have struck just at the beginning of the cold weather if they expected to keep warm."

"When do you suggest that they should strike?" asked Professor Schirmer. "When nobody wants coal? At some dull time in the industry when you could let them go without loss or inconvenience?"

"But why should any of them strike?" asked John. "None of our men have struck. That district has been operated successfully without any recognition of the union for over twenty years. The men there have averaged two hundred and sixty days' work against something like a hundred in the unionized fields. They've never complained."

"Have you ever given them a chance to?" retorted Schirmer. "What chance to keep his job would a miner have who went to the superintendent with a complaint? If he wasn't thrown out bodily by a pair of huskies, he'd be told that if he didn't like the way things were run he could get out of there."

"But that isn't so," John protested. "Any man can make a complaint, and if he isn't satisfied can take the matter to the superintendent. And otherwise the men are fully protected by law in every way."

"The laws are absolutely a dead letter," broke in Lefkowitz. "A man who tried to go behind the boss would find himself half-way down the gully when he woke up, if he ever did wake up. Let me tell you this—so long as a corporation won't discuss grievances with its men—won't listen to 'em at all—ignores them and treats them like a lot of cattle—it will get what it deserves."

"You certainly can't think it right to refuse even to hear what the men have to say," said Miss Coutant.

"It doesn't seem so to me," bravely echoed Miss Smythe, seeing the battle swinging to that side.

"Of course I don't," he protested. "But there's nothing I can do—"

"Have you been out to Bitumen yet?" interrupted Professor Schirmer.

"No," admitted John, all the more furious because he could not with decency state his reasons. "I—I haven't had the time."

Lefkowitz withered him. "This is medieval!" he remarked with conscious self-control.

"I suppose vice-hunting is more amusing," sneered Schirmer, protruding his Adam's apple.

"Those who refuse to discuss peace must accept the responsibility for war," declared Lefkowitz. "And," he added with significance, "the war will be without quarter for those who are to blame for it."

The studio had unexpectedly become a criminal court in which John found himself in the dock, without any of the ordinary rights generally accorded to the accused, and denied the presumption of innocence. His self-constituted prosecutors, having indicted and condemned, were now threatening him with punishment.

Then over the tea-table exploded something in the nature of a bomb.

"Good Lord!" suddenly roared Degoutet, who had been sprawled on his elbows at the

end of a refectory table. "Who gave you chaps the job of setting the world straight? I don't like a lot of things in it any better than most people, but if I wanted it made over I swear I'd not go to a bunch of table d'hôte conversationalists. You know just about as much about how to run a coal business as you do about making a statue. Why don't you read a few books and then come over to my studio and tell me how to sculpture? I'm surprised you don't!"

Lefkowitz's sallow face wore a puzzled smirk. It seemed to infuriate the sculptor.

"The real trouble with you," he shouted, "is that you want what you haven't got. You try to stir up a mess in the hope that you can grab something off. Anyhow, whether you succeed or not, you have at least the fun of taking the joy out of life for somebody else. Who the devil are you? Tell me! Do you ever do anything? No, you're just a lot of hot-air artists. Bah! If I want another man's money or another man's wife, I take 'em. I don't try to invent some new theory of property or free love so as to get away with it. But you fellows want full police protection before you start anything. How you are able to put it across beats me."

"One moment," interrupted Schirmer angrily. "I won't—"

Degoutet waved him aside.

"It's just because people are too easy-going and too polite," he continued. "I'm sick of the way you demand on behalf of yourselves and an imaginary multitude who never heard of you and wouldn't want you if it had, that the rest of society must get busy and do something unless they want to be in hot water. You don't even condescend to tell us what the trouble is. You merely say something's wrong and we'd jolly well better find out what it is and fix it up before you get after us. Believe me, I'd sooner take the opinion of somebody of experience—like Hoover or Edison or Henry Ford, even—than a disgruntled intellectual who never got nearer a day's work than the library of Columbia or City College."

"Stop this!" cried Schirmer, getting to his feet. "Can't you behave yourself like a gentleman?"

"Bah!" sneered Degoutet. "Who are you? Where do you come from? I don't know. You may be full-blooded Americans whose fathers conquered the wilderness. But personally I wasn't born here; I first saw the light in a lying-in hospital in Odessa. And I consider myself mighty well treated to be allowed to stay here and trim the suckers who buy my statues. There's no such pickings elsewhere, believe me."

He bristled at the other two like a black Highland terrier.

"It's appalling! You people make me tired with your big talk, your bunk about natural rights. You don't give a hang about anybody else's rights. What you want is all you can get—just as I do; and you know the only way to get it is to go out and hustle for it—as I do. You're just sore because you can't get it some easy way and because anybody else has got it at all."

John wanted to throw his arms around the hairy little man and kiss him. It was barbarous, shocking—a brawl. The sculptor had deliberately deprived them of their unfair advantage by going them one better and substituting brutality for rudeness. But it did the trick. He took a step toward them.

Schirmer, pale with rage, backed away from him, while Lefkowitz remained seated, smiling nervously as if he were afraid that this whiskered outlaw might have a knife in the pocket of his baggy trousers.

"Well, don't let's get into a row about it," he protested, as if soothing an unreasonable child. "There's no need of violence."

"Why not?" bawled Degoutet. "Let's get into a row about it. Let's have a little violence. You talk enough about violence. Let's have a little red stub right here."

Professor Schirmer turned hastily to Cecily. "I'm sorry this has happened, Miss Coutant.

I naturally didn't expect to precipitate anything of the kind when I accepted your invitation to bring Mr. Lefkowitz to tea."

He shook hands with his hostess and then with Rhoda. Lefkowitz did the same.

"We shall meet on the train, then?" Schirmer asked her.

Rhoda nodded. "Yes—at two-forty. We have opposite sections, haven't we?"

John stared at her. Where was Rhoda going with this socialist? What secret did they have together in which he did not share?

"Those fellows make me sick!" snorted Degoutet as the door closed behind the departing guests. "It makes a difference whose ox is gored."

"I think you were very rude to them, Raoul," said Cecily. "It was shameful of you."

"Bunk!" retorted the sculptor. "They make a business of trying to upset everything—industry, art, society—yet the minute they get a dose of their own medicine they're the first to call upon law, order and convention for protection. I don't claim to be altruistic, as they do. But at least I'm sufficiently on the level so that if I see fit to spit in a man's face I don't find it necessary to call an officer if he spits back at me. Well, so long, Cecily. I'm going across to my own dump. Ta-ta, Johnny. Drop in on your way home."

He slouched out. Cecily got up and began collecting the cups and saucers. Miss Smythe assisted her.

"Rhoda," said John, "what do you propose to do?"

She threw him a look of cool defiance that wounded him. "I'm going back to Bitumen."

"With that fellow?"

She gave a shrug of scorn as if to indicate that she did not regard it as any business of his whom she went with. This was a new Rhoda.

"Professor Schirmer is going out there on the same train."

John arose to his feet. He was hurt, indignant, angry.

"I don't know what has come over you!" he cried. "It's that fellow Schirmer, I bet. He's filled you up with a whole lot of twaddle—most of it absolutely false. And who's this patronising friend of yours—Mr. Lefkowitz?"

"Mr. Lefkowitz is the editor of the *Vortex*."

John threw up his hands. "The *Vortex* is nothing but a blackmailing yellow journal. What a bunch for you to be mixed up with! A lot of greasy intelligentsia."

"Isn't it rather narrow-minded of you to scoff at these 'greasy intelligentsia,' as you call them? Don't you think that on the whole they deserve a good deal of credit for what they've made of themselves? And at least they're sincere."

There was a barb in her last word. He ground his teeth. It was cruel, but if she were ready to believe it of him, further efforts to undeceive her would be useless.

John laughed apologetically. "Oh, I suppose they're all right enough in their way! It's just your going around with them at all. You're in a different class."

"Who am I to go with if the members of my own class lie down on their job? If they are satisfied to let things go as they are?"

She was not yielding an inch.

"Who says they're lying down on their job? Schirmer? Lefkowitz? Have they ever been in the coal business? Compare either of those whining theorists with a man like my father. No, Rhoda, I don't like the company you're in. I don't like your friends. Why take their word for it?"

"I do not have to take their word for it," she said firmly. "I do not need to. I have been there and seen the conditions with my own eyes. And I've been kicked off your father's property as if I were a woman of bad character."

He turned pale. Was he to lose her forever?—this girl whom he loved more than his life—even his honor.

"Oh, Rhoda, it's ungenerous of you! I've done everything I could."

She uttered an inarticulate expression of protest. "What? You lulled me into thinking

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you were trying to help, and then under cover of your telegram you took steps to make things even worse than they were."

"Rhoda! You can't think that! The general manager did that. I know nothing whatever about it. I was disgusted and chagrined at those legal tricks—those technicalities. But the directors voted me down just as I wired you."

"Well, I'll accept your explanation, but I don't see that anything is being done about meeting the men half-way. No; Schirmer and Lefkowitz are my friends."

"Something shall be done!" he declared. "There's to be another directors' meeting tomorrow morning. I'll make them agree to a more liberal policy. After all, it's something to be president of the company. They'll have to listen to me. If I can get my great-uncles to side with me we can swing the meeting. I wish I were going out to Bitumen with you."

"Why don't you come?" she retorted. "At what hour is the meeting?"

"Eleven o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Well, the train doesn't leave until one."

"Just give me this one chance, Rhoda!" he begged. "Let me prove my sincerity to you!"

She pursed her lips, hesitating. With his chin set, his dark blue eyes flashing, his hair awry, he had never looked more beautiful to her. "It shall be as you say," she said finally. "Carry your resolutions in the directors' meeting tomorrow and I'll go to Bitumen with you. If you don't—I go with my real friends. They and I are on the same side, fighting for the same cause. You wouldn't have me go back on them."

"But why talk about fighting? Why in the name of Heaven don't both sides get together?" He stopped abruptly as he realized his predicament.

"Yes—why don't they get together?" she laughed triumphantly. "It's your move."

"Look here, Rhoda!" he flared. "I admit this no-conference business looks all wrong to

me. I'm going to go ahead and try to get the directors to vote in favor of negotiating. You'll see!" he cried eagerly. "Rhoda! From now on we'll fight side by side!"

He was the young knight, lance in rest, about to charge and sweep before him all the powers of evil—like chaff before the autumn wind. One last belated ray of the Greenwich Village sun fell through the leaded pane of the lattice and touched his hair with a faint nimbus. How young, in fact, he was; how innocent; how ignorant of the cruelty of the world about him! St. John, the apostle whom Christ loved! And how he loved her! That she couldn't for an instant doubt. All of pity, all of motherhood, all of passion that was in her welled upward in her heart. It yearned to his, and his leaped to hers. He held out his arms.

"Rhoda!"

It was all that she could do to keep from surrendering herself and, as she believed, her cause well.

"No, John," she said, and her soul fainted within her. "We've come to the fork in the road. You must choose now which you'll take. This must be the final test."

He saw that she was in earnest and dropped his arms obediently. "Very well, dear. I've chosen already."

She gave him her hand, and he pressed it to his cheeks and lips.

"You'll see, Rhoda—nothing shall stand against us!"

She watched him with eyes of tenderness and of compassion, as he swung saliently down the Mews on his way to victory.

How will John commence to solve the difficulties which stand between him and the girl he loves? Read the next instalment of The Needle's Eye in the September issue of the COSMOPOLITAN.

What happens to a movie beauty when her loveliness begins to fade? Adela Rogers St. Johns tells the answer in a heart-warming story for the next COSMOPOLITAN.

The Woman Who Tried to Dodge Life

(Continued from page 41)

wavy line along the oaken shaft where she had heard it snap and felt it give a little as she brought it down on the gull against the rocks. She kept close inshore so that she didn't have to bear hard on it. She must tell Jason that it was cracked, but not how she had done it. There were other oars in the wood-shed.

In the late afternoon Lu still had failed to acquaint Jason with her plans to go away without him. He had been in the house twice, but each time she started to speak she had broken off after a word or two. The third time he came in he was excited over something.

"The tide's left a box on the beach down at the point by the channel," he said. "Looks like a chest. Maybe it's our fortune come in on the sea," he added with a whimsical smile. "I'll take the boat down an' bring it home to you."

The tide was racing out so fast that Lu helped Jason slide the boat the long way to the water's edge. Just as he stepped in she remembered the cracked oar. She started to speak, but something twisted in her throat and she could scarcely breathe. Her eyes grew wide and she felt shivers of weakness going over her. She swallowed twice and then sealed her lips into a straight thin line of red. Perhaps this was an easy way out. The sea looked after its own, they said. Well—let it. To the rhythmic splash of the oars she turned and walked steadily up the path to the house.

Only once afterward did Lu go to the window and then she turned away very quickly. Far out against the dying light of the sunset was a tiny speck where perhaps a little timid man

steered a boat with one oar; or that speck could be bottom side up; Lu was glad not to know. She thought once or twice of how much a drink would help; her mind turned to the wine vault, but Jason had the key. She ate no food, but went into the bedroom; falling in a heap on the bed she slept heavily, dreamlessly, all through the night.

In the early morning sunlight Bimbi, the black cat, sat and yowled for her breakfast. Lu woke with a little start and then lay quietly to enjoy the half frightened tide of elation that flooded her. Buck Redon was coming today. And then she was going back. She was going back to live again. Lights, laughter, people, love. Wave after wave of excitement submerged her. She thought but momentarily of Jason. Perhaps some passing ship had picked him up.

Bimbi's yowling and the lowing of the cow stirred her to activity. Later she cleaned and polished the rooms with queer intensity. She even felt a stirring of pleasure when she rubbed the dust from the emerald sides of the green vase. She knew that she was foolish to waste her energy on this place that she would be leaving so soon. Perhaps Buck would see the room, though; it must glow for him. She washed her hair and bleached it, then sat in the sun while it dried. Later she curled it tightly with a hot singeing iron that left behind the stench of scorched hair. She laced her trim waist until the cruel bones cut painfully into the thick flesh of her sides and she breathed with difficulty. In the late sunlight, just before she donned her best gray dress, she saw Buck's

ship edging in through the channel. Her heart leaped and jumped into a furious gallop; she felt suddenly ill in the pit of her stomach.

The sun had been down awhile when across the red-checked table-cover in the ship's cabin, with some show of artificial grief, Lu finished her brief tale of Jason's going. The mate and the engineer mumbled and clicked their tongues, and with slow, embarrassed words of sympathy they stumbled out as quickly as they might. Only Buck remained. He looked across at Lu with a cynical half smile that scattered any poise she might have had. Somehow she felt that he guessed the truth. Her cheeks flamed red and she kept her eyes upon the checks of the table-cloth.

One of Buck's hairy hands swept across and caught her fingers in his. "So yer a widow now, eh? A merry widow."

Lu felt the surging of the orange flashes just as she had remembered them these three months past. She wanted to answer smartly but all she could whisper was, "Yeh. A widow."

Buck pulled her around the table then. He hurt her arm and bruised her tightly-laced side against the sharp corner, but she did not care. Nothing mattered but that he was kissing her. After a few moments she began to feel a repulsion for his wet mouth. She tried to banish the sudden edging thing that was cutting through her ecstasy; again she had the feeling that she wanted to dig sharp nails along the length of the flushed face so near her own. Breaking away, she stood panting and laughing across the table; with an effort she killed her repulsion.

"I'm goin' back with yuh, Buck," she said suddenly. "Lord, if yuh could only know how I've wanted to go back. To dance an' see a show an' look in store windows. An' now I'm free to go. I'll get a job in the chorus of some show in Portland an' when yuh get in port there'll be a flat an' me waitin' for yuh."

Buck's eyes wore a strange expression. Lu felt uneasy. The Mate came in to inquire about the unloading of the stores on the morrow, and Lu lounged across the half closed door of Buck's cabin. Buck could tell him he didn't need to unload the stuff. No use for it now that the island would be deserted. She'd never been in Buck's cabin. She pushed open the door with a proprietary air and entered. A large cheap photograph of a slim girl smiled down at her from a chest of drawers. A girl with a twisted smile quirking the corners of her mouth. She had a flat boy's body and long slender legs that showed below the straight little dress that she wore. Maybe Buck had a sister. Maybe.

The Mate had left the cabin when Lu came out of the room.

"Who's this skinny lookin' kid?" she asked tersely, holding out the photograph.

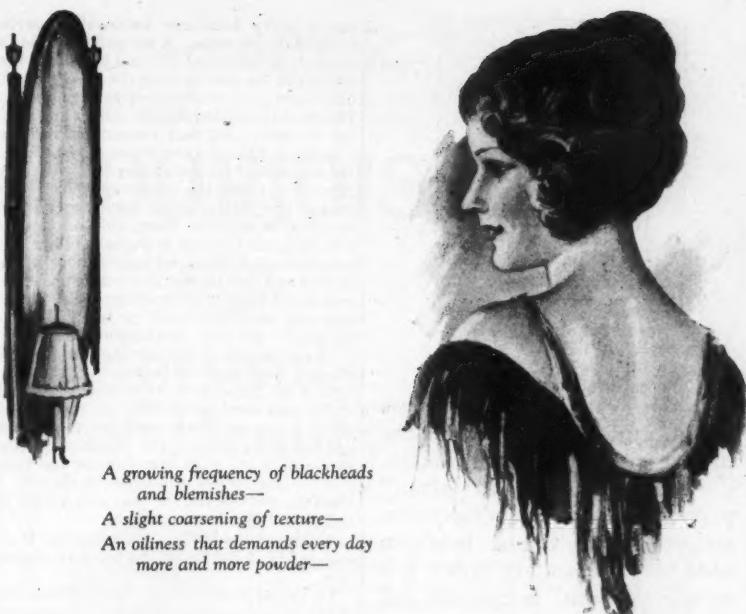
Buck's face darkened. "If it's any of yer business it's a lady friend of mine."

Lu was not schooled in subtleties. She was suddenly furious. For a moment she forgot Mike and his kind; she tore the picture across with a vicious rending and threw it on the floor. "I'm yer lady friend from now on," she snapped. So she had ruled Jason for many years; but this was not Jason.

In a stride Buck was across the room and she felt the sharp sting of his hand across her face.

"Yuh — old hen," he snarled. "That's my girl's pitcher yuh've tore. The girl I'm strong for, see. D'yuh think I'd fall for an old bat like you? Only showin' yuh a good time, I was, an' yuh take advantage of it. Take yuh back to Portland with me? I see myself." He was working himself into a fury. "An' yuh'll get a job in the chorus, eh? Why, yer old an' fat. An old fat fool. An old fat sea-gull, that's what yuh are. A sea-gull. Look at yourself. Chorus girl! Why, they wouldn't even let yuh scrub the stage. Look at yerself!" He swung her around towards the crazy, stained old mirror set in the cabin door.

And in its wavy imaging Lu Bright saw herself. She stood like an icy pillar; only the



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man's heavy breathing broke the swaying stillness of the room. A sea-gull. An old fat sea-gull, he had called her, and because of that she saw in the wavy glass the likeness to the hated creatures whose shrieking she abhorred. Her black eyes were suddenly sunken and piercing as theirs; her nose seemed pinched and long like a bill. For the first time she realized the hugeness of her opulent breasts beneath the gray dress, so like the outcurving bodies of the clumsy gray birds. Even her slender ankles appeared to taper to skinny gull-like legs. A little insistent blunder in the back of her head pounded out a blunt and jagged thought that hacked and tore its way into her brain. Over and over it beat: "You can't go back. You're ugly and old. You can't go back. Fat old sea-gull." Sea-gull. Scavenger of the sea!

In the passing of a moment, time had laid a heavy hand upon the woman; her shoulders sank a bit beneath it. She began to laugh shrilly and turning stumbled up to the deck where a puzzled Mate helped her to the boat and rowed her ashore. The waters of the cove were still; a few stars were showing and there was the fragrance of wild thyme in the air. A bit of flotsam touched the boat with a little jar and floated past in the starlight.

"A broken oar blade," murmured the Mate, and sucked in his breath in apologetic realization.

Lu looked hastily away. Her shifting eyes rested on the lonely house in the growing darkness. The loneliness. The ghastly, sea-girt loneliness. She felt for the first time a terrible longing for Jason. How she wanted Jason! She held icy fingers over her bloodless mouth to keep from screaming out her need of him. She who had never faced life squarely must face it alone through all the years that were to come.

Alone, she walked helplessly up the garden path with the reluctant steps of a prisoner who treads the stony corridor to the scaffold. Her dragging feet made sinister crunchings in the gravel; the house crouched before her like an evil presence. Out beyond the reef the surf pounded a mournful booming that suddenly took on an implacable, revengeful wailing. Lu became terribly aware of that booming menace that would never cease; always to hear it, always at the mercy of that pounding sea.

No escape from this.

No way out; no easy way.

Her dragging steps brought her to the house. The lights of the ship in the little cove only served to intensify the pregnant darkness that awaited her. At the entrance a sudden remembrance, a thin, tearing sliver of light pierced her racked consciousness like the agony of the morphine needle that brings stinging pain and then a blissful relief; with a harsh gasp she threw herself into the black maw of the doorway.

Running through the house she knelt and groped in the depths of Jason's tool chest that stood against the kitchen wall; she found the sharp blade of the ax. Her fingers were slit so that the blood seeped out in little trickles of sticky wetness, but she paid no heed. With tight-throated chuckles she stumbled through the darkness and brought up against a locked door.

Raining frantic blows with the edged ax, she crashed again and again at the cracking panels whose smooth length guarded the forbidden room where cobwebby bottles stood in dusty, even rows. For the last time, Lu Bright was dodging life.

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The Pleasure Buyers

(Continued from page 34)

to an honor which you had stolen. That seems a childish thing. And yet a Terry was especially honored by General Washington in seventeen-seventy-nine. Another Terry died with Lawrence in eighteen twelve, and his widow was awarded a Congressional Medal. At Chapultepec a Terry was decorated; at Shiloh my grandfather earned mention in dispatches; my own father left his wife and child in ninety-eight and came home with a bit of bronze upon his breast. It remained for me to break the long record, and strange though it may seem to you I had a dislike to see the record broken by a lying coward.

"And so, Cassenas, when I recovered from my wounds to find the war ended, resentment owned me. Investigating you, the thief who had broken the Terry tradition, I began to stumble upon many things. Odd how one man may slip ever so slightly and the whole world know of it, while another may not slip, but deliberately descend into infamy, and never a hint of scandal clouds his name. But tonight, Cassenas, a long reckoning is due for settlement and you will be there to meet your creditors."

Cassenas turned to the girl. "Has he proved my case for me? Did you ever hear such madness?"

Terry bowed to her. "Perhaps I have, Mrs. Ripley. Indeed, now that Cassenas reiterates the charge, I am certain of my madness. But even madmen may hew strictly to the line of truth. I assure you that I have done so. And if I have subjected you to an amazing conversation, remember that I did so out of pity. You seemed too young, too untried."

"You are insulting!" she cried.

He bowed again. "Perhaps I am. I apologize. And yet, knowing that there is no Mr. Ripley, that you have pretended to be married in order that you might have a little more freedom of action during your visit here, perhaps I may have felt justified in giving you a warning. Much may happen between midnight and dawn which might be regretted through the endless hours between other midnights and other dawns. Good night."

He walked abruptly away from her. Cassenas drew a long breath. "Of course, I don't suppose he's dangerous, but perhaps I'd better warn the police about him." He tried to be casual but was not successful. Even his iron will had weakened during the last half-hour. Upon his forehead were tiny drops of perspiration. He looked at the girl. "What do you think?" he asked.

"I think," she said, "that you ought to tell me how much of what he says is true."

He affected surprise, shocked amazement. "Why, Helen, do you believe any of it?"

"All of it," she replied.

"But you love me," he protested.

His statement had the odd effect of conjuring up before her eyes a picture of the lined face of Terry. She banished it by an effort of will.

"What has that to do with it?" she asked. "Gene, tell me! I've come down here because you wanted me to. I live a lie. I pretend to be married. I even told that man that I was waiting for my husband. I'm compromised—I'm shamed. Tell me!"

He laughed at her. "Tonight, later, when we're motoring."

He strode to the roulette wheel presided over by Marvin.

CHAPTER III

A STATUESQUE and ripened beauty with carefully ironed hair touched his wrist.

"Gene, can't you suggest something enticing enough to drag me away from this table? I haven't done a bit of good all evening; unless something is proposed I will leave not merely all of Wizzy's profits for the last six months, but all the roses that bloom in my girlish cheeks."

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Cassenas pointed at the vanity case beside her chips.

"The roses that bloom in my cheeks, tra-la," she hummed, "have nothing to do with that case. Gene, you're a brute to suggest such a thing. You know too much about women, anyway."

"Does it argue a vast knowledge because one suspects that vanity cases hold rouge?" he asked.

"Daring to voice the suspicion argues the knowledge," she said. "You know that we like to be insulted."

"Come, come!" he chided. "Is such a trifling thing an insult?"

"It's the way you do it, my dear," she retorted. "Gene, there's always a sneer in your eyes; we women feel that we haven't a secret from you. We touch our hair most subtly; we do funny little things to our eyes, or to the wrinkle just below the chin. And you know it, always. I would hate to be your wife, Gene."

He laughed. "Now that my honorable intentions are flouted, Mrs. Wellington Wiswell, now that I know that you will never leave your husband for me—"

She patted his hand. "I said I'd hate to be your wife. But as for leaving Wizzy—that's something else. Gene, I didn't think life held another thrill for me. I gave up thoughts of sin when I ceased counting my birthdays. Are you proposing an indecency?"

He jeered at her. "If you took a ride in a wheel-chair, Mrs. Wiswell, you'd telegraph your husband about it before you went to bed."

She laughed. "At times I do despair of myself, Gene. Wizzy and I have been married sixteen years and there's no use shutting our eyes to the vulgar but inescapable fact that I love him. And the bourgeois thing is simply mad about me. Take your temptation away from me, Gene Cassenas. Use it where it will avail you something."

"Show me where," he grinned.

She dropped her voice to a whisper. "You know too many places," she said. "But, Gene, because I like you, let me speak. Aren't you overdoing things a bit? Don't tell me that you do not understand. It's all very well flirting around with married women if their husbands are in the neighborhood. People are willing to take a lot for granted; they will assume that the husband knows and approves and that everything is all right. But where the husband isn't in evidence, it's easy to damn a woman. The little Ripley looks too nice. Don't go too far, Gene."

He shrugged. "You rate my attractions too highly."

She shook her head. "You know I don't rate them half as high as you do yourself. You know, I wonder that men, instead of disliking you, don't hate you. Your vanity is so colossal."

"Thank you," he said sardonically.

"But you know men don't care for you, just as you know that women are mad about you. Ah well, a woman beloved of men doesn't care what her own sex thinks of her. Why should you care? Only, General Gary is an old-fashioned man. If you happened to become involved in a scandalous affair you would find that the General would not welcome you as a son-in-law."

"How do you know that Gladys would welcome me as a husband?" he asked.

"As if any woman wouldn't!" she laughed. "But we're too serious. Are you going to drag the wreck of the Wiswell fortune away from here?"

Cassenas straightened up and looked about the room. Women smiled and waved their hands; the gestures might possibly have been of invitation. Men were not so spontaneous. Almost reluctantly, it seemed, they nodded. But his expression was as cordial to men as to women, if cordiality was a word to describe the queer blend of assurance and defensiveness which was in his manner now. This expression was not obvious to the ordinary observer, but Mrs. Wiswell sensed something wrong.

Cosmopolitan for August, 1924

"What's the matter, Gene?" she asked. He turned back to her. "Why do you ask that?"

"I don't know. But you don't seem natural. Never mind a party. My luck may turn and Wizzy won't go into bankruptcy."

"We can't rely on luck," he retorted gravely. "You're just a weak woman and manhood compels me to extend a friendly hand. I've been looking over the crowd. How about supper and a dance aboard the *West Wind*?"

"On such short notice? Can you arrange it?" she asked.

"My lady has but to voice a wish and the slaves to her beauty rush to grant them." He bowed low.

"Gene, you can be so awfully nice that I wish—Gene, I'm an aged matron of thirty-six; shut me up if you want to. But Gene, General Gary is a relic of another age. You think because he's eighty that he's a doddering old wreck. But Gladys is the child of his age. If anything hurt her he would destroy it; if anyone hurt her he'd kill that one. He's a product of the old South; he doesn't understand modern ways. Your affair with Mrs. Ripley may be the most delightfully innocent thing in the world, but don't forget that you are paying attention to Gladys Gary. The General may prove a dangerous customer."

She paused, looking at him anxiously. He smiled amusedly. "I've listened; I didn't stop you; is that all?" he asked.

"I have said my last word," she replied. "When does your party begin?"

"By the time you've cashed your chips and put on your wraps we'll be ready to leave," he replied.

With a bow he turned away from her. He wandered from group to group of players and spectators. He seemed to scatter invitations as he scattered chips upon the gaming tables. Yet anyone who watched his play would soon understand that he followed some sort of a system at roulette; and those sensitive to such matters would know that he issued no haphazard invitations tonight. Only persons whose social standing was unimpeachable were the recipients of his invitations. And as he left one group to approach another the first group would break up; on the faces of the chosen, especially if they were young and feminine, would appear expressions of eager delight.

Finally he approached a dignified old man who sat near a hazard table. He was incredibly thin and his skin was mottled with the blotches that years bring. His hair and long sweeping mustaches were snow-white. There was a look of lifelessness about him; the bones of his hands and wrists seemed fleshless as though no muscles or tendons were wrapped around them and only skin clothed them. But this impression of a mummy to which hair and mustaches by some ghastly trick of nature were still attached, was boldly denied by his eyes. They were as extraordinary in their way as those of Cassenas. Deep-set below overhanging brows, they were as bright and piercing as those of an eagle. Indeed, with his aquiline nose, General Gary resembled an eagle. Beside him sat a girl whose face lighted up as Cassenas approached. Young, not over twenty, daintily blonde, she seemed younger by comparison with her gaunt old father.

"I'm giving an impromptu party on the *West Wind*, General," said Cassenas. "May Gladys come—and you too?"

"Delighted," said the General. His voice was a recurrent surprise, for it was deep and powerful, seeming to issue from a chest unshrunken by time. "At least, I'm delighted. How Gladys feels I do not know."

Cassenas smiled at the girl; a blush appeared upon her cheeks. "I'd like it," she said. Her voice was shy.

"Then that's that," said Cassenas. "I've to telephone for musicians, so I won't take you over with me if you don't mind. Besides, three of us couldn't get into one wheel-chair, so we all couldn't go together anyway."

The General smiled; the effect of amusement upon his mottled, leathery countenance was to render that countenance more than ever like the face of a bird of prey. One guessed that here was a man so fiercely proud that there had never been room for humor in his make-up.

"Indeed we couldn't; you and Gladys couldn't ride together anyway; she would have to accompany her father; so your inability to start at once does not mean that you two young people are deprived of each other's society."

It was as near to a jest as the General had approached in more than eighty years; his words meant that he was cognizant of a relationship between his daughter and Cassenas and that he was heavily unbending and rallying them upon the state of their affections.

The girl blushed more deeply; Cassenas flung her an intimate glance; her lips trembled and finally parted in an embarrassed smile. Cassenas turned away and into his stride came a lithe quality that had been absent since his conversation with Terry.

He went to the telephone by the office and rang up the grill of one of the big hotels. He gave his name and the leader of the orchestra cut short an encore to respond to the owner of Seminole Lodge.

"That you, Tony? I'm giving a party aboard the West Wind. Hustle over with your men."

He hung up without waiting for Tony's reply. That his demand might cut short the hotel dance meant nothing to Cassenas; and it never entered his head that Tony might be reluctant to take his musicians away from the grill. The Cassenas whims had never been denied in thirty years; it was hardly possible that they would be denied now.

He rang up Seminole Lodge. "Kildare? Mr. Cassenas speaking. Serve supper for forty people on the West Wind."

The major-domo of his household replied respectfully. "Certainly, Mr. Cassenas. How soon?"

"The musicians are coming right away, I'd say in about an hour," replied Cassenas. Once again he evinced that insolence which takes everything for granted.

As he walked toward the door he passed the ladies' dressing room and from that chamber of feminine mysteries emerged Helen Ripley. Her lips, usually half parted as though in sweet expectancy, were a firm straight line now; the round chin was slightly squared and her gray eyes were flashing with anger. In her haste she brushed past Cassenas without at first recognizing him; then, as she saw who was the man with whom she had almost collided, she stopped abruptly.

"I've been listening to what they're saying inside," she said. She nodded in the direction of the room from which she had just come.

Cassenas smiled easily. "It must have been interesting conversation," he said coolly. "I've often wondered what the pretty darlings tell each other when they aren't on parade."

"I heard Mrs. Wiswell talking with Gladys Gary. They didn't notice me. Miss Gary told Mrs. Wiswell that you had proposed on the beach this morning and that she rather expected an announcement might be made tonight."

"Listeners rarely enjoy the things they overhear," said Cassenas.

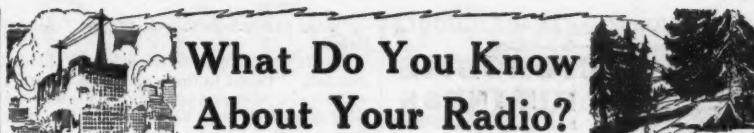
"And I heard others talking about the party you're giving. What does it all mean?" Her little hands were clenched; her throat seemed suddenly thin, its cords stood out so tautly.

Cassenas laughed. He drew a watch from his pocket. "It is now eleven-forty," he said. "We have an engagement to go motoring at one. Already this evening I have suggested that you wait until then for explanation."

"But you are engaged to me. Will you tell me that Miss Gary lied just now?" she demanded.

"She might have misunderstood me," said Cassenas.

The girl stared at him. "What a cad you are!" she whispered.



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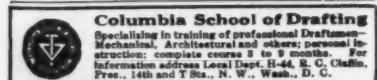
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"What staunch faith you possess!" he retorted.

"What has faith to do with love?" she demanded. "I used to think one could not exist without the other and used to pity women who loved unworthy men. But now I know that one may love a liar and a cad. Only, the love one holds for such a person may lack endurance."

"I did not know you possessed such philosophical depths," he told her. "Always you are revealing a new and unsuspected charm. You will meet me at one?"

"Another girl declares that she is engaged to you; you give a party and she states that the engagement will be made public there; you do not ask me to the party. You want me to meet you clandestinely, in the middle of the night, at your house—"

"You state the case against me with remarkable clarity," he said. "But you have not given the defendant his opportunity to make reply to this and other charges."

"Is there any reply?" she asked.

He shrugged. "You have cared enough for me to consent to marry me—"

"More than that," she interrupted. "I've compromised myself; I've posed as what I am not."

"Exactly," he agreed. "Then don't you think that I am worth another hour's trust?"

For a moment she made no answer; then the harshness so foreign to her nature left her face, to be replaced by tremulous indecision.

"I don't know," she murmured.

He laughed triumphantly. "I do," he said. "At one we ride together."

She seemed conquered by his assurance; drawing her cape about her shoulders as though the tropic night were cool, she walked to the wide open doors of the gaming house. An attendant beckoned to a chairman. She stepped into the wicker seat and the colored man began pedaling her along the road that bordered the lake.

Cassenas watched until the white-garbed cyclist and his passenger had disappeared in the shadows of the coconut palms. Then, smiling, he walked to the coat-room and exchanged a bit of silver for his hat. As he approached the exit, Terry accosted him.

"What's all this gossip I'm hearing about you and Miss Gary?" he demanded sternly. "I hear people saying that your engagement is to be announced tonight. Cassenas, are you insane? Don't you realize what tonight means for you?"

"Terry, don't be a melodramatic ass," was Cassenas's reply. He brushed by the other, entered a wheel-chair and was driven away.

CHAPTER IV

TONY had hustled. By the time the first wheel-chair had arrived at the pier to which the West Wind was moored, the orchestra was ensconced in the stern of the craft and over the jungle mounted the strains of dance music.

In a clump of palmettos a mother cardinal raised a wary head; her keen eyes pierced the shadows. A rattler sent forth his awesome defiance; a moccasin slipped softly into a pool of stagnant water. Civilization had crept into the jungle; where only a decade ago had been festering swamp were today gaily colored houses and landscaped gardens and hard white roads. But a yard from the manicured hedge stood the jungle. Man had subdued the jungle, and yet one always had the feeling that the jungle bided its time and that it but waited a propitious moment in which to strangle the invasion of civilization.

The setting of Cassenas's party rendered it more attractive to a generation gone mad in the search of new sensation. To dance upon a polished ballroom floor in a building set in the center of a city is to play at make-believe. For the dance is our surrender to the most natural impulse of all—to show by muscular movement the emotions that rule us.

And tonight, at Cassenas's party, the open air, the friendly beaming moon, the sighing of

the wind in the palms, the gentle wash of the water against the house-boat's side, were influences to make his guests forget the barriers against impulse which generations of convention have raised. Here on the deck of the West Wind the pleasure buyers pursued their quest. Restraint had been banished from the dance in recent years; the pleasure buyers had decreed its departure. And tonight was the apotheosis of abandonment. Knees locked; cheeks touched. Frankly women admitted that they loved the hard embrace of men, and men reveled in the yielding touch of women.

Reformers damn, but the world moves on. "Evil to him who evil thinks" is the motto of the new generation, and who shall say that the motto is unworthy? One hears a lot of modern decadence, but one asks for proof. No generation has ever shown more hardihood than the one that fought the war; women never showed a greater gallantry, a more steadfast endurance. Yet ten years ago the evil-minded told us that the youth of that day was so enervated by vice that it had lost all the hardy virtues. And now we are told that the new crop is weaker and more vicious yet. But, seeing them on the links, the courts, the polo fields and the beach, one wonders if the jaundiced eyes of the critics can behold the truth. Well, another war may give the answer. But until that other war comes, the bilious-minded must endure the sights which annoy them. For the world has abandoned its ancient quest for security, for peace, for new and more satisfactory gods. Instead, it seeks for pleasure.

Perhaps, indeed, it never sought for anything else. Gossip lies about the motives of our friends, and we who love our friends believe the tongue of gossip. And what is history but gossip accepted as truth rendered hallowed by the touch of time? Man is somehow ashamed to admit that enjoyment is the aim of existence. Condemned by nature to labor, he glorifies labor as a virtue; having formed the habit of labor, he professes to love labor rather than admit that he is the slave to habit and necessity. But Adam in the garden sported, and Eve, we love to think, was gay. We damn the pleasure buyers virtuously, yet who knows but that theirs is the true philosophy? Against the Bible stands the Rubaiyat; we reverence the former, but few indeed are they who do not practise the teachings of the latter.

And yet man has been used to labor for a hundred thousand years and longer. Perhaps a touch of labor is necessary that pleasure may be appreciated. Certainly the hectic crowd on the deck of the West Wind achieved pleasure, but they did not look particularly happy. Their eyes were tired, their cheeks needed paint; not all the tropic winds and sun upon their flesh could replace the glow that sleepless nights had taken. Their laughter was harsh and strident. Tennis or golf in the morning; a swim at noon; bridge after luncheon; dancing at tea and at dinner; roulette or hazard from dinner until eleven; then supper and dancing, and then a party such as this on the West Wind until dawn drove the buyers home to a scant four hours in bed. Enough to bend the young and to break middle age. No laborer driven by the lash of poverty works as hard as the pleasure buyers.

"Great party, Mr. Cassenas." The speaker was a flat-faced man, with a button of a nose and a round pugnacious chin below a slit of a mouth. His sandy hair was cut short; his left ear was a blob of flesh. This, coupled with his breadth of chest and length of arms, made people surmise correctly that he was an ex-pugilist. Many persons had rallied Cassenas upon the appearance of the man who was his butler and major-domo. It was just like Gene Cassenas to engage a former welter-weight champion as his domestic chief of staff. And Cassenas had always replied that he didn't see why a former prize-fighter couldn't be as good a butler as anyone else. Which, inasmuch as Billy Kildare was as good at his present vocation as at his earlier profession, made the Cassenas position impregnable.

"They do seem to be enjoying themselves,

Kildare," replied the master. He looked at his watch. "Keep the drinks circulating. I'm going to dodge out a little before one and I'm not particularly anxious for my absence to be noticed. Who's at the Lodge?"

"Not a soul in the house, sir," Kildare replied. "The servants are all in their quarters. You expecting anyone to call there?"

Cassenas wheeled; his great liquid eyes concealed. "You'll go too far some day, Kildare," he said.

"I ain't worried about that," said Kildare. Those who wondered at Cassenas' retention of a man of Kildare's appearance would have been still more puzzled had they heard his speech.

"Perhaps it would be better if you did worry," suggested Cassenas. "A bachelor may put up with idiosyncrasies that a married man might not tolerate. Or, if the married man was willing to overlook them, his wife might not be."

"Are you telling me that you're going to be married?" demanded Kildare.

"Why not?" retorted Cassenas.

Kildare looked about the deck of the West Wind. "Is she here?" he asked.

"She had not arrived," said Cassenas. "What's the matter? Will you find it difficult to conform to feminine rule?"

"It wouldn't be the lady you're expecting at the Lodge at one?" asked Kildare.

"Who said I expected a lady there?" Cassenas smiled.

"It's always a lady," said Kildare. He glared at his employer. "You just said that maybe I'd go too far some day. But there ain't any definite limit to where I can go. But you know your limits, Mr. Cassenas. Maybe you don't take me seriously."

"If I did I'd discharge you," said Cassenas. "You don't want that to happen, do you?"

"If you get married you won't see me any more," retorted Kildare. "And you can take that any way you like, Mr. Cassenas."

"Much obliged, Kildare," said Cassenas lightly.

In response to a call from one of his guests he left the servant. The dancing had momentarily ceased. Millie Struthers, an exquisite thing of hardly eighteen, flushed with too much champagne, was declaring her ability to walk completely around the West Wind on the deck rail. Burton Carewe, a youth barely older, was defying her to make good her boast.

"Tell her not to," said the person who had called to Cassenas.

Cassenas laughed. "She can swim. And at that, a little wetting wouldn't hurt her."

"But there are alligators in the lake," said someone else.

Cassenas shook his head. "Hardly any; just enough to make it exciting."

Encouraged by her host the Struthers girl climbed upon the rail. She took three steps and pitched head-first into the waters of Lake Worth. With a cry of delight young Carewe vaulted over the rail after her. A moment later he and Millie appeared together on the surface, laughing uproariously.

"Quitters! Anyone who doesn't jump in is a yellow pup!" Thus the young couple challenged the spectators.

It was a new sensation; all of them had taken part in midnight swims, but to leap, attired in evening dress, from the deck of a house-boat—this was a new sensation, the sort of thrill for which one was always looking and which one so rarely found. Mrs. Wellington Wiswell was the first to accept the challenge, but no sooner had she hit the water than a dozen more were in the air. Ten minutes later the deck of the West Wind was so slippery that dancing in shoes had become dangerous. Millie Struthers took off her shoes and stockings, doffed her gown and announced a solo dance which she called the "lingerie waltz." Not to be outdone, young Carewe tore off his dinner suit. "The Boston garter glide," he announced. This *pas seul* consisted in hopping two steps and then snapping his garters against the calves of his legs. Two-score people rolled

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on the deck. The pleasure buyer laughs easily and this was the most excruciatingly funny party that Palm Beach had ever witnessed. This was real genuine humor carried to the nth degree.

And upon this scene of Babylonian revelry entered General Joshua Gary.

Cassenas, one of the few who had not plunged into the brackish waters of the lake, greeted the old man with a welcoming wave of his hand. He leaped from the side of Mrs. Wiswell, seized a glass of champagne and lifted it above his head.

"My friends!" he cried.

The cries of his guests ceased. This was a wonderful party; Cassenas had outdone himself. Perhaps he was to propose something even more ingenious.

"Tonight sees the end of Gene Cassenas the bachelor," said the owner of that name. "After tonight you will see an engaged man; and soon, I hope, a married man. For I wish to announce that Gladys Gary, whose father has just arrived and to whom I wish to offer a toast, has promised to marry me. General Gary, your health, sir."

An eager waiter passed the General, carrying a tray laden with glasses. The General snatched one. While Cassenas and the surprised and enthusiastic guests drank his health, the General waited. When silence came he raised his glass.

His deep voice boomed across the surface of the lake. Although it was not raised, one readily believed that it carried across the water to West Palm Beach, sleeping respectfully through these dark hours.

"I thank you, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "for the kindness of your action in drinking my health. I am pleased to state that my health is excellent. My eye is as keen as it was sixty years ago when I had the honor to disagree on the matter of the color of a lady's eyes with my late friend Colonel Wilson, of South Carolina. My sight was then so keen that I shot Colonel Wilson through the left lung just two inches below the heart. The Colonel recovered in six weeks, as I had hoped.

"Yes, my sight is keen. I can see a scoundrel as easily now as when I was boy. And I see one now. I have the pleasure, Mr. Cassenas, of throwing this liquor in your face!" he suited the action to the word—"and of informing you that you are a damned rascal and that it will give me great pleasure to afford you whatever satisfaction you may care to demand."

Dead silence settled down upon the houseboat. Cassenas's olive cheeks grew pale; the great liquid eyes filmed over as with ice. Slowly he wiped the drops of champagne from his face.

"General, you are an old man. I can await an explanation—but not too long, sir," he said.

"The explanation is that I have become cognizant of certain matters which, rather than embarrass a lady, I prefer not to mention, Mr. Cassenas," replied the General. "I came here to inform you that your engagement to my daughter is at an end and that she so wishes me to tell you. Also, I came to offer you, as I just said, whatever satisfaction—"

He staggered back; Cassenas had done the incredible, the dreadful. He had stepped forward and struck the old man on the mouth. The General caught at the rail and saved himself from falling.

"You are a coward, sir, as well as a cad," said the General. "You have put yourself beyond the pale, sir. I shall not give you satisfaction."

"I thought not," Cassenas. "Just a bit of brag, eh?"

"No, sir. No satisfaction; not the honorable reparation admitted between gentlemen. For you are not a gentleman; you are a low thing, sir. And I shall shoot you on sight, sir, like the dog you are."

He turned and walked uncertainly across the deck, his gaunt grim features writhing, his old eyes blazing furiously.

Cassenas turned to his friends. Whatever he had in mind to say died on his lips. For he met contempt, disgust in every eye. He knew what this meant. The pleasure buyers would condone much, but he had struck a man of eighty, a hero of the Confederacy, a man who had proved his courage a score of times, who was part of history. It mattered not that the General had insulted him; Cassenas was young; he should not have retorted with a blow.

Only Mrs. Wiswell spoke to him; the others quietly, with averted faces, left his boat. The party that had begun so gloriously had ended in tragedy.

"Good-by, Gene," said Mrs. Wiswell. "I suppose it had to be; men that only women like must be rotters, but still—I liked you. Good-by, Gene."

"Why so tragic? There are others besides these," said Cassenas. He tried to sneer at the defection of his guests.

She shook her head. "Gene, you're all through. Don't forget—we're gay here; we're silly; we're wild. We may even be vulgar; but we're not cowards, and we can't stomach cowardice. Only a coward strikes a man of eighty."

She, the last of them all, moved off the boat. A moment later he saw her wheel-chair move down the avenue of palms. He sank into a chair and began to drink.

CHAPTER. V

HELEN RIPLEY looked up from the trunk which she was feverishly packing. The hands that thrust garments into the opened drawers trembled; frequently a shoe or a stocking fell to the floor and it was necessary for her to make a second effort to retrieve the elusive article.

The pupils of her gray eyes were dilated and there was an expression in them of incredulity, as though she looked upon things whose existence she refused to credit. There was a lifeless quality to her usually glossy black hair and an expression of age seemed to have settled down upon her features.

The knock on the door was repeated, this time insistently. She surveyed the confusion of the room, made a helpless movement, then seemed to realize that making the room presentable would take too long a time. Her shoulders shrugged; her manner was one of a despair hardly justified by the fact that the room was not presentable. Then she drew the knitted negligee closer about her throat.

"Come in," she called.

The door opened and into the room came two men.

"My trunk isn't ready yet," she said.

The foremost man glanced swiftly about the room. He was dressed in a double-breasted blue suit; he wore broad-toed shoes, and a low collar encircled a fat neck. His face had that gray look which is always upon the countenances of those whose work is in the hours of night. His eyes were small and cunning and his nose and chin were of the rough-hewn bully type. The other man was inconspicuous for his too dapper dress, which seemed to mark him for what he was, a clerk in the hotel. The man spoke.

"Leaving Palm Beach, eh, Mrs. Ripley?" he asked.

Her eyebrows lifted in surprise. There was something impertinently familiar in the man's manner. The fashion in which his small eyes appraised her savored of insult. There was something contemptuous in the way in which he leaned against the wall; also he had removed neither his hat from his head nor his cigar from his mouth.

"If you aren't the porter, who are you and what do you want?" she demanded.

The man in the blue suit nodded to his companion. "Tell her who I am," he said.

The other coughed nervously. Helen recognized him as one of the room clerks of the *Lanthia*. He stammered as he spoke.

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the hotel, Mrs. Ripley. He wants to ask you a few questions."

The girl straightened up; the hand that held the negligee close above her bosom dropped to her side; the knitted jacket fell apart, exposing a glimpse of white flesh where the line of sunburn ended. Her pupils contracted so suddenly that it seemed as though windows had been closed or shades drawn. For it was as though the view afforded into her very soul, a view that gave a sight of horror and of agony, had been abruptly cut off by this narrowing of her pupils. A quality of alertness entered the stare which she bestowed upon Wolters. And her voice, that had been tremulous, was calm and steady now. Into her tone there even crept a subtly blended compound of indignation and amusement.

"What sort of questions can you possibly wish to ask me?" she inquired.

Wolters nodded approvingly as though he were a spectator admiring impartially a bit of excellent acting at a play. "Oh, all sorts, Mrs. Ripley! For instance, what's the hurry in leaving Palm Beach?"

"Does one need to explain to hotel detectives why one chooses to depart?" she retorted.

"Sometimes it's necessary," Wolters returned.

"I cannot imagine why this would be one of those times," she said. "So if you'll please leave the room——"

"You'll finish your packing, eh? That it? Well, maybe you won't be in such a hurry to leave after you've had a little talk with me, Mrs. Ripley," said Wolters.

The clerk interposed nervously. "Better answer his questions, Mrs. Ripley."

A puzzled expression appeared in her eyes. "But I don't understand——"

Wolters sneered. "You ladies that play a certain kind of game never do understand."

"What do you mean?" she asked indignantly.

"Go to it, kid; I like to see you do your stuff," said Wolters. "Of course it don't get you nowhere, but it's mighty smooth. It might fool other people but never Stanley Wolters. I suppose you'd have nerve enough to tell me that you really have got a husband up in Glendale, New York, if I asked you."

Her face lost its color; once again the pupils of her eyes widened. But she fought for assurance. "Why shouldn't I say so?" she asked. But her voice was unconvincing.

Wolters chuckled. "No reason at all if you thought you could get away with it. But when I tell you that I've had Glendale on the long-distance phone this morning and been told that while there's a Helen Ripley known there, she's not married and never has been, wouldn't you be a boob to think you could get away with that husband stuff?"

"Why did you telephone Glendale?" she demanded.

Wolters airily knocked ashes from the tip of his cigar. "Now we're getting on, ain't we? And now you know what I know, suppose you tell me where you went last night at one o'clock?"

He raised a hand as she started to reply. "I hate to see a lady tell a fib when it won't do her any good," he told her. "A lie that nobody's going to believe is a silly thing to tell. So let me shoot a little dope at you before you answer. Maybe you didn't know that the wheel-chair men always report at the chair office where they've been when they return from a trip. Now, you took a chair from under the west porch of the Lanthia a little before one o'clock. I saw you, so that's that. This morning I looked up the records of the wheel-chair men. One of them drove a lady to Seminole Lodge. I described you to the chairman and he recognized the description. You see, you've been running around quite a lot with Eugene Cassen so it was quite natural for me to think, in as much as you left around one, that you were the lady the man had taken to Cassen's place. Nothing very clever in that. Just ordinary routine work. But now that you know that I know where you went you won't try to tell me anything different."

"If you know where I went, why do you ask?" she demanded. "And by what right do you ask me anything?"

"We'll come to that in plenty of time," replied Wolters. "I guess a hotel detective has a right, at that, to question masquerading lady guests if he wants. Only, I'm not questioning you just to amuse myself."

"And certainly your questioning does not amuse me," she blazed. "I shall telephone the office and demand that you be removed from my room."

She took a stride toward the instrument on the wall, but Wolters stepped in front of her. He seized her by the wrist and threw her into a chair. He stood over her, thrusting a stubby, ragged-nailed forefinger in her face.

"You answer me!" he cried. "Don't pull any more of that indignation stuff. Who do you think you are? Don't you suppose I've got your number? I've met a million like you and most of them had your baby stare and girly-girly look. They don't mean a thing to me. Cassen brought you down here. That you didn't live openly at Seminole Lodge don't mean a thing in my life. Cassen couldn't take you around with all his swell friends if he pulled anything too raw."

"Come on now, out with it! You went to Cassen's place at one in the morning. That in itself is enough to figure you. But what did you do when you got there? Where did you go? What happened?"

She shrank before his brutality; shame and fright together were marked on her face. But before she could make whatever reply may have been ready upon her lips, the door opened and Mrs. Wellington Wiswell, followed by a man dressed in ministerial garb, burst unceremoniously into the room.

The buxom matron was not looking her best this morning. The hat she wore, while large, could not disguise the fact that her hair had been only half marcelled. It was carefully ironed on one side but the other was untidy. Also, there was an unevenness to her color, as though her rouge had been hastily applied. And there was a triangular piece of plaster in the middle of her forehead; she had forgotten to remove this wrinkle erector. Altogether she gave the impression of one in tremendous haste, and her first words did not bely the impression.

"Not a minute too soon, am I?" She glared accusingly from Wolters to the clerk and back again. "I've read about your kind; I never thought to see you in action. What have you been doing, you brutes, to this girl?"

"We've been tending to our business," snapped Wolters.

The man dressed like a minister pushed past Mrs. Wiswell. She was a large woman, but his bulk dwarfed her. Not that he was tall, but he was incredibly broad. Apparently he had no neck at all, but his head was perched between two great lumpy shoulders. His flapping black frock coat could not disguise the fact that his legs were grotesquely bowed. His feet and hands were enormous; his hair was violently red and his broad good-humored face was heavily freckled. His eyes were a merry blue; his chin was square and his nose, big and bony, was aggressive. His broad mouth curled upward at the corners.

He raised a hand. "What saith Paul to the Thessalonians? That ye study to be quiet and to do your own business. Verily, my good man, I say that you should be sure that you are about your own business."

Wolters stared at the clerical man. "Who asked you to butt in?" he inquired.

"In the second book of Kings it is written, 'Why shouldest thou meddle to thy hurt?'" declared the man in the frock coat. "But, my friend, I am not meddling. For in Ezekiel, in the eighth book thereof, it is written that the land is full of bloody crimes and the city is full of violence. Therefore, lest more violence be done this sweet-faced daughter from afar off, I come to protect her."

Over Mrs. Wiswell's countenance spread a

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smile of delight. She looked at Helen. "Isn't he the best ever?" she asked.

The girl was too astounded to make any answer, but Wolters spoke.

"I don't know what he's best at except horn-ing in where he's not wanted," he declared. "For two cents I'd throw him out."

"What does it say in Micah?" demanded Mrs. Wiswell's companion. "It says, 'I will throw down all thy strongholds.' I beg of thee, my good man, that thou wilt not arouse me. For in Ezekiel it saith that we wrestle not against flesh." His manner suddenly changed. "And believe me, kid, you look fleshy. Too soft to tackle a man who, until the Lord called him, was the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of the Northwest." He rolled his eyes and resumed his former sanctimonious tone. "But I shall not boast as do the workers of iniquity, according to the Psalms."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Wolters dryly. "And now you get out of here, even if you were a champion wrestler, before you're tossed out."

"Slowly, please," said Mrs. Wiswell. "I happen to own a few shares of stock in this hotel. Do you know my name?"

The clerk interposed. "Certainly, Mrs. Wiswell, but the house detective is doing his duty."

"And I'm doing mine," Mrs. Wiswell snapped. "As soon as I heard what had happened I knew that this sweet thing would be involved. It was my duty as a Christian woman to come to her aid at once. And as it happened, I knew that the Reverend Thaddeus Workman was due to conduct a revival in West Palm Beach in a few days. Once, before, as he phrases it, the Lord called him, he was one of the best detectives in New York City."

Over Wolters's face spread a sheepish grin. "Why, Taddie Workman! I should have guessed it was Holy Tad. I was a rooky when you were a lieutenant, Tad—I mean, your reverence."

The Reverend Workman inclined his head. "I turn my eyes from beholding vanity, according to the Psalms, and yet your words are sweet to me." Again his voice changed; he spoke from the side of his mouth. "Listen, kid, I'm back on the old trail. Mrs. Wiswell sent for me this morning. She tells me that the little lady here is in up to her neck, or may be. Anyway, she wants me to take charge of her interests. So I'm here and the third degree stuff doesn't go. There'll be a lawyer, too. But in the meantime I'm the works. Beat it."

"Ah, take it easy," protested Wolters. "How did I know Mrs. Ripley stood in with people like Mrs. Wiswell? At that, maybe she wouldn't stand so strong if Mrs. Wiswell knew that Mrs. Ripley wasn't married."

"In the old days before the Lord called you, Doctor Workman," said Mrs. Wiswell, "in the good old days when my husband was a deputy commissioner of police and you headed the strong-arm squad, one of these men would have been in the hall by now and the other would have been flying through the window. Religion has made you lose your pep, Doctor."

"Do not the Psalms say that the Lord hateth him that loveth violence?" asked the Reverend Thaddeus. His eyes rolled upward. "But also in Habakuk it is stated that violence is before me. I feel it coming on. I fear me that the spirit of the Lord is fast deserting me and that I am liable to do even as you have suggested that in my unregenerate days I might have done."

The clerk sidled hastily through the door. The Reverend Workman looked questioningly at Wolters. The house detective shrugged, tried to look defiant, and then, as the great

hands of the minister reached for him, he followed the clerk. Swiftly the Reverend Workman closed and locked the door. He turned to the astounded Helen.

"The forces of iniquity, calling themselves the hosts of righteousness, will soon be here with warrants and other arms of the law. Let us, before that time, ascertain the facts," he said.

Mrs. Wiswell touched her forehead. "Don't think, my dear, because the Reverend Tad sounds funny that he's at all ga-ga. He's a fox, the greatest detective in America. Now, tell him everything."

"About what?" asked Helen.

"About last night, when you came in, everything. An alibi is the most important thing of all," said Mrs. Wiswell.

"Alibi for what?" asked the amazed girl.

Mrs. Wiswell stared at her. Then she turned to the Reverend Workman.

"That's not put on; she's innocent!" she cried.

"Of what?" demanded Helen.

Mrs. Wiswell walked to her and put an arm about her. "You poor thing, didn't you know? Gene Cassenas was murdered last night."

The pupils of the girl's eyes widened; for a moment, so white was her face, she looked old. But there was no fear in the dilated pupils, and the sudden pallor of her cheeks and the bloodless tone of her lips were indicative of shock rather than fear. Her voice was high but steady as she spoke.

"Where? When? By whom?" she asked.

The Reverend Workman nodded approvingly. "The Psalms say that blessed is he in whose spirit there is no guile. You speak frankly and to the point. You ask pertinent questions. On the Lake Trail; sometime before dawn; but by whom—that we do not know yet. By someone strong enough to drive a knife through his heart. By someone who met him face to face, for the knife entered through the breast. By someone who fulfilled the prophecy that the wages of sin is death, and that as ye reap so shall ye sow."

His lips, drawn down solemnly at the corners, suddenly lifted. He smiled at the shocked girl. His manner became that of the wrestler and policeman.

"Now, sister, come clean," he told her.

Mrs. Wiswell patted the girl's shoulder encouragingly. "If I could look as cute as you do at this hour of the morning, I'd be willing to do a murder, not merely be suspected of having done it."

The girl straightened in her chair, shaking off the affectionate hand. "But why am I suspected?" she demanded.

"Because there are some to whom innocence is always evil," said the Reverend Workman, "wherefore, according to Peter, be diligent that ye be found without spot and blameless. Or, as I said a moment ago, come clean." He held up his hand to still the girl's protest. "It is not I that you must convince, Miss Ripley. Nor is it this sweet lady who has befriended you. It is the world who judges harshly, the world which leaps to false conclusions, which reads wrong where there is only righteousness. Sister, we want the whole story."

Who killed Gene Cassenas? What happened when Helen Ripley went to Seminole Lodge in the dead of night? She tells her story in the next instalment of Arthur Somers Roche's increasingly fascinating novel.

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Beware of Fat

DO you know whether you weigh too much or too little? If your weight is just right, congratulate yourself. Probably not one person in ten knows what his proper weight should be nor realizes how important it is to maintain that weight.

What is the right weight? Experts who have studied the subject of weight in its relation to health tell us that the weight tables generally in use are misleading. They give only average weights, which are the composite of the good and the bad. These averages have been assumed to be the correct weights. As a matter of fact, they are not.

Up to the age of 30, it is well to weigh five or ten pounds more than the average weight for your age and height. But from 30 on, the best weight is from 10% to 20% less than the average. At age 50, men and women are at their best when they weigh considerably below the average for their height.

The reason is simple: The extra weight in earlier years is needed to give the body plenty of building material and to fortify it against tuberculosis and other infections to which young people are particularly subject. When we are older and food for growth is not needed, there is no longer any advantage in carrying the heavier burden of weight. A much smaller amount of food will replace the body tissues worn out in the everyday business of living. If more is eaten it is stored away as fat.

Stop and think of the six oldest people you know. The chances are they are not fat. Life insurance statistics have proved that as a rule the fat do not live to be really old men and women.

Fat is dangerous—a definite menace to life. And this is why: People who drag masses of flesh around are putting a strain upon their vital organs. High blood pressure, trouble with heart, kidneys or lungs often follow along in

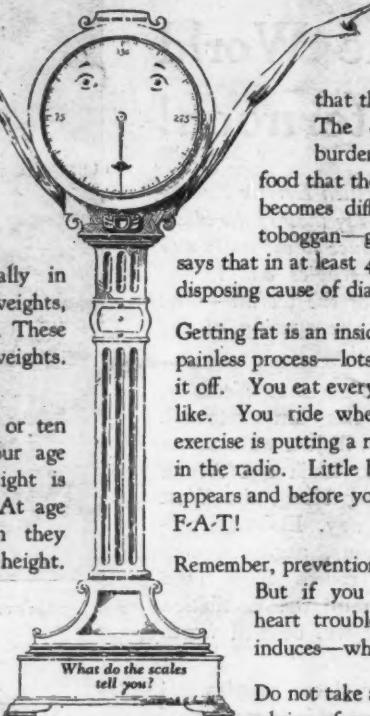
the train of excessive weight. The heart has to work extra hard pumping blood to tissues that the body *never was meant to have*. The digestive tract has a remorseless burden put upon it trying to dispose of food that the body does not need. Breathing becomes difficult and there you are—on the toboggan—going down! An eminent specialist says that in at least 40% of the cases—fat is the predisposing cause of diabetes.

Getting fat is an insidious thing and usually a pleasant, painless process—lots more fun putting it on than taking it off. You eat everything you like and as much as you like. You ride when you should walk. Your chief exercise is putting a record on the phonograph or tuning in the radio. Little by little that “too, too solid flesh” appears and before you know it you are just plain F-A-T!

Remember, prevention is the better part of reducing. But if you *are* fat and don't want to have heart trouble or any of the diseases that fat induces—what are you to do about it?

Do not take any “fat reducers” except on the advice of your physician. They are usually viciously harmful and reduce nothing but your pocketbook. Have your doctor find out whether there is anything wrong with you physically. Sometimes glandular disturbances will cause fat.

Overweight is not always due to overeating. Exercise does not always reduce. But 90 times out of 100 the trouble is too much and too rich food and too little exercise. If you are overweight do not let laziness or complacency permit you to remain fat. Begin to reduce right now.



One person out of every seven between the ages of 35 and 45 is overweight! That is the story the scales are telling day after day. But the scales cannot tell the grim danger of overweight and its serious consequences. And yet most cases of overweight can be controlled—safely.

In this booklet will be found a weight table prepared according to the latest study on the subject, as well as a complete program of diet and exercises that will help you to reduce your weight if you are organically sound.

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HALEY FISKE, President.

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The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes overweight as so serious an impairment among its policyholders that it has issued a booklet which contains much valuable

information for those who wish to reduce their weight.

This is the booklet that tells of the methods we have used in bringing a certain group of our own Metropolitan employees back to normal weight. This simple regime of diet and exercise has been found to be most effective. In several cases as much as 50 pounds have been eliminated—safely and comfortably.



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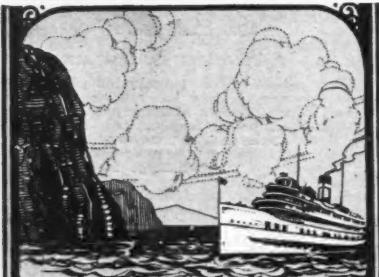
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on the dock. The pleasure buyer laughs easily and this was the most excruciatingly funny party that Palm Beach had ever witnessed. This was real genuine humor carried to the nth degree.

And upon this scene of Babylonian revelry entered General Joshua Gary.

Cassenas, one of the few who had not plunged into the brackish waters of the lake, greeted the old man with a welcoming wave of his hand. He leaped from the side of Mrs. Wiswell, seized a glass of champagne and lifted it above his head.

"My friends!" he cried.

The cries of his guests ceased. This was a wonderful party; Cassenas had outdone himself. Perhaps he was to propose something even more ingenious.

"Tonight sees the end of Gene Cassenas the bachelor," said the owner of that name. "After tonight you will see an engaged man; and soon, I hope, a married man. For I wish to announce that Gladys Gary, whose father has just arrived and to whom I wish to offer a toast, has promised to marry me. General Gary, your health, sir."

An eager waiter passed the General, carrying a tray laden with glasses. The General snatched one. While Cassenas and the surprised and enthusiastic guests drank his health, the General waited. When silence came he raised his glass.

His deep voice boomed across the surface of the lake. Although it was not raised, one readily believed that it carried across the water to West Palm Beach, sleeping respectfully through these dark hours.

"I thank you, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "for the kindness of your action in drinking my health. I am pleased to state that my health is excellent. My eye is as keen as it was sixty years ago when I had the honor to disagree on the matter of the color of a lady's eyes with my late friend Colonel Wilson, of South Carolina. My sight was then so keen that I shot Colonel Wilson through the left lung just two inches below the heart. The Colonel recovered in six weeks, as I had hoped.

"Yes, my sight is keen. I can see a scoundrel as easily now as when I was a boy. And I see one now. I have the pleasure, Mr. Cassenas,—of throwing this liquor in your face!"—he suited the action to the word—"and of informing you that you are a damned rascal and that it will give me great pleasure to afford you whatever satisfaction you may care to demand."

Dead silence settled down upon the houseboat. Cassenas's olive cheeks grew pale; the great liquid eyes filmed over as with ice. Slowly he wiped the drops of champagne from his face.

"General, you are an old man. I can await an explanation—but not too long, sir," he said.

"The explanation is that I have become cognizant of certain matters which, rather than embarrass a lady, I prefer not to mention, Mr. Cassenas," replied the General. "I came here to inform you that your engagement to my daughter is at an end and that she wishes me to tell you. Also, I came to offer you, as I just said, whatever satisfaction—"

He staggered back; Cassenas had done the incredible, the dreadful. He had stepped forward and struck the old man on the mouth. The General caught at the rail and saved himself from falling.

"You are a coward, sir, as well as a cad," said the General. "You have put yourself beyond the pale, sir. I shall not give you satisfaction."

"I thought not," Cassenas. "Just a bit of brag, eh?"

"No, sir. No satisfaction; not the honorable reparation admitted between gentlemen. For you are not a gentleman; you are a low thing, sir. And I shall shoot you on sight, sir, like the dog you are."

He turned and walked uncertainly across the deck, his gaunt grim features writhing, his old eyes blazing furiously.

Cassenas turned to his friends. Whatever he had in mind to say died on his lips. For he met contempt, disgust in every eye. He knew what this meant. The pleasure buyers would condone much, but he had struck a man of eighty, a hero of the Confederacy, a man who had proved his courage a score of times, who was part of history. It mattered not that the General had insulted him; Cassenas was young; he should not have retorted with a blow.

Only Mrs. Wiswell spoke to him; the others quietly, with averted faces, left his boat. The party that had begun so gloriously had ended in tragedy.

"Good-by, Gene," said Mrs. Wiswell. "I suppose it had to be; men that only women like must be rotters, but still—I liked you, Good-by, Gene."

"Why so tragic? There are others besides these," said Cassenas. He tried to sneer at the defection of his guests.

She shook her head. "Gene, you're all through. Don't forget—we're gay here; we're silly; we're wild. We may even be vulgar; but we're not cowards, and we can't stomach cowards. Only a coward strikes a man of eighty."

She, the last of them all, moved off the boat. A moment later he saw her wheel-chair move down the avenue of palms. He sank into a chair and began to drink.

CHAPTER V

HELEN RIPLEY looked up from the trunk which she was feverishly packing. The hands that thrust garments into the opened drawers trembled; frequently a shoe or a stocking fell to the floor and it was necessary for her to make a second effort to retrieve the elusive article.

The pupils of her gray eyes were dilated and there was an expression in them of incredulity, as though she looked upon things whose existence she refused to credit. There was a lifeless quality to her usually glossy black hair and an expression of age seemed to have settled down upon her features.

The knock on the door was repeated, this time insistently. She surveyed the confusion of the room, made a helpless movement, then seemed to realize that making the room presentable would take too long a time. Her shoulders shrugged; her manner was one of a despair hardly justified by the fact that the room was not presentable. Then she drew the knitted negligee closer about her throat.

"Come in," she called.

The door opened and into the room came two men.

"My trunk isn't ready yet," she said.

The foremost man glanced swiftly about the room. He was dressed in a double-breasted blue suit; he wore broad-toed shoes, and a low collar encircled a fat neck. His face had that gray look which is always upon the countenances of those whose work is in the hours of night. His eyes were small and cunning and his nose and chin were of the rough-hewn bully type. The other man was inconspicuous save for his too dapper dress, which seemed to mark him for what he was, a clerk in the hotel. The first man spoke.

"Leaving Palm Beach, eh, Mrs. Ripley?" he asked.

Her eyebrows lifted in surprise. There was something impertinently familiar in the man's manner. The fashion in which his small eyes appraised her savored of insult. There was something contemptuous in the way in which he leaned against the wall; also he had removed neither his hat from his head nor his cigar from his mouth.

"If you aren't the porter, who are you and what do you want?" she demanded.

The man in the blue suit nodded to his companion. "Tell her who I am," he said.

The other coughed nervously. Helen recognized him as one of the room clerks of the Lanthia. He stammered as he spoke.

"This is Mr. Wolters, the house detective of

the hotel, Mrs. Ripley. He wants to ask you a few questions."

The girl straightened up; the hand that held the negligée close above her bosom dropped to her side; the knitted jacket fell apart, exposing a glimpse of white flesh where the line of sunburn ended. Her pupils contracted so suddenly that it seemed as though windows had been closed or shades drawn. For it was as though the view afforded into her very soul, a view that gave a sight of horror and of agony, had been abruptly cut off by this narrowing of her pupils. A quality of alertness entered the stare which she bestowed upon Wolters. And her voice, that had been tremulous, was calm and steady now. Into her tone there even crept a subtly blended compound of indignation and amusement.

"What sort of questions can you possibly wish to ask me?" she inquired.

Wolters nodded approvingly as though he were a spectator admiring impartially a bit of excellent acting at a play. "Oh, all sorts, Mrs. Ripley! For instance, what's the hurry in leaving Palm Beach?"

"Does one need to explain to hotel detectives why one chooses to depart?" she retorted.

"Sometimes it's necessary," Wolters retorted.

"I cannot imagine why this would be one of those times," she said. "So if you'll please leave the room——"

"You'll finish your packing, eh? That it? Well, maybe you won't be in such a hurry to leave after you've had a little talk with me, Mrs. Ripley," said Wolters.

The clerk interposed nervously. "Better answer his questions, Mrs. Ripley."

A puzzled expression appeared in her eyes. "But I don't understand——"

Wolters sneered. "You ladies that play a certain kind of game never do understand."

"What do you mean?" she asked indignantly.

"Go to it, kid; I like to see you do your stuff," said Wolters. "Of course it don't get you nowhere, but it's mighty smooth. It might fool other people but never Stanley Wolters. I suppose you'd have nerve enough to tell me that you really have got a husband up in Glendale, New York, if I asked you."

Her face lost its color; once again the pupils of her eyes widened. But she fought for assurance. "Why shouldn't I say so?" she asked. But her voice was unconvincing.

Wolters chuckled. "No reason at all if you thought you could get away with it. But when I tell you that I've had Glendale on the long-distance phone this morning and been told that while there's a Helen Ripley known there, she's not married and never has been, wouldn't you be a boob to think you could get away with that husband stuff?"

"Why did you telephone Glendale?" she demanded.

Wolters airily knocked ashes from the tip of his cigar. "Now we're getting on, ain't we? And now you know what I know, suppose you tell me where you went last night at one o'clock?"

He raised a hand as she started to reply. "I hate to see a lady tell a fib when it won't do her any good," he told her. "A lie that nobody's going to believe is a silly thing to tell. So let me shoot a little dope at you before you answer. Maybe you didn't know that the wheel-chair men always report at the chair office where they've been when they return from a trip. Now, you took a chair from under the west porch of the Lanthia a little before one o'clock. I saw you, so that's that. This morning I looked up the records of the wheel-chair men. One of them drove a lady to Seminole Lodge. I described you to the chairman and he recognized the description. You see, you've been running around quite a lot with Eugene Cassenass so it was quite natural for me to think, in as much as you left around one, that you were the lady the man had taken to Cassenass's place. Nothing very clever in that. Just ordinary routine work. But now that you know that I know where you went, you won't try to tell me anything different."

"If you know where I went, why do you ask?" she demanded. "And by what right do you ask me anything?"

"We'll come to that in plenty of time," replied Wolters. "I guess a hotel detective has a right, at that, to question masquerading lady guests if he wants. Only, I'm not questioning you just to amuse myself."

"And certainly your questioning does not amuse me," she blazed. "I shall telephone the office and demand that you be removed from my room."

She took a stride toward the instrument on the wall, but Wolters stepped in front of her. He seized her by the wrist and threw her into a chair. He stood over her, thrusting a stubby, ragged-nailed forefinger in her face.

"You answer me!" he cried. "Don't pull any more of that indignation stuff. Who do you think you are? Don't you suppose I've got your number? I've met a million like you and most of them had your baby stare and girly-girly look. They don't mean a thing to me. Cassenass brought you down here. That you didn't live openly at Seminole Lodge don't mean a thing in my life. Cassenass couldn't take you around with all his swell friends if he pulled anything too raw."

"Come on now, out with it! You went to Cassenass's place at one in the morning. That in itself is enough to figure you. But what did you do when you got there? Where did you go? What happened?"

She shrank before his brutality; shame and fright together were marked on her face. But before she could make whatever reply may have been ready upon her lips, the door opened and Mrs. Wellington Wiswell, followed by a man dressed in ministerial garb, burst unceremoniously into the room.

The buxom matron was not looking her best this morning. The hat she wore, while large, could not disguise the fact that her hair had been only half marcelled. It was carefully ironed on one side but the other was untidy. Also, there was an unevenness to her color, as though her rouge had been hastily applied. And there was a triangular piece of plaster in the middle of her forehead; she had forgotten to remove this wrinkle erector. Altogether she gave the impression of one in tremendous haste, and her first words did not bely the impression.

"Not a minute too soon, am I?" She glared accusingly from Wolters to the clerk and back again. "I've read about your kind; I never thought to see you in action. What have you been doing, you brutes, to this girl?"

"We've been tending to our business," snapped Wolters.

The man dressed like a minister pushed past Mrs. Wiswell. She was a large woman, but his bulk dwarfed her. Not that he was tall, but he was incredibly broad. Apparently he had no neck at all, but his head was perched between two great lumpy shoulders. His flapping black frock coat could not disguise the fact that his legs were grotesquely bowed. His feet and hands were enormous; his hair was violently red and his broad good-humored face was heavily freckled. His eyes were a merry blue; his chin was square and his nose, big and bony, was aggressive. His broad mouth curled upward at the corners.

He raised a hand. "What saith Paul to the Thessalonians? That ye study to be quiet and to do your own business. Verily, my good man, I say that you should be sure that you are about your own business."

Wolters stared at the clerical man. "Who asked you to butt in?" he inquired.

"In the second book of Kings it is written, 'Why shouldst thou meddle to thy hurt?'" declared the man in the frock coat. "But, my friend, I am not meddling. For in Ezekiel, in the eighth book thereof, it is written that the land is full of bloody crimes and the city is full of violence. Therefore, lest more violence be done this sweet-faced daughter from afar off, I come to protect her."

Over Mrs. Wiswell's countenance spread a

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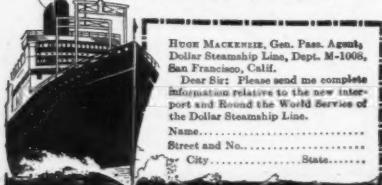
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smile of delight. She looked at Helen. "Isn't he the best ever?" she asked.

The girl was too astounded to make any answer, but Wolters spoke.

"I don't know what he's best at except horning in where he's not wanted," he declared. "For two cents I'd throw him out."

"What does it say in Micah?" demanded Mrs. Wiswell's companion. "It says, 'I will throw down all thy strongholds.' I beg of thee, my good man, that thou wilt not arouse me. For in Ezekiel it saith that we wrestle not against flesh." His manner suddenly changed. "And believe me, kid, you look fleshy. Too soft to tackle a man who, until the Lord called him, was the champion Greco-Roman wrestler of the Northwest." He rolled his eyes and resumed his former sanctimonious tone. "But I shall not boast as do the workers of iniquity, according to the Psalms."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Wolters dryly. "And now you get out of here, even if you were a champion wrestler, before you're tossed out."

"Slowly, please," said Mrs. Wiswell. "I happen to own a few shares of stock in this hotel. Do you know my name?"

The clerk interposed. "Certainly, Mrs. Wiswell, but the house detective is doing his duty."

"And I'm doing mine," Mrs. Wiswell snapped. "As soon as I heard what had happened I knew that this sweet thing would be involved. It was my duty as a Christian woman to come to her aid at once. And as it happened, I knew that the Reverend Thaddeus Workman was due to conduct a revival in West Palm Beach in a few days. Once, before, as he phrases it, the Lord called him, he was one of the best detectives in New York City."

Over Wolters's face spread a sheepish grin. "Why, Taddie Workman! I should have guessed it was Holy Tad. I was a rooky when you were a lieutenant, Tad—I mean, your reverence."

The Reverend Workman inclined his head. "I turn my eyes from beholding vanity, according to the Psalms, and yet your words are sweet to me." Again his voice changed; he spoke from the side of his mouth. "Listen, kid, I'm back on the old trail. Mrs. Wiswell sent for me this morning. She tells me that the little lady here is in up to her neck, or maybe. Anyway, she wants me to take charge of her interests. So I'm here and the third degree stuff doesn't go. There'll be a lawyer, too. But in the meantime I'm the works. Beat it."

"Ah, take it easy," protested Wolters. "How did I know Mrs. Ripley stood in with people like Mrs. Wiswell? At that, maybe she wouldn't stand so strong if Mrs. Wiswell knew that Mrs. Ripley wasn't married."

"In the old days before the Lord called you, Doctor Workman," said Mrs. Wiswell, "in the good old days when my husband was a deputy commissioner of police and you headed the strong-arm squad, one of these men would have been in the hall by now and the other would have been flying through the window. Religion has made you lose your pep, Doctor."

"Do not the Psalms say that the Lord hateth him that loveth violence?" asked the Reverend Thaddeus. His eyes rolled upward. "But also in Habakuk it is stated that violence is before me. I feel it coming on. I fear me that the spirit of the Lord is fast deserting me and that I am liable to do even as you have suggested that in my unregenerate days I might have done."

The clerk sidled hastily through the door. The Reverend Workman looked questioningly at Wolters. The house detective shrugged, tried to look defiant, and then, as the great

hands of the minister reached for him, he followed the clerk. Swiftly the Reverend Workman closed and locked the door. He turned to the astounded Helen.

"The forces of iniquity, calling themselves the hosts of righteousness, will soon be here with warrants and other arms of the law. Let us, before that time, ascertain the facts," he said.

Mrs. Wiswell touched her forehead. "Don't think, my dear, because the Reverend Tad sounds funny that he's at all ga-ga. He's a fox, the greatest detective in America. Now, tell him everything."

"About what?" asked Helen.

"About last night, when you came in, everything," said Mrs. Wiswell.

"Alibi for what?" asked the amazed girl. Mrs. Wiswell stared at her. Then she turned to the Reverend Workman.

"That's not put on; she's innocent!" she cried.

"Of what?" demanded Helen.

Mrs. Wiswell walked to her and put an arm about her. "You poor thing, didn't you know? Gene Cassenas was murdered last night."

The pupils of the girl's eyes widened; for a moment, so white was her face, she looked old. But there was no fear in the dilated pupils, and the sudden pallor of her cheeks and the bloodless tone of her lips were indicative of shock rather than fear. Her voice was high but steady as she spoke.

"Where? When? By whom?" she asked.

The Reverend Workman nodded approvingly. "The Psalms say that blessed is he in whose spirit there is no guile. You speak frankly and to the point. You ask pertinent questions. On the Lake Trail; sometime before dawn; but by whom—that we do not know yet. By someone strong enough to drive a knife through his heart. By someone who met him face to face, for the knife entered through the breast. By someone who fulfilled the prophecy that the wages of sin is death, and that as ye reap so shall ye sow."

His lips, drawn down solemnly at the corners, suddenly lifted. He smiled at the shocked girl. His manner became that of the wrestler and policeman.

"Now, sister, come clean," he told her.

Mrs. Wiswell patted the girl's shoulder encouragingly. "If I could look as cute as you do at this hour of the morning, I'd be willing to do a murder, not merely be suspected of having done it."

The girl straightened in her chair, shaking off the affectionate hand. "But why am I suspected?" she demanded.

"Because there are some to whom innocence is always evil," said the Reverend Workman, "wherefore, according to Peter, be diligent that ye be found without spot and blameless. Or, as I said a moment ago, come clean." He held up his hand to still the girl's protest. "It is not I that you must convince, Miss Ripley. Nor is it this sweet lady who has befriended you. It is the world who judges harshly, the world which leaps to false conclusions, which reads wrong where there is only righteousness. Sister, we want the whole story."

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